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Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review of Literature

Spring Number

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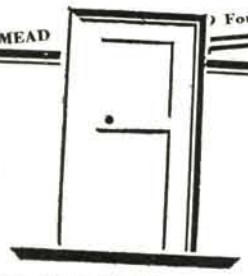

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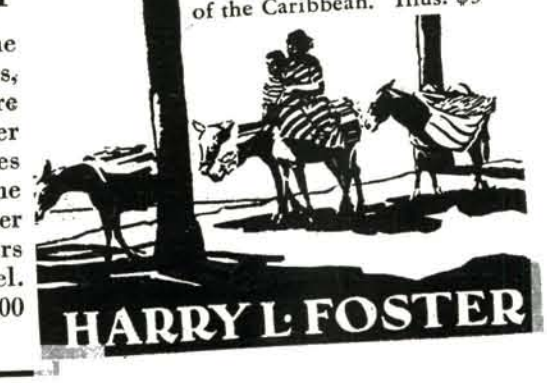

HARRY L. FOSTER

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The Barefoot Saint, by Stephen Vincent Benét, on page 906

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Price of Security

NEXT week the *Review* will publish a thoughtful article in which a historian discusses the plight of the American intellectual classes, caught between mass production and their own ideals. We shall not anticipate its findings, which are based upon recent investigations into the total income and expenditure and the manner of life of the faculties at Yale and the University of California, but a few words may be set down here by way of preface.

Teachers and scholars (and with them all ministers, artists, and many journalists) are in danger of committing an unforgivable sin, the betrayal of their own influence in the state. They represent, or should represent, the back-bone of democracy's opposition to materialistic ideals in living. As a class, they must stand for a life in which ideas are regarded as more important than things, achievement more delectable than wealth, and good ends more desirable than success on a low plane. They have a double duty: to learn, to know, to create, or to teach; and to set an example of a good life, well rewarded, for a man who neither sows nor manufactures nor trades. In other words, there must be not only a professional justification for the individual who withdraws from making or selling things, but also the justification of a good and possible life. Slavery was economically valuable, but who wanted to be a slave! Yet the medieval schoolman, with all his shortcomings, made a life for himself and his class rich in satisfactions and in many respects enviable.

* * *

For reasons, excellently discussed in the article referred to above, the intellectual, and especially the university teacher, finds himself today under almost unbearable pressure. He lives, in all probability, in a pleasant community where it should be possible for a fine mind to be sure of a life that would challenge any other in America. His reward in a sense of service is great, his companionship is good, crookedness and chicanery are not accompaniments of his trade, his cultivated faculties permit of more kinds of enjoyment than are usually possible to a trader or producer of goods. He loves his life, and its security.

That is his secret vice. As the standard of living, measured in terms of cost, began to go up and up, he played safe and now begins to pay the price of safety. Even "plain living" which is supposed to accompany high thinking became so expensive that he was faced with two alternatives: to go back to Thoreau or the monastic life, divesting himself of a family and worldly tastes, and clothing himself in unassailable poverty; or somehow or another to get at least one finger on the throat of this giant of the cost of living that was forcing his kind down lower in the social scale, limiting his opportunities and his influence, cramping his personality, and thus somehow extort more for services certainly indispensable in civilization.

* * *

He has evaded a decision by doing nothing. We may yet see a new class of rope and gown friars who have escaped industrialism by leaving desire behind them, but beyond a drop in the birthrate the intellectual has refused to make a monk of himself, and who can blame him. And for the other alternative he has been too weak. His own throat was unprotected. He was too much in love with the security of even low wages, with a protection, even when humiliating, from the world, with safety of position, even when his position was rapidly descending to the level of the artisan classes, to protest effectively.

The American intellectuals, and particularly the university teachers, have hoped that providence would endow their successors with independent incomes, and so have urged the sons of the rich to come into their profession. They have raised a mighty wail over their disabilities, which, in the sixteen years since that favorite date of the income tax, 1913, has brought them precisely nothing, since the increase in salaries has in no case and nowhere kept

(*Continued on page* 902)

Tulips

By WINIFRED WELLES

TULIPS were meant for autumn, not for spring—
More like rich fruits than delicate flowers they seem
Unseasonably mature, less tremulous dream
Than stately revery; less a bird's wing
Than a bird's breast is in their blossoming.
While slenderness shoots up by every stream
And woods are whitely starred, the gardens gleam
With ampler colors that the tulips bring.
It is the season full of frail unease,
When angry girls some dagger's edge must find
On every leaf. Tulips are not for these,
Superb calm helmets, somberly designed,
They are for women, who, beneath still trees,
Stand guard with reverent heart and steadfast mind.

This Week

"The Pillow-Book of Sei Shonagon."
Reviewed by YOUNGHILL KANG.
"The Child is a Woman."
Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD.
"The Bankruptcy of Marriage."
Reviewed by H. W. KALLEN.
"The Life of Lord Curzon."
Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON.
"Dark Hester."
Reviewed by GRACE FRANK.
"Don't Be Afraid."
Reviewed by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.
"An American Odyssey."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"A Pot of Paint."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON.
"Voltaire, Genius of Mockery."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS
A Letter from France.
By ABEL CHEVALLEY

Next Week, or Later

Mass Production and the Intellectual Life.
By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Let Us Confound Them

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

LONG, long ago in that now least fashionable of centuries, the nineteenth, there appeared in *Life* a cartoon satirizing our two chief novelists, Howells and James. They were depicted as scientific gentlemen, icily grave, engaged in the minute observation and analysis of human hearts; evidently, their business was to dissect out, with coldest precision, tiny shreds and particles of the organ subjected to their investigation; and what the cartoonists meant to criticize was this very dissection and analysis, then called realism. In Britain, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith were the principal representatives of that kind of art; in France, there was Emile Zola, a specialist in the dissecting and exhibiting of the coarser and more primitive impulsions of the organ; and, in both Britain and France, there was opposition often not so mild as that expressed by the cartoon in *Life*, just mentioned. What the opposition principally championed, instead of realism, was romai talk to us about everyday life and every Don't talk to us about ourselves and ou lives. We know too much about all t without being told. Don't write about our stupidities, or our daily meals. I about commonplaces; write of the unusual or the heroic or the ideal. Entertain us and lift us out of ourselves. Write about brilliant and daring people, about glorious lovers, about spine-stirring adventurings, noble spirits, gold villains, stupendous swordsmen, grand horses, exquisite maidens, and the capture of barbicans. Remember the Siege of Troy, Roland and Oliver, the Round Table, and the Forest of Arden: remember Scott, Dumas, Hugo, and Fenimore Cooper."

* * *

Later, there was popular protest against what were called introspective novels and problem novels; this protest again was in favor of the romantic novel; for the "introspective" and "problem" stories were forms of realism. The contest between romanticism and realism was an old one even in the nineteenth century; we have ever been unable to perceive Flaubert, or even Daniel Defoe, as the "Father of Realism," and as for romance, it is immemorial, and entitled to classification by the modern jargonists as a "biological urge." But the twentieth century began to bring the characteristic romanticism of the period, whether in books or plays, into some disrepute among people of a critical taste, because it was of a kind too easily popular, too obviously mere entertainment, with its proffering of gaudy vicarious experiences, and it was so easy to write that almost any slightly educated person possessing some facility for imitative expression could produce it acceptably for the multitude. It exists to-day, as of course romanticism will always exist, and is abundantly with us, especially in those cheaper forms that stir the artless with shelf-worn crooks and mysteries and adventures and harlotry.

With romanticism thus set aback and darkened (although it emerges to view sometimes in momentary gleamings) the bright foreground has appeared to be left principally to realism. This apparent triumph, however, has been not that of an orderly legion "marching as one man"; indeed, the antagonists of romanticism had long since split up into groups of disputants; they forgot their war with the old enemy, whom they no longer fought; it was this old enemy's deterioration, not their own virtue, that won the field, and, finding themselves master

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of it, what they have been building there is something not wholly unlike a tower of Babel. Upon the hundred platforms of the tower, they argue in every tongue, and out of the confusion we hear many spokesmen shouting, "Listen to me and my group! We alone sing with the true voice of Art!"

The realists, never cohesive, consisted more than ever of factions, and many of these were realists only in appearance; there were the realist-epigrammatists and their popular subdivision, favorites with the mob, the "wise-crackers"; there were the realist-allegorists, the *dramatis personae* of whose works were given the semblance of actual people, but represented good and evil forces, interpreted modernly; there were the realist-symbolists, who were in the main obscurist writers of allegory, but used a realistic manner; there were the realist-satirists; there were the realist-psychoanalysists; and there were, above all, the realists of the great tradition and the realists of the Zola tradition. These last vehemently set themselves forward as realists specializing in powerfulness and truth, and the voices of their spokesmen are usually the loudest and hoarsest in Babel.

* * *

Besides these, there are, as a rather recent outcropping upon the Zola tradition, the pseudo-realists, who are in truth a vulgar kind of romanticists in more or less naive disguise, and among them "Zolaesque frankness" has been developed to commit such out-Zolaing Zola excess as to have helped to coarsen the popular speech of the period. In most of the work of the pseudo-realists, the wicked perish, or are subjugated, and the solacing conclusion is some form of the triumph of virtue—that is, of virtue principally as it is interpreted by the popular modern literary and theatrical imagination that cultivates itself on ground somewhere between Rabelais and Broadway. The disguised romanticists of this type demonstrate their relentless fidelity to "life" by the magnificent volume of blasphemy and obscenity they put into the mouths of the fictitious creatures they project, a device admired and heartily imitated by the novitiates and young girl graduates ambitious to be as faithful to nature as are their masters. The pseudo-realist, or disguised romanticist, moreover, is easily mistaken (especially by enthusiastic reviewers) for a genuine descendant of Zola, or of Zola-Dostoievsky-Chekov, and both the genuine Zola-realist and the pseudo are intolerant of any lightness of touch; but the genuine is the more heavily serious; he will have nothing to do with humor, and what he depicts of loveliness must be "brutal beauty"; what he insists upon when he touches a detail is the pimple, not the rose; if he finds himself compelled to mention a rose that rose must either be bug-food or disperse its odor ineffectively against the smell of fertilizer.

All these realists and so-called realists (except the few surviving realists of the older tradition) set up a confusion of sound, yet appear to share an emotion in common; this is an angry derision for what it is grotesque in this country to call the "Victorian" period when we speak of our own art and literature. Yet the phrase is ordinary among us in that application, in spite of the fact that in order to be consistent in such usage we should describe President Coolidge as an eminent Georgian statesman and Theodore Roosevelt as principally Edwardian. The bond between the factions created by their shared derision of "Victorianism" is a slight one, however, and, looking backward to the nineteenth century cartooning of Howells and James, we might find contemplation of the literary issues of the elder day rather pleasant, by contrast. For, in comparison with this present Babel, the conflict between realism and romanticism was clean-cut, easily comprehensible, and simple. Moreover, though there were already two principal types of realism, they were not at war, and the older type, possessing dignity, beauty of manner, lightness of touch, humor, and able to write of the nobler orders of mankind as well as of the lower, helped to fight the battle for Zolaesque realism; the author of "Silas Lapham" could admire his contemporary, the author of "La Terre," and be his champion.

* * *

Yet in that older day, there was a party of decadence. More, they proclaimed themselves decadents, and thus draw forth some doubt of the quality of their degeneracy, because that kind of proclamation suggests pose. "See how wonderfully and fearfully decaded we are!" they seem to cry. Nevertheless, they have had descendants, imitators now innumerable, out-decadenting the originals, and splitting into groups, mainly sincere obscurists with a "lunatic fringe," and self-deceptive pretenders, prolific in outrageous and intentionally bewildering gesture, with a subconscious eye to the advertising. They add to the impression, natural enough in a spectator of the general mêlée, that actual decadence has set in; that literature and art attained their modern topmost heights during the nineteenth century; that since then, nobility of thought, and the artistic expression of it, have been moving toward the Slough of Despond by way of Bedlam.

But such an impression is in great part due to the increasing enormous confusion of the voices and to the multitude of them in an age when "everybody writes." Decadence is not upon us in America. There is imitation of decadence here; but that is an imitation of the foreign; it has been imported by sporadic sophistications, and is not native. The confusion that perplexes us is only an episode of our growth, and, for those who know how to listen, the native voice is heard, and is distinguishable from all other voices. It has no English accent, no French or Russian accent, no foreign accent at all, and, since being native it naturally speaks in the tone of the powerful, cheery and ascending people out of whose busy multitudes it rises, it seeks distinction neither in disguising its meanings nor in sounding the note of gloom. Among all the clamoring voices, this one is recognizable not necessarily by its homely twang, but surely by its confidence, its strength, and its clarity.

Oriental Life

THE PILLOW-BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON. Translated from the Japanese by ARTHUR WALEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $2.50.

DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. By TSAO HSUEH-CHIN and KAO NGOH. Translated and abridged from the Chinese by CHI-CHEN WANG. With a preface by ARTHUR WALEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by YOUNGHILL KANG

THE East has very often been misunderstood by Western writers. These interpreters are, as a rule, either somewhat narrow-minded missionaries or else commercial propagandists. This can easily be understood from church talk on "the semi-civilized, unprogressive heathen" or from Rotary club lectures. Here are two books that will give English-speaking readers more insight into Oriental life and experiences than most books hitherto written about these things.

Mr. Arthur Waley, the translator of "The Pillow-Book of Sei Shonagon," one of the most creditable students of Oriental literature, understands Orientals and interprets from their viewpoint and spirit. Through him many have learned to appreciate the Oriental arts,—painting, sculpture, interior decorations, and literature. If he translates anything, it becomes a beautiful masterpiece, and he never fails to transmit the clarity, sparkle, and strange flavor of the original writer into the English version. This is particularly true of this volume: it has the savor of the Japanese of a thousand years ago. The ambiguities of the text have been clarified and objectionable phraseology has been modified in the translation. He offers us the necessary notes.

I had long hoped that this book would appear in English, for it is a very important historical document for the Heian period (800-1100) in Japan. While the "Tale of Genji," written at the same time, describes Lady Murasaki's utopian world rather than the actual facts of the time, this book is based on facts glimpsed by the finest genius of the era. It is a book of reminiscences and the reader will get a most extraordinary insight into the author and the court life of Japan. Perhaps Western literature could not produce so humorous and so refined a diary at so early a date as this, though such things were very common in Korea and China in those days. The keen penetration of Lady Sei Shonagon's observation of life and the delicate beauty of her expression can be enjoyed here as well as in Katherine Mansfield. But Shonagon's slight cynicism and humor are those of Mark Twain. At the age of twenty-four, she entered the service of Empress Sadako, who was then fifteen, and the empress died in childbirth at twenty-five. The author dealt with those ten years (991-1000). The book is composed of a series of topics such as "Things That Certainly Would Not Come," "Inappropriate Things," "Things That Make a Bad Impression," "Amusing Things," etc.

* * *

"Dream of the Red Chamber" is a Chinese novel of great distinction, and it has delighted Chinese, Koreans, and Japanese for more than one hundred and fifty years. A number of fragmentary translations made by Western scholars, including Professor Herbert Giles, show their enthusiasm for the novel. Mr. Chi-Chen Wang, the translator, is a scholar both in Chinese and English, and has done his work very accurately. This is a long novel having no less than a million words, with more than 240 characters. Some interesting passages had to be deleted in the translation, but this is because Mr. Wang wanted to keep the most important characters only before the reader.

Until the beginning of the present century, the Chinese did not consider the drama and the novel as literature, though these actually have been in existence since the Mongol dynasty (1200-1368) when China was first under the rule of an alien sovereign. This was a glorious epoch in Oriental history, when Kubla Khan fixed the capital at Peking in 1264. Those who have read "The Road to Cathay," by Merriam Sherwood and Elmer Mantz, may have felt the strange charm of mysterious places that might have made another Coleridge dream and sing. The Chinese novel began at this time, but it took more than four centuries to bring it to its fullest development, which was reached in "Dream of the Red Chamber." The name of its authors were not known at first because they concealed their identity for political reasons. It was Hu Shih, the Chinese philosopher, who discovered that Tsao Hsueh-Chin and Kao Ngoh were its authors.

* * *

The plot is original and intricate; the theme is love. It is considered by many Chinese critics as the autobiography of Tsao, the author of the first eighty chapters. It is a realistic novel in the Western sense. There is a hero, Pao Yu; and a heroine, Black Jade. Besides these two lovers there are other members of a wealthy Chinese family. There are monks, priests, nuns, eunuchs, and concubines humorously characterized. When the reader comes to Chen Shih Ying, the squire who turned mystic and later became an immortal, he feels that the squire is a sort of subordinate Providence, like that with which the West is not unfamiliar in the character of Shakespeare's Prospero. There is a combination of the quietism of Buddhism and of the mystical philosophy of Taoism reflected in this personality. We can listen to the rhythm of deep sadness, to the haunting sorrow of doom, and again to the rhythm of infinite joy, to a world of love and beauty triumphant over death and decay. Pao Yu's love for Black Jade is very great. A man's passionate love for a woman often turns him to the virtues of courage, piety, and honor from a world of meannesses and vices. To this hero it meant more. The tragic death of Black Jade makes a sad ending to the story by breaking away from the traditional: "They lived happily ever after." Aside from the main story, each chapter stands as a unity in itself, and can be enjoyed in itself without regarding the preceding or following ones, but still gives the reader the desire to go on with the next chapter.

Throughout, Mr. Wang has done well in adapting the main story, in many places summarizing long chapters into a few pages—keeping always before us the two most important characters—Pao Yu and Black. Then again he has had the Western reader always in mind, and the peculiar customs of China, such as the funeral ceremony and ancestor worship, are well interpreted. His literary rendering is well done in spite of the radical differences between the two languages; here and there an additional line has been necessary in order to convey the meaning to readers unacquainted with the original. He has also translated a few of the most beautiful verses of the original. The meaning has been well conveyed, although in some cases the dainty grace and the beauty of the Chinese poem with its impressionist word-pictures have suffered.

Both Mr. Waley and Mr. Wang have done great service for English-speaking students of Oriental literature. Certainly no two men could have been better qualified to translate these two books, which represent the old world of Oriental thought with deep knowledge of its great ideals and lofty philosophy.

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Some Recent Poetry

anarchism is not enough. by laura riding. new york: doubleday, doran & co. 1929. $2.50.
NOW THE SKY. By MARK VAN DOREN. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1929.
THE IDOLS. By LAURENCE BINYON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I INTEND no disrespect to a highly successful and eminently dignified publishing house in remarking that it is the "doubleday, doran" that is wrong with Miss Riding's book. Those syllables were never intended to wear the lower case. They look self-conscious and foreign like an Englishman in kilts. And so, and more so, does Miss Riding in her Modern World. She knows the country. She has been over it on the map in the libraries and drawing rooms of London. She knows the customs of the country and the proper speech (her best prose has been to school to the best prose of Miss Stein and has the authentic accent). But she has never breathed the air. She is like the students of the history and economics of Spain who have been taught that Spain is a dying country and go there looking for the signs of death. Or the traveller in Switzerland who sees around him everywhere the hardy mountaineers. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a good friend, a better enemy, and one of the most valuable people living in our time. But he does not write guide books, and readers who take his books as such are bound to be misled.

But Miss Riding can't be dismissed with that rather condescending preface. She is, I believe, about as wrong as it is possible to be. Her analysis accepts, as fundamental and inescapable factors, every sterile, squeamish, and weary tendency of our time. Her fine protest and rebellion turns out in the end to be just another resignation. But she delivers, on the way to that end, some of the heaviest strokes the smug literature of our (possibly) age has ever felt. If indeed it will feel these. She is able to strike through. She is like Mr. Tom Heeney who is able to lead with both hands and his jaw because no fighter on earth has strength enough to hurt him. With the difference that Mr. Heeney's defense is his incredible attachment to life and Miss Riding's is her complete devotion to death.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

The beginning of the book is a frank ringing of the sidewalk bell such as attracts one, or is supposed to attract one, to the Paris movies. Miss Riding has a taste for the kind of epigram in which the beginning of the sentence swallows the end: ". . . inability to distinguish between the interestingness of dull poetry and the dulness of 'interesting' poetry." But this method, though it produces a thickness of utterance, is unobjectionable. If a writer desires to give birth to a sequence of immaculate Minervas it is his own affair. And interest is certainly aroused. No reader, if there is any, of poetry could go very far in Miss Riding's volume without feeling his interest, at least, in operation.

> Poetry . . . is the art of not living. It has no system, harmony, form, public significance, or sense of duty. . . . What is a poem? A poem is nothing. . . . Why is it nothing? Because it cannot be looked at, heard, touched, or read (what can be read is prose).

This is alarming and is meant to be. But it is soon explained. Miss Riding is talking about poetry as a method, as a technique of existence. ". . . poetry is perhaps the only human pursuit left still capable of developing anti-socially." And shortly it appears that the word poetry in Miss Riding's vocabulary means the activity of the "unreal," i. e., "personal, warm, indifferent to effect, . . . inhuman and obscure" self. She makes a division into three: "To put it simply, the unreal is to me poetry. The individual-real is a sensuous enactment of the unreal, opposing a sort of personally cultivated, physical collectivity to the metaphysical, mass-cultivated collectivity of the collective-real." "The collective-real is a man in touch with man. The individual-real is man in touch with the natural in him, in touch with nature." The collective-realists create, by the analogy of history, the picture of the individual as a member of a "democracy": the individual-realists create, by physical analogy, a kind of "Toryish anarchy—the direct communication of a few individuals with the physical world without the intervention of the symbolic species." (And anarchism is not enough.) Mr. Lewis belongs to this second group. ". . . he is unable to face the final conclusion of individualism: that the individual is morphologically as well as functionally unreal. . . . " Mr. Eliot belongs to this second group. "Mr. Eliot's position demonstrates clearly the relation of the individual-real to the collective-real: it is a priggish, self-protective minority-attitude to the same material which is the substance of the dogma of the collective-real." And ". . . the basis of anarchistic individuality is not authentically individualistic, but snobbish." Mrs. Woolf's "To the Lighthouse" is "a perfect example of the individual-real." It merely individualizes the simple reality of nature. And it is real, "mathematically like life," like "natural flesh-life, which must be laboriously, exquisitely, irritatingly, painfully rendered." "All this delicacy of style, it appears, is the expression of an academic, but nevertheless vulgar indelicacy of thought, a sort of Royal Academy nudeness. . . ." ". . . a self-scented, sensuous, unbearably curious self-smelling of flesh."

The feeling, it can hardly be as yet an observation, upon which this structure rests is twice stated.

BOOTH TARKINGTON
Drawing by Joseph Cummings Chase

"Man . . . comes more man, becomes less nature. He b . . . eal. . . . He is in himself, he is unreal, he is secure." And "we are in a state of semi-conscious transition between nature and nothing, and the more conscious we grow, the nearer we are to nothing." Add to this "Poetry therefore seems idle, sterile, narrow, destroying. And it is. This is what recommends it." There can be no argument with Miss Riding on this subject. Her feeling is emotional and founded on her own life. But her enlargement of her feeling to include the modern world merely stresses her tourist character. It is perfectly true that we are sick men. It is perfectly true that the cause of our sickness is our divorce from the natural world. None but the professionally blind who giggle out their happy vision to a tickled (and lucrative) public could possibly take exception to so much. But it is not true that our present deviation is the great track of our destiny. Nor do the few men who constitute our time in its difference from any other time, take it to be that track. Something of what Miss Riding says of Mr. Eliot's present position might, in other phrasing, be true. Mr. Eliot has become concerned for his own soul and those who most admire his poetry are most aware of his absence. But it is better to attempt to find a foothold in life than to dive like a dead bird into death. And there is, after Mr. Eliot, a contemporary mind which thinks the curve of the ellipse may yet cross ours. Miss Riding would do well to contemplate the painting of Diego Rivera in the chapel of Texcoco. She would find the trip not too long.

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If this were all of her volume it would not repay reading. What is interesting in the book is the observation of poetry it permits her. Because she has agreed to be dead she is able to speak. And though much that she says is mere propaganda for her main (and unimportant) argument, much is valuable. She insists on the rebellious and anti-social nature of all true poetry. And that is good. She insists on the non-artistic nature of poetry. And that too is good, and a short answer to the laborious and ineffectual esthetics in which too civilized poets are tempted to hide. But chiefly and best she is able to give poetry a place out of the reach of prose, out of the world's way, and out of the way of the solemn critics who call all ornate prose poetical. If poetry is the "unreal," the personal, the indifferent to effect; if poetry is the self in its state of neither saying, thinking, knowing, observing, nor organizing more than is self, if poetry is the final, hard, clean, bodiless, essential self, then there is a real criterion for the exclusion of the mock poetry, the mawk poetry which the merely esthetic argument is unable to exclude. The difficulty is to distinguish this "unreal" self of Miss Riding's from the "unknown" self of the *Surréalists* and the "unknowing" self of the natural-genius school, and the "Unknown" Self of the Bright Boys and the neo-Thomist Clubs. This difficulty Miss Riding does not face. The remarks here quoted are therefore not as unambiguous as they seem.

> A poem is made out of nothing by a nobody—made out of a socially non-existent element in language.

> Poetry is an attempt to make language do more than express; to make it work. . . . If it succeeds in this the problem of communication disappears.

The thought is not Miss Riding's but the truth is hers or anyone's.

> Poetry is not an instrument and is not written with the intention of arousing emotions. . . .

> Prose is an inclusive medium, its merit depends on its fulness. . . . It is poetry, on the other hand, which is properly harsh, bare, matter-of-fact. . . . The purpose of poetry is to destroy all that prose formally represents.

There is an intention, wilful and "daring" perhaps, academically phrased certainly, in these statements which gives them real importance. Poetry has been elbowed into the corner in England and America. It is permitted to exist only if it is "beautiful" or "profound" or (Oh doubly best of all) "poignant." The essentially prose minds which are put regularly to its criticism among us, require of it that it stir the emotions or that it perform some social function of discovery and enlargeme . . . to regain its right of existence in and by it . . . necessary that this lady speak a little lou . . . seems usual, let us give thanks that she is a . . . speak. It is certain enough beforehand that no one who ought to, will listen to what she says.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Miss Riding's grenade is limited in use, like most such objects, to the attack. It is no help around the desk. Mr. Van Doren would not be pleased to be told that his poems were made out of nothing by a nobody. And the remark, moreover, would be untrue. Mr. Van Doren's poems are made by himself out of his own life. They are very personal poems and that is at once their weakness and their strength. Miss Riding observes that "in the old romanticism the poem was an uncommon effect of common experience on the poet. All interest in the poem centered in this mysterious capacity of the poet for overfeeling, for being overaffected." Like many of her remarks it is only momentarily true, and like all of them it bears a connotation I would not apply to Mr. Van Doren. But it is illuminating. It explains why Mr. Van Doren, though universally admired as a poet is more admired by his elders than by his contemporaries. Not that Mr. Van Doren's elder admirers go back in years to the old romanticism, but that Miss Riding's dividing line is misplaced. It is only in the younger "modern" poets of our own time that the poetic personality has begun to be changed into the poem, or, which amounts to the same thing, made to appear ironically. (It is unimportant here that the irony is generally missed.) Mr. Van Doren, on the other hand, writes as himself. It is always himself telling (with, of course, numerous exceptions). And it is because Mr. Van Doren is a sensitive and obviously unusual person that the poems which tell of his experiences are valuable poems. He thus produces a less pure and perhaps surer poetry. One has a feeling he is writing for posterity, leaving a record of himself. And he may well succeed. Many a personal voice still speaks to us out of past time. His contemporaries, reading what he writes, feel themselves strange. Nothing that has happened to them seems to have happened to him. It is perhaps his great good fortune. That will depend on his contemporaries.

There is no occasion now to speak of the excellence of his verse. That is assumed. It would be expected from the nature of his work that his verse would be rather a means of expression than an end

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in itself. And it is true that he rarely writes the purely poetic phrase which like a charm creates the thing it means. But he is none the less a poet. One's only regret is his occasional tendency to write in the ghostly, grammatical manner of Mr. Robinson.

> They were still a single room—
> But longer now than once it was;

and

> Which to punish with her eyes
> She turns her head, as if to see
> What is to see. . . .

But these are no fair samples of his work. Nor, perhaps, is the poem called "Civil War." And yet between the least valuable poems in the book and this, the best, there is little space.

> The country is no country I have seen,
> And no man goes there who is now alive, and no man
> Ever is going to leave there. . . .

It is a beautiful piece of work. And it is also a poem.

No two volumes could be more strangely brought together in one review than Miss Riding's book and Mr. Binyon's ode. If either one is valuable the other is of no value whatever. If anything that Miss Riding says about poetry is true Mr. Binyon's ode is no poem. And if Mr. Binyon's ode is a poem then nothing Miss Riding says is true. So far as the present reviewer is concerned he prefers not to lose Miss Riding. And he does not flatter himself that his choice will cause Mr. Binyon any great pain. The ode is the kind of cultivated, scholarly, well-bred expression of emotion which will certainly receive the praise of well-bred, scholarly, and cultivated people, and the praise or dispraise of others can hardly be important to its author. Its first five and last four lines give its quality.

> Lo, the spirit of a pulsing star within a stone
> Born of earth, sprung from night!
> Prisoned with the profound fires of the light,
> It lives like all the tongues of eloquence
> Locked in a speech unknown!
>
> The Body is the Word; nothing divides
> This blood and breath from thought ineffable.
> Hold me, Eternal Moment!
> The Idols fade: the God abides.

Like a Field in Stubble

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN. By ALICE MARY KIMBALL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

IF you have ever seen a field in stubble and thought "I like this better than a lawn," you will understand the strength of "The Devil Is a Woman." It seems to me a strong book because its language and the ideas behind it go down into the soil like a young tree, underacinate and vigorous. I should like to call it poetry, but it is not all that. Writing is sometimes too elemental and half-hewn to be poetry. It is more likely that Miss Kimball narrowly escaped making a volume of prose. But what isn't poetry is very close to it, and the rest—particularly "Mrs. Doane Comes Back"—is the real, turbulent stuff.

Most of the verses are long—long unrhymed iambic pentameters with frequent feminine endings and only slight internal variations. They suffer from that, nearly all of them, and especially the otherwise powerful story called "The Mating-Flight of Stasia Whitsett." One of the prime excellencies of "John Brown's Body," you remember, is the apt and continual breaking of its meter. Miss Kimball's verses need relief. Her method, for all the subtlety of language, is too direct. There is not enough cross-rhythm, or change of pace—and it is odd to be saying of any modern poetry that it fails for lack of mechanics. But I am not talking of such as "Mrs. Doane Comes Back." There is something gigantic about this, and the loping stanzas, like Stasia herself, "spindled up strong to faculty and will." We judge a book by the best that's in it. But even without Mrs. Doane you would find that every other page has

> a sniff of April in it,
> Of old and set and hard things swift dissolving.

There are curious indications. Miss Kimball has the inventive mind of O. Henry: many short stories are based on less than the least of her verses. But this is not mere cleverness and invention. There is a certain epic quality, too, that you get in some of Masefield and Sassoon: "The Devil Is a Woman," "The Mating-Flight of Stasia Whitsett," let us say, and "Portrait of an Old Mother." She is speaking most of the time of more than an individual: a region, a county, a countryside. Percy MacKaye, not always a successful writer, I think, did this once in "Dog-Town Common." He made a village live in terms of a handful of people. Miss Kimball has also a pen for dialect, and can use it naturally and effectively as T. F. Powys does, for example, in his short stories. There are familiar traces too. It is not all local. Ardmore, Oklahoma, perhaps, and Adamant, Missouri; but behind this something of the genius of Robinson, and a few Frost-bitten lines that betray New England.

Yet Miss Kimball is still very much alone, and her furrows are often new furrows in a bottom that has just been cleared. I should like to get Mrs. Doane out of this, for it is possible that she is half the book, and her presence renders judgment cloudy. "Be clear, be clear," said Havelock Ellis, "be not too clear." But sometimes Miss Kimball is not clear enough. Her occasional periphrastics and involute thought are a sign that she has not mastered her form. This will come. A poet with something to say will work it out as surely as a Celt's head is full of dreams. Read Mrs. Doane and you will understand.

Alas, Poor Yorick

THE BANKRUPTCY OF MARRIAGE. By V. F. CALVERTON. New York: The Macaulay Company. 1928. $3.

THE MARRIAGE CRISIS. By ERNEST R. GROVES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

THE NEW MORALITY. By DURANT DRAKE. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. KALLEN

IN these three books that fellow of infinite jest, Ye Goode Olde Familye, receives three more or less decent obsequies. None of them is quite at ease over his passing, none indeed, is sure that he is dead and not merely dying; but all signalize the implications of his death, and all have things to say about the modern order and the new morality. Mr. Drake treats of the new morality as a whole, and discusses marriage and the family as one item of many in the modern way of life. Messrs. Groves and Calverton see in marriage and the family the point of crisis in the passage from ancient sin to new salvation or ancient salvation to new sin.

Only Mr. Drake defines the new morality; it is new today because it replaces authority with practical consequences as the basis for conduct. On practical grounds, Messrs. Calverton and Groves would not differ with him. Their argument is that the effects of science and industry and the modern point of view upon sexual behavior are disintegrative, and that the family, which used to be the most stable and enduring of all social institutions, is by way of becoming the most fluid and impermanent one. Mr. Groves thinks that contraception did it, and he doesn't believe that free sex relations or even companionate marriage can replace Ye Goode Olde Familye. He'd like to keep it going, in spite of feminism, delicatessen, and divorce. He says that if favorable conditions were provided for the family to grow in it would flourish. Among them he counts "education for family life," an improved love-life between husband and wife, social freedom, treating divorce "as a piece of maladjustment," painless childbirth, family insurance, decent housing, and adequate interior decoration, personal and parlor. That these tools would fashion anent Ye Goode Olde Familye, seems to me a faith of Mr. Groves. And in these matters works are more requisite than faith.

Mr. Calverton's outlook is less sentimental and more robust. He repeats the situation and refrains from proposing a cure. *Solvitur ambulando* seems to be his hopeful motto.

> While in the past (he writes) we have known the cost of opinion, it is the future which will introduce us to the costs of freedom. If freedom as a theory is perfect, and as an aspiration is ideal, it is foolish of us, however, to imagine that in practice it will be accompanied by a complete absence of discard. There will still be individual dilemmas; individual difficulties, and individual disasters, but they will not be economic and social in character, nor the consequence of moral subjection . . . Until the new ways have been tried and tested, and the rapids conquered in the crossing, movement in this direction and that will be uncertain and insecure. These are the dangers that accompany exploration. It is the goal which inspires their risks. It is the end which defies their influence and omen.

Amen.

Of the three books, I like Mr. Calverton's best.

The Price of Security

(*Continued from page* 899)

up with the standard of living, and teachers everywhere are worse off, socially, financially, and in the general respect of the community, than when the Great Complaint began. And beyond this they have done literally nothing to change the basis of their support from a qualified charity to an income paid as well as earned. Loyalty to the profession has kept them at work, the essential excellence of the professorial life, even damaged and restricted, has been some compensation, but the intense desire for security of a class made timid by circumstances, has made them impotent.

An honorable, but mistaken, idea has held many good men back who might have been leaders. The concern of the teacher is not money; to act, therefore, with money as an end is repugnant to his nature. Thanks to this nice delicacy, the whole profession suffers. Its life, once so enviable, has been sullied in the eyes of the world by complaints, and even though its hardships, in a new industrial system where professors who teach in our universities are ranked by the economists as below the class which should be able to send their children to these same universities, are almost unbearable, such complaints are only justified if action follows. These reticences and inhibitions of security, this willingness to scrape along by odd jobs of tutoring, editing, summer-school teaching, rather than to try to make the profession pay what it is worth, have resulted in the loss of a great ideal—a good life possible for men of ideas and attractive to the young.

Thus the front line of attack on the countrywide materialism of living is in danger of being wiped out for lack of ammunition. It is fairly safe in its trench, but can neither move forward nor command support. And this will be the deplorable situation until younger men and women, not too enamored of security, break away from the present dependence on charity and show as much courage as plumbers, railway engineers, and domestic servants, with nobler ends in view.

Unless the American intellectualists summon strength to get what they must have for their own mental health, and are willing to risk job and even profession in the attempt, they will become a servant class. And if the men of high ideals who now predominate do not provide leadership, they will be succeeded by a still more timid generation which, when it turns upon its masters, the public will know only how to be mean and shrewd.

The Princeton University Press, which prints in its own shop the books which it publishes, boasts that its organization includes the only Fire Chief in the world who knows how to set Greek type. The fire department of the borough of Princeton, N. J., is a volunteer body and this year has elected as its Chief the foreman of the University Press's composing room, William P. Cox. Mr. Cox has been a member both of the fire department and of the Press's staff for over twenty-five years, and in the course of this quarter century has set, among other things, most of the examination papers for the Greek department of Princeton University.

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A Show by Himself

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE. A Political Fantastic. By GERALD W. JOHNSON. New York: Minton, Balch & Co.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. JOHNSON has drawn a lively sketch of a strange and lively character. The place of John Randolph in American history is unique. Save for a brief period of allegiance to the party of Jefferson and Gallatin, rewarded by the chairmanship of the powerful Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives and recognition as the Administration spokesman in the House, he belonged to no party and had no considerable following. In his later life he was, as he said, a *tertium quid*, a third something in politics in a country whose view of politics offered no place for a third party, and left dissenters to make their way by their own merits, if they had any, and, if they had not, then by the brilliance or ruthlessness of their outbursts against the existing order and its high priests. Randolph was scantily endowed with merit of any kind, but his powers of speech were vituperative and blood-stirring beyond anything that Congress was to know again until John J. Ingalls appeared upon the scene. Like the horse of scripture, his strength was in his mouth, and in spite of his inconsequence and vulgarity he held the centre of the stage for years before an audience that gasped, or jeered, or applauded according to its mood.

* * *

Heredity and environment clashed in the early life of the statesman from Roanoke. His family was distinguished among the Virginia patricians, but Randolph's home life was dreary and his education a succession of spasms. He tried Princeton, only to leave it after accusing President Witherspoon of embezzling his pocket money; then Columbia, where he stayed two years, burying himself in Greek until his teacher accepted a call elsewhere, getting drunk as an offset to the "uninspiring, dull fellows," as Mr. Johnson calls them, of the remaining faculty, and seeing the "coronation" of Washington; next Philadelphia, where he read Hume by way of preparation for law study, met Jefferson, and toyed with vice; and finally William and Mary College, from which institution he withdrew as the sequence to a duel.

On his way home from Philadelphia to Virginia, Randolph fell ill at Richmond of scarlet, and before long it was known that he was impotent. Mr. Johnson makes much of Randolph's physical calamity, and of the trials which attended his domestic life after he became, on the death of his brother Richard in 1796, the head of the family. It is easy to believe that the heavy burdens which he assumed, joined to the knowledge that love and children were hopelessly barred, may have contributed to the mental unbalance which subsequently mastered him. The story of Nancy Randolph, the alleged killing of whose illegitimate child led to the trial of Richard, the putative father, for infanticide, is sordid enough, but if it drove John Randolph near to insanity it also, in the sequel, wrecked his character. Years later Nancy confessed that the father of her child, who was born dead, was not Richard but Theodorick, another brother who had been to the youthful John an idol, and whose memory he had affectionately cherished. When, accordingly, Nancy married Gouverneur Morris, Randolph presently wrote to Morris a malignant version of the whole affair, to which Nancy replied in a scathing exposure of Randolph which she sedulously distributed throughout Virginia. About all that can be said is that if Nancy's conduct was indecent, that of Randolph was vile.

* * *

Randolph's course in Congress was one long battle, hardly less bitter and unscrupulous when he had a party back of him than when he stood alone. He "rushed into the Jeffersonian camp, although by every instinct he was allied with the other side," picked a violent quarrel with President John Adams in an unseemly attack upon the personnel of the army, then lost his party leadership by opposing a settlement of the Yazoo land grant claims, was beaten in the impeachment trial of Judge Chase, denounced Jefferson's not-over-scrupulous attempt to buy Florida notwithstanding that he had defended the Louisiana purchase, opposed Madison's nomination and the War of 1812, turned his guns on Clay's American system and raked the administration of John Quincy Adams, fought a duel with Clay, and regarded Jackson's stand against nullification as "cheer lunacy" in spite of the fact that he had worked valiantly to get Jackson elected President.

Mr. Johnson observes that Randolph was "the perfect and incorrigible idealist," but it is hard to see in his idealism anything more important than the workings, often brilliant, of a cynical and self-centred mind, or in his public performances anything except a succession of amazing stunts. The only thing, apparently, that kept him so long in Congress was his reckless oratory and his old Virginia name. He was a show all by himself, and his constituents, less and less mindful of the Union as State-rights' doctrine advanced, got their money's-worth of vulgar melodrama every time that Randolph intervened. Mr. Johnson, who does not allow his sympathetic interest in Randolph to preclude a deal of just and perfectly sensible criticism, nevertheless inclines to give Randolph the benefit of the doubt. As he also lets the truth stand out in all its nakedness, there is nothing more to say except that his book is extremely good reading.

...gn for "Randolph of Roanoke."

...sillusioned Man

THE ... LORD CURZON. By the RT. HON. ...ONALDSHAY. New York: Horace Liveright. 1928. 3 vols. $15.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

LORD RONALDSHAY has written a remarkable study of a temperamental, ambitious personality, who suffered from an inferiority complex and represented the aristocratic spirit of past centuries, born too late. Students of history will find much to interest them in Lord Ronaldshay's three volumes, but students of psychology far more. In this era of investigations beyond the self-conscious, "The Life of Lord Curzon" ought to become a text book for advanced inquirers. No other biography of recent years equals it in providing data of the mental workings of a personage of high position. Lord Curzon's mind was always near the surface which has made exploration less difficult than otherwise, but only one with Lord Ronaldshay's intimate knowledge of the Curzon environment, and especially of the India of Curzon's day, could have isolated the spirit of the Kedleston scion and exhibited it so adequately for examination.

The career of Lord Curzon, in detail, is generally known. But what manner of man he was, and the meaning of his medieval autocracy which impressed all who met him, have not hitherto been adequately investigated. To know a man, search his youth. The first chapters of Lord Ronaldshay's initial volume give the clue to an understanding of the Curzon mentality. He was the eldest in a large family, which for some eight centuries had maintained an unbroken line at Kedleston, Derbyshire. His father, Baron Scarsdale, was a clergyman as well as a peer, without large means. Curzon was born in 1859, when primary education in England was frequently left to what the fates willed. It is necessary to quote Lord Ronaldshay concerning Curzon's educational start in life, for thereafter, what the man became will not be difficult to understand. A certain Miss Paraman was his first instructor.

> For ten years (she) had charge of the upbringing of George Curzon and the four members of the family next to him in age. Of Miss Paraman, who appeared upon the scene when George Curzon was seven years old, he has himself said that she taught all subjects well and, in addition, inculcated in her charges habits of economy and neatness and a dislike of anything fast or vulgar; that in her saner moments she was devotedly attached to her pupils; but that there were frequent occasions on which she acted with all the savagery of a brutal and vindictive tyrant. The many ingenious forms of punishment which she devised were such that, in after years, he declared that he doubted if any children well born and well placed cried so much or so justly. . . . From the hands of Miss Paraman he passed into those of another master personality in the shape of Mr. Dunbar, the second master at the Reverend R. Cowley Powle's school at Wixenford. . . . This remarkable man left on young Curzon's mind the same ineffaceable mark as Miss Paraman had done—and for much the same reason. Indeed, he seems to have been of the same violent and unstable disposition as she was, and one cannot but be struck by this strange coincidence.

These two apparently did what they could to crush young Curzon into a nonentity. He was diffident and aloof, except in intimate and friendly circles. He was always self-conscious and always seeing an affront where none was meant. He could never stand criticism. Lord Ronaldshay quotes him as having once stated: "To say that I have a high estimate of myself, makes me, who know the reality, smile." To which Lord Ronaldshay adds:

> In these days of research into the subconscious working of the human mind, such admissions as these provide the psychoanalyst with a key to the hauteur and aloofness of his bearing in public. They would be attributed to what in the jargon of the new learning would be termed an "inferiority complex."

Indeed, rightly so. The superiority of an aristocratic lineage and of a most unusual intellect had to force itself constantly to overcome those inferiority remains of the scholastic methods of Miss Paraman and Mr. Dunbar. Had there been sympathetic and encouraging guidance in his youth, Curzon might have reached the highest of positions as a leader of men. Instead, he developed into a mediocrity of action, unfitted for the necessary coöperation and give and take which democracy requires for its evolutionary progress.

* * *

At Oxford, Curzon became the victim ... early maturity. He was in fact the ment... of his associates—a characteristic which d... ways promise continuation of the same pace. He "was deficient in a sense of humor where his own dignity was concerned." In addition, he had from childhood a curvature of the spine which frequently caused him suffering, especially as he grew older. There was, perhaps, cruelty as well as truth in the verse the Oxford students composed to describe him. It stuck to him throughout life but its handicap would have been overcome if Curzon had grown out of the spirit it expressed. He never did.

Curzon must have felt the Oxford gibes keenly. He craved understanding but his cold and shy character and his critical attitude toward everybody isolated him in this respect.

How was it that one of his discordant personality, to whom outstanding successes as an administrator were rare, yet rose to viceregal rank and became foreign minister? He was the hardest working Englishman of statesman rank in his generation. His capacity for mastering details and his exceptional memory marked him apart. He was constantly studying problems that interested him and what he lacked in originality he largely made up in eclectic knowledge. Describing him at Lausanne, after the world war, when the Mosul question was being discussed, Lord Ronaldshay says "Lord Curzon's speech was an admirable example of the particular art of which he had always been so great a master. He knew the case far better than its Turkish exponents did."

* * *

Too, Curzon was an admirable dinner companion when at his ease, an ability which can be capitalized in England, where the art of dining in company is part of the art of living. There is, as well, in the national character of the British a desire for "fair play" which repeatedly takes the form of giving men another chance and sticking to people in high office, despite their failures. Omnipotence is not demanded of Englishmen, though some, like Curzon, might think themselves omnipotent. The Englishman reasons, when a fault is committed, "well, he did his best. I might not have done any better." This characteristic is constantly being exemplified in Great Britain. For living examples of those indebted to it, see Winston Churchill and Sir Austen Chamberlain. One must remember the persistence

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of the trait to understand Curzon's long occupancy of high position.

Curzon desired his fame to rest principally on his career as Viceroy of India. How little was he able to foresee the future. He might have been a great Viceroy before the spread of democracy, but he was incapable of understanding the era in which he reigned. He had an almost Patriarchal conception of the relations between himself and the India of his vision," writes Lord Ronaldshay. He "was most emphatically among those who believed that the destinies of the Indian people had been entrusted by Providence to British keeping."

Curzon was unable to understand there was Indian opposition to him. "Somehow or other," he wrote, "I have the art of getting on with Orientals." He had the art of getting on with nobody. Indian administration was marked by constant disputes with the authorities in London. He was ever of the opinion that as Viceroy his powers were supreme. He carried the grand manner always with him. He gave slight attention to adequate reform measures for the benefit of the Indian people. Statesmanship to Curzon in India was a matter of the mailed fist. He expressed his idea thus: "There are two constituents of successful diplomacy. . . . One is knowing your own mind, the other is letting other people know it." Compromise, to him, with his inferiority complex, was an alien instrument for success.

* * *

The question of control of the Indian army eventually led to Curzon's resignation as Viceroy. He and Kitchener brought the matter to an issue. The home government decided it was safer to trust the military security of India to trained soldiers than to a civilian with an exaggerated idea of viceregal powers. So Curzon resigned, Lord Ronaldshay believing he was "the victim of a fate which was altogether undeserved." But, an anticlimax to Curzon's Indian career had been hovering about him almost from the start. That he escaped it for seven years was his good fortune.

After his return to England, India increased her demands for more self-government. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms came up for discussion. Before they were made effective, the Indian Office asked Curzon's help. He was critical, as usual, of the phrasing and rewrote a sentence or two. He declared he did not think India would be as well governed under the new dispensation as the old, adding mournfully, "the peoples of countries such as India attached much more importance to being governed, even though not so well governed, by themselves, than they did to being even superbly governed by another race."

During the war, Curzon served in various governmental posts and after the peace he became Foreign Minister. But, "autocratic by nature, he was never at his best in a position of subordination; and . . . the Foreign Minister of post-war Britain found himself subordinate to an unusual degree to the dominant figure of the Prime Minister of the day." To the last, his passion for detail mastered him.

* * *

Had Curzon been successful at the foreign office, he might have become Prime Minister, the goal for which he played in the later years of his life. Bonar Law, suffering his fatal illness, resigned the premiership in May, 1923. He had written to Curzon, "I understand it is not customary for the King to ask the Prime Minister to recommend his successor in circumstances like the present." That is to say, it was for His Majesty to make the choice. Lord Curzon thought the prize was surely his—majesty, again to majesty. He jotted down:

> I found in the morning press an almost unanimous opinion that the choice lying between Baldwin and myself, there was no question as to the immense superiority of my claims and little doubt as to the intentions of the King.

The next afternoon, Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, visited Curzon. The blow fell. Stamfordham had the unpalatable task of conveying to Curzon "the decision of the King that, since the Labor party constituted the official Opposition in the House of Commons and were unrepresented in the House of Lords, the objections to a Prime Minister in the Upper Chamber were insuperable." That excuse was, perhaps, the best possible. The King had decided for Baldwin. Curzon did not take his rejection gracefully. He retired from the foreign office in January, 1924 and died the next year, "a disillusioned and disappointed man . . . a lonely and infinitely pathetic figure." Let the Miss Paramans and the Mr. Dunbars take notice.

The Devil Dies Hard

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND. By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929. $6.

SIBYLS AND SEERS. A Survey of Some Ancient Theories of Revelation and Inspiration. By EDWYN BEVAN. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929. $2.50.

THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL. The Horned God of the West. By R. LOWE THOMPSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $2.75.

THE STORY OF SUPERSTITION. By PHILIP F. WATERMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by S. FOSTER DAMON
Brown University

THE last century scoffed at witches and sneered at the judges who condemned them; but today we have become aware that witches were the victims of their own hysteria, and that the evidence brought before the judges was sometimes overwhelmingly conclusive to persons more expert in theology than pathology. There was "something in" witchcraft; and various modern investigators have published books which may cause the coming century to scoff at us in turn. Miss Margaret Murray, in her "Witch-craft in Western Europe" decided that the witches were actually organized all over Europe in anti-Christian "covens"; while Father Summers, in two fat volumes, makes the amazing affirmation that the Church was quite right in the past, and that theologians should have a voice in the cases he would like to have tried today.

Let us hope that the authority of Professor Kittredge will put a stop to a good deal of this nonsense. His "Witchcraft in Old and New England" is the result of the studies of a life-time, which should cause a considerable readjustment of various beliefs about the history of this terrible superstition.

* * *

According to Professor Kittredge, a belief in witchcraft is the natural heritage of humanity the world over, regardless of race or creed; such a belief went virtually unquestioned up through the seventeenth century; and even today, the majority of mankind still believes. (The recent Hex-murder in Pennsylvania has occurred just in time to help confirm that point.)

In England, as elsewhere, witchcraft was the natural growth of the soil. Professor Kittredge gives a long descriptive list of laws and trials from Anglo-Saxon times up to the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, which demonstrates that witchcraft, in all its manifestations except the Sabbath, was perfectly familiar there. His array of facts absolutely demolishes a common error that witchcraft first appeared in England under Elizabeth, having been imported from the Continent by the Marian exiles, and popularized by Bishop Jewel, who was supposed to be a fanatical witch-hunter. Bishop Jewel, however, escapes with an unusually clean slate: he hardly mentions witchcraft more than once throughout his voluminous writings.

* * *

The absence of the Sabbath in England until the seventeenth century sharply differentiates English from Continental witchcraft. English witches might dance in the churn, ransack graveyards, and blight the marriage-bed; but they did not gather by night for vicious and blasphemous ceremonies. The explanation lies in the fact that the Inquisition was never established in England. Henry VIII's law of 1542 was directed solely against the physical harm which a witch might do, and was not concerned with heresy; Elizabeth's law of 1563 is merely more precise and more merciful; James I's of 1604 is only a slight tightening of Elizabeth's. Not until 1612 was the Sabbath even mentioned in an English trial. Although the theologians knew of it well enough, from Continental publications, the people simply had not heard of it, and the courts were not concerned with finding it.

> The idea of a Sabbath of Witches was neither ancient nor of popular origin. . . . [Its orgies] were systematized in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the scholastic ingenuity of devout theologians and described in confessions innumerable wrung by torture from ignorant and superstitious defendants in response to leading questions framed by inquisitors who had the whole system in mind before the trial began. . . . By Restoration times the Witches' Sabbath had at length achieved a place in the witch-creed of England. Yet, even then, the English Sabbath was a feeble reflection of its foreign original. The more one studies its history, the more clearly the fact emerges: the Witches' Sabbath was not at home on English soil. Every other point in the beliefs and practices, actual and imagined, of the English witches of the sixtenth and seventeenth centuries can be traced back for hundreds of years in the island itself. The doctrine of a Sabbath, on the contrary, was a learned importation and made its way slowly and with difficulty among the folk. Opinions will always differ as to any basis of fact that may underlie the Continental stories; but the theory that English witches were keeping alive a pagan ritual, and were meeting in orgiastic mysteries that had descended from pre-Christian times, will not stand the test of the most elementary historical criticism. There is not the slightest evidence that they were ever organized at all. Some of the accused were innocent, some were guilty in intent. Now and then, like other criminals, a few of them may have met to eat a stolen wether or to plot a murder. But "covens" and devil-priests and Satanic orgies are, for England, out of the question.

The next popular belief that goes crashing under the weight of Professor Kittredge's evidence is the idea that James I was a fanatic who framed such a fearful law against witches, in whose powers he believed implicitly, that he started a new and horrible era of persecution. James, of course, did write a "Demonologia"; but his law was only a slight modification of Elizabeth's; and the more cases he investigated, the more frauds he exposed. He not only became famous for his dexterity in detecting impostures; he also influenced the courts strongly to follow his excellent and sceptical example.

* * *

The most spectacular vulgar errors, however, are concerned with the Salem witches. It is widely believed that something in American Puritanism was peculiarly favorable to hysteria; that one of the most terrible outbreaks of witchcraft ever known broke out in Salem; and that after a singular miscarriage of justice, the accused were burned to death. But Professor Kittredge demonstrates that witchcraft was no more Puritan than it was Anglican or Catholic. The Salem outbreak occurred at Danvers (then known as Salem Village), and was tried at Salem. It was a surprisingly mild epidemic; and throughout the entire century, only twenty-eight victims were executed in Massachusetts, though in England the executions ran into the hundreds during the same period of time; in Scotland into the thousands, and on the Continent, to something like half a million. The Salem witches were not burned; they were hanged. Trials and death-sentences for witchcraft ceased in New England before they ceased in England; and there were executions on the Continent a century later. The public repentance and recantation of Judge Sewall and his jury have no parallel in the history of witchcraft; and coming just when they did, they were probably of considerable influence in turning the European tide.

There is no arguing against Professor Kittredge's facts. He marshals them inexorably and exhaustively. Every sentence has its footnote. The smallest point is mortic'd and tenon'd in references. He just mentions the St. Peter charm for toothache, and fortifies it with three and a half pages of close-printed titles that cover a thousand years. He writes: "For witchcraft and magic in the dairy see, for example,"—two more pages solid with titles. Altogether, there are 223 pages of these notes. Few living men could digest such a bulk of material (it is not merely accumulated) to such completely reasonable and human conclusions.

Professor Kittredge's book, however, is not straight history; it alternates historical data and studies of the witches' special practices with an attack on vulgar errors. But the history of witchcraft is covered: Chapter II outlines pre-Elizabethan cases; Chapter XVI includes the Elizabethan cases; while the last two chapters are devoted to James I and American witchcraft. The oblique approach of the scholar sometimes omits important facts as something well-known; for example, one may search in vain for the time, place, and text of Judge Sewall's famous recantation. Therefore, for straight history one must turn back to earlier books. None the less, Professor Kittredge's stout volume is a monument of scholarship and by all odds the most important book on witchcraft that has appeared for a long time.

* * *

Dr. Edwyn Bevan, in his "Sybils and Seers," "a survey of some ancient theories of revelation," is also a scholar and also a controvertialist. But he fights for sectarian faith, not for historical fact. He wishes to shift the battlefield of religion from "literary and historical criticism" to "the region of philosophy." He opens his book with an argument

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for the existence of a world of spirit, as conceived by the Catholic Church—though one does not discover this until one is well into the chapter. He denies intelligence to the Spiritists; ridicules the Liberal Protestant view; dismisses Fundamentalism in a foot-note; bravely begs the question while turning the Rationalists inside out; and then expects the Catholic hypothesis to stand, by process of elimination. He then brands all pre-Christian accounts of visits to the other world as "either mythological or literary fiction"; insists that Paul's vision was genuine (although a few pages later he can quote *John* iii, 13: "no man hath ascended into heaven," and italicizes it, too); admits the possibility that John the divine's vision was equally authentic; and is struck by the "intimate knowledge" of angels disclosed in Scholastic theology.

Dr. Bevan digs up some interesting facts in his survey; but his arguments reveal so many slightly false analogies, verbal tricks, and dextrous fallacies, that automatically a rationalist like myself discovers himself arguing on the opposite side. One asks oneself constantly what implication he is trying to plant, without the risk of stating it baldly.

* * *

Mr. R. Lowe Thompson's "History of the Devil" sweeps from the Stone Age of nine thousand years ago to the modern Horn Dance at Abbots Bromley. He shows how magical beliefs and practices arose from the way men's minds naturally work; how magicians and priests developed from the more abnormal members of tribes; how they worshiped half-animal gods, how the West fought stubbornly its conversion to Christianity.

In his account of witchcraft, Mr. Thompson relies on Miss Murray and Father Summers, whom he quotes copiously. The witches, he believes, were followers of the ancient religion, and consequently were anti-Christian.

> The evidence is mainly drawn from a large number of witch trials, and from these we discover that witches held the same ceremonies and the same beliefs in localities as far apart as Scotland and the Pyrenees. An objection may be made that much of this evidence was given under torture, but this does not account for the many similarities, which even extend to minute details; and, moreover, this evidence agrees with some confessions that were voluntary. Another objection is that the ecclesiastical trials were often conducted in the same way, and that leading questions were put in order to secure a conviction. This regular procedure was, indeed, abused in some of the later witch hunts, but it may be more truly interpreted as a sign that the Church was well aware of the nature of the cult which it wished to destroy. Otherwise many of the questions seem to be quite childish.

Joan of Arc, he continues, was one of these anti-Christian fanatics. But the powerful organizations of anti-Christians were gradually overwhelmed by a transformation which gave the horned god of antiquity a useful place in Purgatory; by persecution; by ridicule, and by the growth of science.

The severity of the laws against the sorcerers is itself proof of their extraordinary depravity, which extended even to New England, where "the joyless and remarkably intolerant system of the Puritans" caused an epidemic that was "burnt out."

But though the devil is dead, his worshippers continue their rites. According to Summers, "Satanists yet celebrate the Black Mass in London, Brighton, Paris, Lyons, Bruges, Berlin, Milan, and, alas! in Rome itself. . . . Even as I write, a dance known as the Charleston has become popular, with a peculiar step that is said to be derived from voodoo ritual; while similar importations such as the 'Bunny Hug' and 'Black Bottom' may be interpreted in a like manner."

* * *

Rabbi Waterman's "Story of Superstition," however, is intended to dispel such beliefs, not to encourage them. The darker instincts of savagery did once blossom in terrible deeds; later ages preserved some picturesque customs and legends; but the truth sets us free. Ghosts, Hell, Lilith, the Demon Lover, and the Obscene Saint (such are some of his chapter-titles) can now be gazed on calmly by the enlightened eye.

While in such a book one ought not to expect too exhaustive research, one is sometimes annoyed by a vagueness of authority, which forces us to take the author's statements on trust. For example, he writes: "One of the great text-books of Jewish mysticism says: 'Beauty diffuses itself into the world as an apple.'" The remark is curious enough to make one search further in that book; but the title is not given. Sometimes the statements are more doubtful. "The Rosicrucians," writes Rabbi Waterman, "during the Middle Ages indulged in priapic ceremonies." Indeed! As the Rosicrucians did not appear till the seventeenth century, such an early beginning needs proof; and their ceremonies, as far as they are known, seem to have been of the most decent and exalted. The witches, we are told, organized to continue, ignorantly, the pagan worship of Priapus. "The great witchcraft trials and persecutions were based on something more than the human imagination. The Inquisitors did have something to go on." Perhaps. But what? Where is the proof that they were anything more than delusions arising from ignorance and manifesting in hysteria?

In spite of oneself, one becomes controversial over these subjects. Fact and belief still war; the God who is Truth does not yet reign in this world. Meanwhile, the Devil dies hard.

Converging Differences

DARK HESTER. By ANNE SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THE problem of what each generation shall do with the next—or the one preceding—was old in Samuel Butler's day, old even in Shakespeare's. ("'Let me not live,' quoth he, 'after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses all but new things disdain.'") Yet for each age the problem not only seems new but actually acquires unique aspects. And in "Dark Hester," Anne Douglas Sedgwick has captured almost every facet of the question as it appears to the older and newer woman of the present time.

A bold design in rich, strong colors traces the main theme, the conflict in manners and morals between Hester, the girl of today, and Monica, the woman of yesterday. But weaving in and out and around this primary pattern are little tendrils, more delicately tinted, that outline countless subsidiary themes. Moreover, these little tendrils are not static, but shifting, as if by some alchemy the lesser figures o[illegible]n carpet had taken on individual motion. [illegible]leed, is the author's most signal achiever[illegible]: book, her visualization of the stages by [illegible] persons who initially regard each other w[illegible] and hostility are progressively made av[illegible]: potential junction of their diverging [illegible].

* * *

The t[illegible] from the older woman's point of view so that perhaps dark Hester seems a little darker, brusquer, and more uncompromising than she actually may have been. Different backgrounds, contrasting foregrounds, and the love of both women for the same man—the son of the one who becomes the husband of the other—serve as constant irritants to each of them. Monica, leaving her old furniture and faded chintzes to visit Hester, feels herself an anachronism among the purple curtains, angular chairs, and dizzy perspectives of her daughter-in-law's drawing-room. Hester, a firm practitioner of the newest theories in child psychology, seeks to prepare her small son for the actualities of life only to find that his grandmother is undoing her work by petting little Robin and telling him fairy tales. Naturally, Monica with her gracious poise and her would-be tolerant attitude toward her son's strange wife, is wounded by the girl's forthrightness, by her rude, abrupt manners that variously suggest indifference and disdain. And Hester, scenting disapproval in Monica, associates her with all the women she hates, women who cannot understand or condone the conduct that to Hester spells independence and emancipation.

Yet, to both these women the happiness of one man is essential, and each in her own way faces the same question with regard to him: how can love be shared and still remain integral? This, too, is in a sense the problem of the man they love. We can only approach Clive's problem obliquely through them, but his story would perhaps be even more poignant than theirs, for Clive must stand between mother and wife, shielding one from the other, explaining one to the other—his sympathies going out to each in turn——and knowing in the end that he must share Hester with another even as she must share him with Monica.

The conflicts of the novel when thus baldly stated lose all their subtleties, and it is precisely their shifting, refocusing subtleties that the author so deftly makes actual to us. Whether her interpretations of the situations she precipitates will seem to you to reveal a deep and true understanding of human nature or to betray a slightly sentimental *parti pris* will depend largely upon whether you belong to the generation of Monica or of Hester. And if you belong to the latter, the end of the book may seem to you "a most lame and lamentable conclusion," whereas if you belong to the former you will doubtless commend its rightness and be comforted. In any case, you will read eagerly until you reach it, rejoicing in the beauty and dexterity of the craftsmanship along the way.

The men in the tale are less adequately realized than the women. It is rather difficult, for example, to grant from what we see of him that Captain Ingpen, like Cassio, was framed to make women false. And Clive, perhaps because he is always a pale, golden, little boy to Monica, remains rather disconcertingly pale to us, too. But Monica and Hester live, their conflicts are both real and important, and the book is fashioned with the suave grace and penetrating insight of a finished artist who is blessed with sense as well as sensitiveness.

People of Sorts

OUTSIDERS. By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM. New York: Rae D. Henkle Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

READERS who do not care what an ably written novel is about will be delighted with "Outsiders"; others, suckled in a creed outworn, may regret that Miss Bentham has not chosen to employ her remarkable talent on themes less hackneyed, and more entertaining, than stupidity, malevolence, inadequacy, and frustration. Possibly, as a large school of contemporary novelists maintains, these things are all there is; and what of it? Let us eat, drink, and be merry, pastimes more agreeable than reading novels about the emptiness of everything.

What Miss Bentham chooses to do, however, she does admirably. The marriage of Paul Royden, precise, earnest, devout, and a gentleman, [illegible] Barrett, generous, futile, Bohemian, and [illegible] mittent dipsomaniac, is obviously foredoom[illegible] defer the inevitable catastrophe requires [illegible] considerable skill on the part of the autho[illegible] good deal of good will and conscientious endeavor on the part of the characters. This part of the book might easily have become cheap or slipshod; Miss Bentham makes it not only interesting but convincing, and even succeeds in giving it a good deal of dignity. That men do not gather figs from thistles may be set down as a fact without any particular reflection on the thistle, which is what it is; Miss Bentham's comprehension is so thorough that she manages to deal even-handed justice not only to Paul and Leslie, but to Paul's friends who were rich gentlefolk and to Leslie's friends who were incompetent and unsuccessful reporters and actors. If she prefers one faction to the other, she keeps her preference scrupulously to herself; she is a faithful reporter, not an editorial commentator.

Miss Bentham not only sees farther and more clearly, and with more subtle discrimination, than most writers, but she knows how to write. Her style is so unobtrusively felicitous that you never think of how the story is being told, but are only agreeably and half-consciously aware that it is being told well; its conclusion is compulsory, convincing, and permits a glimpse of the universal through the particular. If it be true, as some of us are old-fashioned enough to believe, that some things are more important than others, one may hope that this writer of unusual promise will presently elect to write about people and actions that are better worth reading about.

"The new book of notes on Austin Dobson," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "contains an amusing instance of the spontaneity with which the poet could compose lines. One day a colleague entered his room at the Board of Trade and gleefully showed him a letter received from the harbour authority of a northern port. The letter commenced: 'We heartily homologate with the wishes of the Harbor Department. . . .' Sir Edmund Gosse records that, 'without any hesitation, Dobson remarked:

> All nations have a way or groove
> In which they propositions state;
> When Scotchmen thoroughly approve
> They "heartily homologate."

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The Barefoot Saint

AT Chezeray, in the fertile, high-lying tableland between the Seine and the Eure, the whole town smells like a cider-press, in the Fall. They make good *calvados* in that neighborhood, they know how to cook and eat. They know the tricks of the rose, the horse, and the spaniel, but they are not voluble people and it takes a magician to cheat them in a bargain. They know how to keep their money warm and they are hard to change. The priest rides a bicycle, with his black skirts tucked up to his knees; the radio at the *Café des Sports* gets the programs from the Eiffel Tower every night; but the striped fields beyond the town are the fields of generations of infinitely patient farmers and the old mortar is still as hard as iron in the ruins of the old walls.

It is only a score of miles to the Deauville road, but Paris is another country for all of that. This is France, or a stubborn part of it—the snail on the wall has his own house, the trees are knotted with bearing but they continue to bear. The crypt of the little chapel goes back to Rome and in the chapel itself you will find the statue of a saint who is not in any calendar—a small saint, carved from grey stone. Her smile is decided and courteous, her hand extended to bless, but she has no name and her feet have never worn shoes. Nevertheless, there is always a candle before her. They can pray to St. Thérèse at Lisieux, or to St. Jeanne at Rouen, if they like and as much as they like. Chezeray has a saint of its own.

And for how this barefoot and nameless saint first came to her town of Chezeray, the tale tells this, in black-letter, written with a monk's pen.

When the Great Fear of the Year 1000 had passed from Christendom and a man could go to sleep at night without hearing the knock of the Last Judgment in every beat of his heart, many learned doctors looked for a new earth, taught its lesson by shame and terror, turning away from Satan as the burnt child turns from the fire. Alas, it was not to be so. Never had the Devil and his angels been more active, never were the black arts more highly regarded or practised with such appalling craft. In every nation, sorcerers and magicians flourished; burn one at the stake and a whole coven sprang up from the ashes; cast one in the river and the waters themselves were attaint. It was a time of prodigies and searchings and tribulations. In France, after many years, this evil matter came to a head at last in Gilles de Rais, that notable wizard, and was ended. But long before Gilles had said his first prayer backward at his familiar's knee, there were men in our country fully as evil as he. There was, for example, the man called Gui Bastide.

His true name was Ormastes and he was a magician from Persia. Why he came from Persia the tale does not tell—perhaps even the earth of that hot, corruptible country of enchanters sickened of him at last. But come he did, and he travelled into France as a rat slips down the cable of some ship just come into port, bringing the plague in its coat. And with all France open before him, the Devil brought him to settle in our own village of Chezeray. They say that the Devil loves a thriving town. But after Gui Bastide had been with us some few months, the town ceased to thrive.

He said that he was a retired merchant and that his mother had been Simone Bastide, a poor widow of Chezeray. He must have thrown some sort of spell over the older folk—for when he spoke, they remembered him, a little boy, picking up sticks in the forest and playing boys' games. He was a good fellow, always ready to pay for the wine. He gave greatly to the church—it was, doubtless, permitted him by his allies, for the sake of the terrible things he was to bring to pass.

The first sign of his power and intentions was the death of Angelique Ourcq. She was not more than fourteen and as good as bread. He had given her a ribbon once, on Market Day, because he said it suited her pretty hair, and would talk to her now and then on grave, instructive subjects. One morning she arose and went into the middle of the market-place and began to scream in a loud voice, cursing God and all His angels. They tried to restrain her, but she foamed at the lips and fought, and one of the women she scratched with her fingers died in two days. Nor would she leave off blaspheming the whole company of Heaven—even when they gagged her, she made signs with her hands. So Chezeray knew that the Devil had come to Chezeray and entered into her. She was tried and condemned and burnt in the public square.

There had never been such sorrow in the town since the Great Fear. Through a crowd of which not even the most pious reviled her, she was led to her fire. At the last, they say, she was like the good girl she had always been—for the ribbon had been taken from her when they dressed her in her shift for execution—and only cried pitifully and uncomprehendingly, like a beaten child. After that, there was a smoked place in the square, and people passed by it sickly, making the sign of the cross, while each man looked from the corner of his eyes at his neighbor, afraid to think.

There were long, hot rains all summer. No one could remember such rains—and the crops that were not rotted, ripened too early, a grain full of bad, small ears. Fat, silly Jean Doumic killed Pierre Quervel with a cleaver in a squabble about nothing at all. They hanged him over the East Gate; and after that, the children were afraid to play games there. Two charcoal burners were eaten by wolves —not in the forest, but in the cleared fields, as they were bringing their load to town. And to cap things, the great bell of the chapel, Anne, the bell with the voice of a young boy, cracked into two pieces one day as the sexton was ringing her and so crippled him that he had to walk with two sticks the rest of his life.

A cloud lay on the countryside—a cloud that did not lift. The Bishop came down in his mitre to drive the invisible evil away, with relics and a saint's thighbone. But, after he had left, things were worse than before. And Gui Bastide walked about in a Turkey gown and was foremost in pious suggestions for exorcising the trouble, for, unlike most demons, he could pronounce the name of God without burning pains.

* * *

After the birth of a child with horns who prophesied unceasingly for three days in its cradle and then vanished, leaving a heap of dried leaves where it had lain, the town was like a colony of ghosts or lepers. No man would speak to another except by signs—and, when they were not in the chapel, the families were shut up in their houses, hardly daring even to eat or drink for fear the meat on the plate might become alive. The winter came on early, whetting a knife, and men began to draw in their belts about their stomachs, there was so little grain. As for the poor—who were few—they died like Mayflies, for a rumor had got about that some vagabond from another town was responsible for these terrors, and no one would feed them.

The priest prayed for hours to every saint in Heaven—but Ormastes, the magician, knew every saint by name, and, as soon as a prayer would rise as high as the chimney-pots, he would send his familiars to take from it the name to which it was addressed so that it wandered like a senseless thing to the gates of Paradise and could not ask admittance. To God also the priest prayed, and fervently —but there were three wars in Christendom then, besides the constant trouble of the Turks, and the Grand Seigneur cannot always attend to all his million petitions in person, at times like those. These things are sometimes permitted—that we may learn what cup was drunk by the saints.

So the priest only wearied his knees till the bone began to rub through them—and still no succor came. I have said that he implored every saint in Paradise—that is not so. He did not call on the Saint with the Bare Feet—the Saint Who Has No Name. And this was because, in the first place, he did not know that she existed, and, in the second, if he had, he would not have known how to address her respectfully—for he was a rather literal man. And how she came to be nameless fell about thus.

She was French, but she had been stolen when she was two years old, when a raid of barbarians came over the Rhine. This was in the wrecked time before Charlemagne. The barbarians brought her up as a scullion among the campfollowers and she could not remember the name that had been given her—it was not a Christian name. As for her new masters—all they ever called her was "Here, you!" or "You there with the stubby nose!" She accepted this fact as a condition of her servitude, and by the grace in her that God grants to the defenceless she remained a clean virgin in her life among those heathen.

Now, when she was about sixteen, St. Avennel of Lorraine came seeking martyrdom among the pagans of Germany. And, after escaping many deaths, he arrived at the camp of her army and preached to the soldiers—after which he broke their idol, which was a wooden goat, into three pieces with a stone. So they bound him and made preparations by bending down the tops of two strong saplings that grew at some distance from each other, intending, in the morning, to tie one of his arms to one sapling and one to the other, and then release the saplings. But this girl had seen St. Avennel and taken pity on him, and in the night, when the camp was asleep, she crept between the sentries to bring him a cup of water. And St. Avennel blessed her and, finding her ready and eager for the knowledge of God, in the three hours before dawn he explained God and all His mysteries to her and baptized her in the water she had brought him, naming her Claire, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Next morning she informed the heathen of these matters, and, after St. Avennel had died, they bent down two other saplings, and she perished so, praising God.

* * *

When she arrived in Heaven at the heels of St. Avennel, she was very warmly received, you may be sure. As you know, though, martyrdoms were rather more common in those days than they are now. So, while she was given much praise for the directness and consistency of her actions, it was hardly to be expected that she should enjoy such an ovation as St. Genevieve, for instance, received on the occasion of her entrance—for, though she had done her uttermost, she had not the incessant years of mortification and service on earth behind her of such saints as St. Hilary or St. Bridget or St. Simon Stylites. Still, she was treated, she thought, very much beyond her deserts for all that, and instantly given a fitting place in the heavenly hierarchy with all its rights, powers, immunities, and privileges.

But then the terrible question of her name came up.

"What is this child's name?" said St. Peter, in his capacity as interlocutor, with a kindly glance at the barefoot saint's head, as yet unaccustomed to its halo. She was too embarrassed to answer. Besides, she had had her name for such a short while.

"Claire is her name," St. Avennel answered rather proudly. "For it was nearly my last act on earth to baptize her Claire."

At this, both St. Claire of Auxerre and St. Claire of Amphipolis arose.

"There are already two St. Claires in Heaven," remarked the first, looking coldly at her neighbor, and St. Eustace muttered "Three is for the Holy Trinity, to whom be all praise and laud—but three St. Claires in Heaven like the two we have already, and I, for one, should be inclined to ask for my caldron of boiling lead again."

"If she is to be St. Claire as well as myself and my sister," put in St. Claire of Amphipolis, with a side glance at St. Claire of Auxerre that had more woman than saint in it—for even in Heaven the blessed know their own minds—"It is necessary to find out where she comes from—for it is evident that she cannot be merely St. Claire."

"That is true," said St. Peter. "Child, what is the name of the place where you were martyred?"

The barefoot saint felt more embarrassed than ever.

"I don't know," she said, timidly, after a long time, "If you please—I don't think it has any name."

This created a slight commotion in Heaven.

St. Peter turned to St. Avennel. Heaven's gatekeeper was beginning to feel worried, but he dealt with the matter tactfully.

"Do you know the name of the place, St. Avennel?" he queried.

"Certainly not," said St. Avennel crisply. "All I

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by Stephen Vincent Benét

know is that I christened this child Claire and that she is St. Claire."

"She cannot be simply St. Claire," said St. Claire of Auxerre, and for the first time since the two had met in Heaven, St. Claire of Amphipolis agreed with her.

"She is St. Claire," said St. Avennel, annoyed, and it almost seemed as if a personal dispute were about to develop between himself and the two St. Claires who were already St. Claires.

"I will send a cherub to make inquiries," said St. Peter, soothingly. "The place undoubtedly has a name—all places have."

When the council was reconvened, the cherub made his report. He seemed rather tired.

As far as could be ascertained, by methods human and divine, the place of the two saints' martyrdom was a large, waste campfield which had no name in any language.

"Well, call her St. Claire of the Barbarians!" said St. Claire of Amphipolis, with a rustle of her garments, "That will do very well for the present."

"She shall not on any account be called St. Claire of the Barbarians!" said St. Avennel, passing a reminiscent hand over his principal scars. And St. Avennel's services had been so recent and so spectacular that no one dared contradict him.

"St. Claire of the Bare Feet is a pretty name," broke in St. Peter, hurriedly. "Well now—St. Claire of the Bare Feet—"

"Is childish, ridiculous, and derogatory to the dignity of Heaven," pronounced St. Paul, weightily. "I must enter my voice in protest against any such scheme."

There was a painful silence in Heaven for several minutes. St. Avennel looked intensely displeased with the whole affair.

Now the barefoot saint raised her head again. She looked St. Peter squarely in the beard.

"If you please," she said, modestly but with some firmness, "I don't want any name, really. I wouldn't know what to do with a name if I had it."

"*What?*" said St. Avennel.

"You see, I never had a name in my life except for six hours," said the barefoot saint, "and it takes a good deal longer than that to get used to such things."

"It was a very nice name I gave you," said St. Avennel, aggrievedly.

"It is," said his disciple, "but here two people have it already."

"That makes no difference at all," said St. Avennel, glaring at the other St. Claires.

"It makes all the difference in the world," said his godchild, "for I would not offend either of these ladies for my seat in Heaven. In fact, I will not have a name."

"But, my dear child," argued St. Peter, "the prayers—the petitions—how will people on earth know how to find you up here if you insist on having no name?"

"They will know," said the barefoot saint.

So it was settled. And, in the angelic countries, time passes like a minute and is scarcely perceived at all, so that it was several centuries before the barefoot saint had reason or opportunity to regret her decision.

But, one morning, St. Claire of Amphipolis passed her on the golden streets. "Have you had many petitions today, sister?" she said, her eyes glinting sharply under her aureole.

"Why, no," said the barefoot saint, quite truthfully—then later, a little sadly, "not one."

"That seems curious," chattered St. Claire of Amphipolis, "for today I have given sight to two blind beggars and healed a goitre and saved a whole shipful of sailors who cried to me out of the middle of the blackest storm on the Atlantic. Their praises go up to God the father like the smoke of sanctified candles—and I feel sure He must be very pleased with me, though He does say so little. But you must excuse me, my dear, for these are busy days—and I have to chastise a king and scare four heretics out of their wits with a rain of frogs before four o'clock this afternoon, mortal time—*Good*-bye—" and she swept away, in a great flurry of holiness, and left the barefoot saint wondering why alone of all the saints of heaven she had no human petitioners—for she had always been a dutiful girl.

And one evening—or it may have been fifty years later—St. Claire of Auxerre passed her near the jasper walls, where she was watching the younger seraphs play at quoits with their halos, flinging them from comet to tasselled commet.

"Good evening, sister!" said St. Claire of Auxerre—and she seemed to be in a great hurry, for she had tucked up her nimbus about her knees—"And how goes the task of aiding the distressed on earth? Have a score appealed to you today or only a dozen—for you look tired and seem to be taking a much-needed rest?"

"Neither a score nor a dozen," answered the barefoot saint, very sorrowfully this time, but as truthfully as ever, "not one."

"Well, well, well, times are changed to be sure!" said St. Claire of Auxerre, sardonically, "for these new saints that come into Heaven and do nothing but enjoy themselves! And when I was a girl! But I really must hurry along, dear, for I have so many affairs on hand that I hardly know where to turn. There were eleven requests for happy delivery in childbirth only this morning—and I have to stop a little war, and appear to a pagan philosopher in the form of a cross of white roses before I can call myself really settled for the night. Still, live and learn, my dear, live and learn, and when you're a little older and a great deal wiser, people may—" but St. Claire's last words were cut off as if a hand had snatched them out of her mouth, for she rushed away so fast that she looked like a meteor, and then she was a sparkling speck, and then nothing whatever.

But the barefoot saint hid herself in a cloud and wept, for it seemed to her that she had missed her vocati[illegible]s of no use in Heaven.

Th[illegible]e it is never permitted to be quite unhapp[illegible]ven, God blew the cloud beyond the shining[illegible]nd she looked down and saw the earth. [illegible]appened that the very first land she saw w[illegible]land, France, and in it Chezeray, and the [illegible] state of Chezeray.

Afte[illegible]while, she dried her eyes and looked upon C[illegible]more intently. She began to smile.

"Th[illegible] to be something for me to do after all," sh[illegible] Yes, there seems to be something that I c[illegible]er well."

She had faults enough, no doubt, but false modesty was not among them.

"It is hard," said a quiet voice in her ear. "It is very hard, St. Barefoot."

"I don't care how hard it is," said the barefoot saint, with a chuckle. "When the pot's dirty, it takes hot water to clean it."

Then she straightened her robe, smoothed back her hair, and descended to the earth with rapid invisibility.

It was a rigid December evening, howling with wind, and Ormastes sat alone in his room, smiling at himself and his triumph. After a while, he hid that smile with his hand, for even he did not like to see it reflected in the tall yellow mirror in front of him. Outside, the flurries of the snow fought like pallid lions, tearing at each other and at the fronts of the houses and even at the windows of Ormastes, their master. He had brought the storm.

After a while, he roused himself and began a minor incantation. But he had hardly said the Lord's Prayer backward twice and the chalk marks inside the red circle at his feet had not yet begun to glow like foxfire, when he heard a sound at his door that was neither wind nor snow, a sound like human speech and a weak hand tapping for entrance. It broke his mood for a moment, and the room, that had been heavy with magic, cleared. Then he shook himself and began again, but, before his sorceries took hold of the air once more, the sound was repeated.

"What the devil can that be?" said Ormastes aloud, and as he said it a shudder went through him as if he had been touched with hot iron, for if those who have sold their souls to evil will not wince at the name of God they must at that of their Master. That is the bargain.

Again he began—and again there was the sound. This time it was impatient. And yet, no mortal but him could live within that storm.

He hid his apparatus, he put his skeleton and his crocodile in their cupboard, and turned the yellow mirror with its face to the wall. Then he went to the door and opened it.

Crouched up on the sill like a frozen squirrel was a girl about sixteen years old. She was dressed in one poor garment that the wind tugged away from her and her feet were as bare as shells and blue with the cold.

"Fire," she said, faintly. "Help," and Ormastes lifted her in. He dried her feet and ankles with his own napkins. He put her before the fire and gave her wine.

Then he smiled again, and this time his smile was gray as ashes and deadly as yewberries, for he could tell by his arts that she was Christian and a clean virgin—and it was of such that he stood in great need at this time.

The girl revived with the wine and the heat. She began to stir a little and moan. Ormastes put a full cloak about her and, taking a little rosy vial from his breast, gave her three drops of the clear liquid within it. Then she seemed to come to herself and sat up dazedly.

"I am lost," she said, "I was dying. And who are you?"

"I am Gui Bastide, well known in Chezeray, a solid citizen," he answered. "And you, my child?"

"I am Claire Nupieds and mother keeps the wineshop by the East Gate," she answered innocently. "Only nobody ever comes there any more because of the trouble and we must have bread. So I went out to beg some from Simon the baker, we are so hungry. But I did not know the storm was so fierce, and when the cold had cought me, I lost my way. The last thing I can remember is falling against someone's door—"

She was telling lies as fast as an ass can trot—but nearly anything is permitted in a good cau[illegible]

"It was my door," said Ormastes, "and yo[illegible] a lucky child and your mother a lucky woman [illegible] though I am not Simon the baker, my heart [illegible] soft as cheese when it comes to helping the necessitous—and I can give you all the bread you want and to spare."

Well, then there were thanks to be sure, and between the gratitude of the saint and Ormastes's expostulations that it was nothing at all for an honest fellow to do for his neighbors, they took up quite a quater of an hour between them.

But, finally, "I am very tired," said the saint, drooping her head,"and if you will give me a sack to cover me, I will lie down here till morning when I must get back to mother, for she will be nearly mad thinking I have been frozen in the storm."

"In a little while I will give you a whole room to yourself and the best bed in Chezeray," Ormastes answered, "but meanwhile—I have some little tricks I would like to show you—things that amuse my nephews and nieces when we are," and he coughed, " at home, around the fire. Just something to interest the children, but rather neat in their way. Would you like to see them, little Claire?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" said the saint, sitting bolt upright and trying to look as stupid as she possibly could.

Then Ormastes cracked his fingers together behind his back till his great rings hurt him for he felt that the game and the soul of the child before him were delivered into his hands.

He began mildly. There was nothing he showed at first that would have disquieted a nervous boy. He had shadows dance on the wall and pictures come in the fire, and brought out a box of wonderfully carved wooden toys from a red chest and struck them with a wand, and made them jig and play with each other like tadpoles. Of course, each new pastime that he presented was a trifle odder than the last, and that with a strained and indefinably unpleasant oddity. Not one of the wooden kings and queens, for instance, had five whole fingers to a hand. But the saint played her part and gaped like a servant on fair-day. She laughed and clapped her hands and asked for more.

Then Ormastes redrew his circle and turned the mirror towards it. He proceeded admirably in the path of his sorceries—never had the spirits been so eager to come. Soon there were three large mur-

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muring skulls with eyes like phosphorus in the centre of the circle and a crowd of twisted devilkins hopped about them, going through such mimicries as made the saint wish herself safely back on her cloud. All the bones in the skeleton shook as if he were bitter cold and the mirror was full of vague and deadly shapes. Ormastes watched the child as a cat watches a mousehole—for this was a strong and subtle destruction that he had prepared, and his body and mind were all one starving lust for her soul. But the saint plucked up heart, and said, with an evident yawn, that it was strange how the days kept drawing in. She picked up one of the skulls as a bowler picks up a ball and threw it idly at a devilkin. It caught him square and he yelped for it hurt him very badly. And with that the whole phantasmagoria blew away like foggy weather—the fire died out of the floor—the mirror shuddered back into peace again—the circle was broken in three places.

"That was very funny indeed. Do it again, please," said the saint, approvingly. Ormastes looked at her as if he could not believe in sight.

Still, he knew in the caverns of his heart that he was the most skilled magician in all Persia, and, while he had been beaten once, he thought that it had been by a mortal innocence, and he had arts unexercised that could corrupt the egg in the nest and the seed under the ground. This time he made his preparations with almost excessive care.

He filled a crystal bowl with new blood—explaining to the saint that it was wine—crucified a lizard on the small portable altar that accompanied him in all his travels, and arranged seven black candles so that they formed the Unspeakable Figure. He filled the room with narcotic incense till he could hardly breathe in it, brought out his crocodile, and began to bound up and down the length of the chamber, gashing himself with a curved knife and uttering short, blasphemous cries. The crocodile moved, its eyes opened, it placed its head in the saint's white lap. And then the whole room seemed to coagulate into a single drop of cold, venomous oil, and through the weaving of the smoke and the ravings of Ormastes, a voice and a form took shape. The form was princely to look upon and the first notes of the voice had a singular sweetness. But if they and Death both beckoned a man, a man would run to Death and hide under his ragged cloak.

The voice spoke. "I am here," it said, "and who calls me from Hell?" Then Ormastes fell on his face like a dead body, for he had seen His Master. And, lying there in such abominable shock and terror of soul as he had never known, he heard only one sound, a sound that followed the whirlwind of that Voice and broke it to pieces, an unbelievable sound, the clear, pleased laughter of the saint.

When he opened his eyes again and knew that he was still alive, there was neither incense nor Presence in the room. The crocodile had rolled over on its back, a stuffed, pitiful figure—the yellow mirror was abolished as if it had been beaten on an anvil—the sacrilegious pentacles of Ormastes were gone with the crystal bowl, and lizard and candles were a pool of black wax. Also the floor was carpeted with a fine grey ash like the dust of ground bones. These things he did not seem to mind.

He staggered to his feet. The saint stood facing him, and, as he looked at her, he saw that she shone.

"I repent!" he croaked hoarsely. "I submit. I ask pardon of God."

She smiled and stretched out her hand. Within it were half a dozen flakes of white snow that lay there, unmelting. They seemed to Ormastes, gazing at them, the coolest and most peaceful things he had ever seen.

"Is there still time?" he asked, and now his voice was that of a man who has been tortured beyond the last extremity of the flesh.

For answer, the saint laid the flakes of snow upon his parched mouth. And, suddenly, there was no more Ormastes—only a small boy child about five years old, weeping and naked except for a Turkey gown that was much too big for it.

The saint smiled, modestly, yet with a touch of pardonable pride. Then she knitted her brows. The boy was well enough—but she had forgotten to provide him with a family. Still, it only needed another miracle for that, and she was in the vein.

She picked up the child in her arms and comforted him.

"You are little Gui Bastide, son of Simone Bastide, the widow," she told him, "and it's high time I took you home, for your people will be wondering where you are."

"Yes," said the child, "that is right," and he curled up in her arms and slept as if he had not been to sleep for twenty years.

So they left the house of Ormastes the magician. The town was brilliant with frost and clean with bright, biting air. People stirred in the streets and the marketplace. Already they were talking and disputing like neighbors. The Terror had passed.

She carried the child to a poor house. There was a smell of hot cabbage soup from the door. When the child sniffed it, he woke and sprawled out of the saint's embrace like a starfish, all arms and legs and hunger. He ran to the door and beat upon it.

"Mother!" he piped impatiently. "Mother! Is breakfast ready? I'm here, but I don't know what I've done with my clothes!"

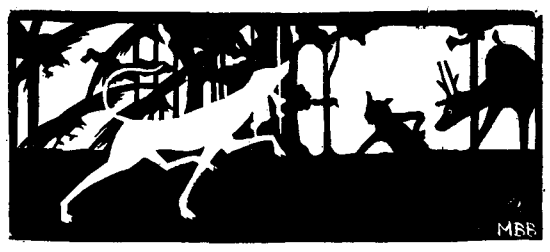
The door opened. A woman's face looked out.

"Ready and boiling and waiting!" she answered impatiently. Then she saw that her son stood before her stark naked and her mouth fell open and hung like a gate ajar.

"Great merciful Lord on High!" she said in a whisper and, grabbing hold of Ormastes the magician by the scruff of his neck, ran him into the house. The door slammed. From within, a little later, came the sound of slaps.

Stephen Vincent Benét, author of the foregoing story, is one of the best known of the younger American writers. He was graduated from Yale in 1919 *with a reputation as poet already established. Since his graduation he has produced three novels, "The Beginning of Wisdom," "Jean Huguenot," and "Spanish Bayonet," a volume of lyrics, "Tiger Joy," and "John Brown's Body," an epic of the Civil War. His works are issued by Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

Long Ago Now*



THE DOG

THE dog is eloquently built
For would he speak his joy or guilt
With either end of him he may
The secret of his heart display.

There's only one bad kind of him,
All other dogs are cherubim,
And this bad kind of dog is he
That's owned by someone else than me.

THE CAT

THE cat believes that she can sing
Like bobolinks in June;
She sticks to this like anything;
She hankers for a tune;
The thrills and throes that in her throng
She takes them for the gift of song.

I wish that she would put aside
This vanity from her;
I wish she might be satisfied
To purr, and only purr,
Seeking no operatic fame,
Quiet, domestic, void of blame.

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* From the forthcoming book by Arthur Colton entitled, "Long Ago Now," with decorations by Martha Bensley Bruère.

THE LAMB

IT never gave the heart of me
An upward leap
To know the Baba Lamb will be
The Babbitt Sheep;
And when I hear him saying "Baa,"
A hope within me murmurs "Ah!
Now, something drastic!
Perhaps youth yet will spill the beans.
He spells it with an h! He means
To be sarcastic!
The accents of this lamb denote
He quite intends to be a goat."

THE ROOSTER

THE rooster is the proudest thing
That ever flapped a futile wing,
Or crowed without sufficient cause.
Vainglorious in his own applause.

His Multiplex polygamy
Is wrong, but not what bothers me;

It's why that simple circumstance
In roosters breeds such arrogance.

It is not often that a story which has been, in varying forms, the constant theme of writers, lecturers, and painters can be retold in such a way that it lives again as something new and beautiful. But Allen Milton Bernstein has accomplished this feat in his "The Do Re Mi of the Nibelung Ring" (Greenberg).

Of the tangled threads of music and story he has woven for us a picture, beautiful, simple, easy to comprehend; under his handling the legend assumes new life and interest and the motifs become our friends.

The book might be an answer to that wise, old injunction: "Whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things." All that is sordid and much that is sad and tragic is touched upon but lightly and made to serve as the background, thereby enhancing the real beauty of the picture and music. The figures stand out as vividly as do those on a canvas of Pieter de Hooch or Jan Steen; there is no confusion, the story and music move along as naturally as the stream in which young Siegfried beholds his face for the first time.

In the charming Introduction is explained Wagner's manner of working and why his operas are really so easy to understand. It is always a temptation, when treating of Wagner's music, to talk too much! But here in a few words we have the different motifs presented so simply yet forcibly that it would be impossible to forget them; the music and story are now one, never again can they be "confusing."

In the town of Great Malvern, England, which lies on the eastern slopes of hills noted for their loveliness, a Dramatic Festival will be held in August, 1929. The place is chosen for its natural beauties, its amenities for hospitality, and its accessibility. The programme of plays to be presented will consit of examples of the work of Bernard Shaw.

"The Apple Cart," Mr. Shaw's latest play, will be performed for the first time at the opening of this Festival. "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Heartbreak House," and "Back to Methuselah!" will be among other plays to be presented.

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The Bowling Green

Granules from an Hour Glass

RICHARDSON WRIGHT, in his very charming "Gardener's Bed Book," has written one of those rare and savory little volumes which really deserve the perfect midnight moment. I like to think that more than one dweller in the stony aisles of town, reading it late at night, will feel a sudden terror of elevators and cinémas, and forsake the Life of Roxy for the Life of Riley. I can imagine him (her), my imaginary cit, sticking his head out of a lofty apartment window in the cool spring blackness, and conjuring up the smell of suburban earth. It is extraordinary to remember that there really are people who have never known the pleasure of wearing a seasoned old pair of gardening trousers.

Nature, it occurs to me, is the perfect Night Club Hostess. This bright weather, what a complaisant smile she turns upon her clients, crying like Miss Texas Guinan, "Hello, sucker!"

It would be pleasant if the channel of one's doings caused one to encounter Mr. Dick Wright more often. I read with pleasure his passage describing the contours of the perfect diarist, for it is a guileless effigy of Dick himself:—

> Slightly self-centered, and yet curious about life, not too old or too young, a little on the stout side, a lover of good things to eat and drink and of the beauty of women—one who enjoys tidbits of innocent gossip, one who forgives his enemies and is merciful to animals—such are the components of the ideal diarist.

Student since boyhood of the pluperfect absurdity of the domestic fowl, naturally I applaud Dick Wright's paragraph on that old Chaucerian theme:—

> My gardener, for whose judgment I have ample respect, stated the other day that, in his opinion, chickens were God's comedians. You can't see this in a casual glance, however; you have to watch them a long time, said he. The more I watch chickens, the more I think they are God's perfect dumbbells, granted that the Divine Wisdom would so forget Itself as to create a dumbbell. Two nesting boxes are in the chicken-house. Are they ever both used? Never. If one is occupied, the other hens will stand around patiently until that hen gets out, completely ignoring the box that is empty.

But what does Dick mean, I wonder, in his entry dated April 9, where he says:—

> You may know that Spring has come when the first "peepers" begin to make their infernal squalling at nights.

Good heavens, Dick, isn't that first yammering of the frogs one of the best sounds one ever hears? (In our Long Island swamps, by the way, it usually begins before the end of March.) It is the precise equivalent, in its own realm, of the publishers' spring catalogues. In fact in Gissing Pond there are two particular frog-voices, specially wheedling and reiterative, which I think of as Simon and Schuster.

I shall not forget the evening of March 23, 1929. It had been a day of various adventures and perplexities. About midnight, Titania and I were driving home from Manhasset in Diana (of the Crossways), a comely Studebaker. We felt our way cautiously up the hill of Munsey Park. The lamps showed nothing but a milky pervasion of blackness. Finally, losing all sense of direction, I got out to make sure we weren't headed to go off the road where it crosses an embankment and a marshy hollow. In that moment's stillness I heard them crying their troublesome chilly doctrine. The first frogs! What matter that the coal is low in the bin, that mice are in the wainscot, that the dogs have fleas and there's innumerable work ahead. The whole solar system has once more been ratified when you hear that shrill disturbing whistle. I think Dick is a little harsh to it.

* * *

Among his many shrewd obiters is Mr. Wright's remark that "the root system of an ordinary Oat plant laid end to end will total four hundred and *fifty feet.*" *Think then how far the roots of Wild* Oats must ramify and extenuate.

Excellent philosopher! I hope Dick is still custodian of the minutes of an admirable sodality of young publishers and journalists, long since dispensed, which called itself The Small Fry. Thirteen and fourteen years ago were the days of its flourish, and I often wonder who is now the possessor of its humorous little sign that hung in the hall of Browne's Chop House. It is hard, now, to think back into those pre-speakeasy days when none of us ever drank anything stronger than shandygaff.

Which reminds me, by the way, that I heartily approve the manly and vigorous tone of the Resolution adopted, a year ago, by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. You might like to read it carefully:—

> That, in place of Federal Prohibition, we favor the installation, by the States, of a method of controlled and restricted distribution which will prevent the exploitation of the liquor traffic for unconscionable profits, and not only do away with prevailing speakeasies and secret drinking, but prevent the reappearance of the old unregulated saloon system and the political iniquities which accompanied it. In constructing such a method, we shall make a vigorous, exhaustive and deliberate study of the many present and past methods of regulating the liquor traffic in all parts of the world in order to formulate well-considered plans for regulation of such traffic within the several States. During this study we shall ask advice from as great a part of the American people as possible in order that our recommendations may achieve a high degree of helpfulness in the interest of temperance in the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, as well as temperance in the restriction, by local government, of the liberty of the individual to that end.

* * *

I was greatly pleased by a sign on the wall of the room where the American Eagles' Bazaar was being held in Hoboken. Above the merry clamor of the eyrie of Eagles and their ladies in junket assembled, stood this crisp advertisement:—

DO NOT CURSE. THIS MEANS YOU.

* * *

One of the most profoundly esteemed and truly civilized of our clients unburdened his soul from Florida a few weeks ago. It being our function to encourage all manner of gruesome candors, we rejoice in printing his penseroso vapors, but withhold his honored name. He made a little merry at our expense when he went South, because we were vibrating between such supposedly dull places as Long Island and Hoboken while he was off for the opaline tropic. See how he is fallen about the chaps:—

> If and when the hour ever does come when you feel you should be up and about the expiation of your sins, I imagine you will be pressed for time, as usual. It's this which suggests that I recommend Florida for your consideration. For I am sure there is no other place where one can accomplish so much expiation per diem.
>
> This year I couldn't get abroad and also failed to find an appropriate spot in the old Southwest, so in a weak moment I came here. I live on pins and needles in the momentary fear that if I leave my mouth open for a second, what I think of all this may suddenly dart out.
>
> Florida is a subdivision some hundreds of miles in extent and apparently endless, spread out over the pine barrens and dotted here and there with buildings known locally as "Spanish" but actually in that style which best embodies the romantic housemaid's dream. These are empty, either altogether, or inhabited by the American bourgeoisie grown suddenly and uncomfortably opulent. Main Street has moved to Miami and put on diamonds and off stockings. More regard for the innocence of the language prevents my describing the results.
>
> There was a rumor of shimmering suns and tropic moons. The sun is lost behind a veil of tears; the moon has abdicated. There were to be beaches of sand like talcum powder; these are composed of broken bottles and sharp bits of coral rock. There was to be sea, salt and swimmable; it is hidden in the rain and anyway who can swim in furs? What there really is amounts to a fine all-day drizzle and the first chance I've had at Champion's *Ronsard et son Temps*—grand reading, though a bit slow for so poor a Frenchman as I. Good old Pierre. Here's a fellow after one's own heart, but Gad! how he toiled and sweat to toss off those airy odelettes that read as though he'd scratched them on his shaving paper.

* * *

It is supposed to be bad manners to refer to a book before it is actually published and easily available. But there have already been premonitory allusions in the daily papers to the noble and extraordinary German book about the War, "All Quiet on the Western Front." Having read proofs of the English edition I cannot longer restrain mentioning my eagerness for its publication here. I should like to see it sell a million copies. It is, to me, the greatest book about the War that I have yet seen; greatest by virtue of its blasting simplicity. Montague's "Disenchantment" was a great book, but a subtly intellectual book, a book for the mere hundred thousand or so people who thoroughly understand print. This book, as one might guess by the beautiful restrained irony of its original title ("Im Westen Nichts Neues"), plunges into the trouble from the viewpoint of the ordinary German footslogger. The quiet honesty of its tone, its complete human candor, the fine vulgarity of its plain truth (plainly and beautifully translated) make it supreme. One of the oddest things I know is that at least one big publisher in New York hemmed and hawed and boggled over this glorious book and babbled about expurgating it. The War was not expurgated for those who went through it. I regard any mature reader who has a chance to read this book and does not, and who, having read it, does not pass it on among a dozen others, as a traitor to humanity.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is by Erich Remarque. It was published in Germany last January and was an immediate sensation. It was published in England in March, translated by A. W. Wheen. It will be published here, early this summer, by Little Brown and Company. I congratulate them. They have something that is, in its own field, a Book of the Decade. You need not load your shelves with big war histories. One or two things like this and "Disenchantment" tell you most of what you need to know.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Lives of the Lowly

AN AMERICAN ARGOSY. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS book will be of great interest to those educated persons who are uneasily curious about the life of street-car conductors and shop-girls, and all the men and women they see and never know. There are many of us who find that in this democratic age and country it is peculiarly difficult to form friendships outside our own class, and who suspect that the unlettered have a knowledge of reality from which we are shut away. To such of us Mr. Morley Callaghan presents a series of pictures of the lower middle classes, drawn with a compellingly authoritative touch.

Their life, as he presents it, is a depressing b ness. Sometimes his characters sink of their weight, like the young Englishman in "Last Sp They Came Over," who comes to Canada and dies of pneumonia and poverty; sometimes they follow blindly impulses they do not understand, like the boxer in "Soldier Harmon," whose only knowledge of joy is the exhilaration of knocking out a good man, and who throws away his livelihood because an unworthy opponent does not tempt him to strike. But whether they are ruled by blind chance or blind impulse, they have no comprehension of the causes of their own actions. They seem indeed not only blind but numb, like so many sleep-walkers; there is a strange absence of intensity in their emotions. Mr. Callaghan is fond of interrupting an account of a mental process with a description of some bit of external detail under his character's eye, and this, together with an evidently studied monotony of style, gives an effect of great slowness and laboriousness in the thought and even in the feeling of his people.

One is tempted to wonder if Mr. Callaghan is not exaggerating the helpless stupor in which he shows his characters, yet his manner in the end carries conviction with it. He writes with an externality like that of Maupassant; one may guess that he feels pity, but it is only a guess; one can be sure only that this is that life as he sees it.

The first comprehensive and complete history of New Jersey will shortly be undertaken by the Princeton University History Department. A fund of $100,000 to defray the expense of research and publication has been donated to the university by Lloyd W. Smith. The history will be composed of some twenty-five or more monographs, each consisting of 100,000 to 125,000 words and dealing with some important phase of the subject. It is expected that the completion of the work will take about ten years. In this exhaustive history not only the political and economic sides will be discussed, but also all phases of life of the people. The complete work will be entitled, "The Princeton History of New Jersey, Published under the Lloyd W. Smith Fund." While its chief value, of course, will be for the scholar, yet since it is to be written with the layman as well in mind, it should prove attractive to the general reader.

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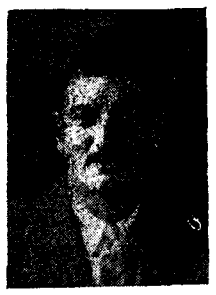

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Books of Special Interest

English Poetry

PHASES OF ENGLISH POETRY. By HERBERT READ. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON

IN an age in which mysticism has spread into every avenue of thought, creative as well as critical, the struggle of a critic of the fine caliber of Read for a scientific approach to the problems of poetry is, indeed, an event of significance. Read, in "Phases of English Poetry," has continued in the same scientific tradition which he espoused in an earlier critical study, "Reason and Romanticism," and has stressed consistently in his articles in the *Criterion* old and new. In a certain sense he has followed the method of criticism urged by that distinguished scholar, J. M. Robertson, who, in "Essays Toward a Critical Method" and "New Essays Toward a Critical Method," emphasized the wisdom of the scientific approach. Robertson even went so far as to outline the entire nature of the scientific method, and to point out the way it should be developed and elaborated. Of course, men like Dallas and Hennequin were predecessors in the advocacy of the scientific method, but neither of them, nor any of the others who interested themselves in the possibilities of this outlook, extended it in the logical and comprehensive way that Robertson did in his early studies. An admirer though not a disciple of Robertson—after all, despite his influence upon numerous critics Robertson has not created a school—Read has pursued the scientific approach endorsed by him in its general aspects rather than its specific. In his candid attempt to criticize art as a material and not a mystical thing, the scientific attitude in Read's approach can be plainly discerned. His constant refusal to accept transcendental explanations of the strange and subtle effect of word-combinations in poetry is another indication of this tendency. And then, to be sure, his endeavor to prove that "each phase of English poetry can be related to a social background," gives a final touch of directness and definiteness to this method.

The arguments which Read advances against that type of mystical criticism which is embodied in the critical approach of Abbé Bremond, are a striking illustration of the character of his scientific method. Abbé Bremond's endeavor to explain the essence of poetry and its intimate and yet elusive effects upon the mind in terms of "mystery," "enchantment," and "magic," Read counters by showing that "the only mystery in poetry resides in the nature of the reality which poetry attempts to express," and that all that is described as mystical can be reduced to the objective aspects of "sound, sense, and suggestion." "All the magic and mystery of poetry," Read contends, "is summarized in this one word 'imagination.'" Read's analysis of the substance of poetry is lucid. In places, in truth, his method is almost behavioristic. It is in this way, for instance, that he approaches the problem and emotional response evoked by poetic materials:

> Emotion is not rendered by emotion; there are events, emotions, states of soul (call them what you will) on the one side, and on the other side are certain symbols, namely words, which in themselves are objective facts, and the process of expression, poetic or otherwise, is nothing but the translation of the one category into terms of the other.

In other words, Read allows nothing in his materials to weaken his scientific interpretation.

Starting with the early beginnings of poetry, and treating briefly of the problems of individual and group origin, he advances rapidly to the poetry of Chaucer and Spenser and that of the succeeding centuries, culminating in that of our own. Dividing poetry into two generic types, "popular or racial poetry," that is the poetry of the people which had no other purpose in its creation than that of pure pleasure, and "artistic or artificial poetry," that is "poetry inspired by the expectation of 'a paper eternity,'" he proceeds to discuss the nature of verse and its various evolution of forms. In such chapters as Poetry and Humanism, Poetry and Religion, Poetry and Nature, and Pure Poetry, he analyzes the changes that have occurred in the development of English poetic style, the connection between the growing complexity of life and the advancing complexity of poetic forms, in what ways the forms of Spenser is the form of his age, the note of Dryden, the sign of "accord between man and nature," and the faith of Wordsworth, as a manifestation of that unity of spirit which radiated his era. It is in the chapters on Pure Poetry and Modern Poetry, however, that he raises an important issue in our own civilization; namely, that of the effect of the machine upon poetry and the poet, and the possibility of creating a form of verse that "will satisfy the immediate emotional needs of the populace, but which also possesses those universal elements of harmony, of beauty, which ensure permanency."

Can a poet faced by a mechanistic civilization continue to create beauty except as a renunciation of his environment? Does not the machine deny the essence of the exquisite? Will not the contemporary poet have to become a victim of frustration? To all these questions, Read's answer is one of despair—the despair of his day and civilization.

Obiter Dicta

A BOOKMAN'S DAYBOOK. By BURTON RASCOE. Edited by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

IN reading the running commentary on world literature and New York literati afforded by this selection of excerpts from Mr. Rascoe's original "Daybook" (written some six or seven years ago when he was literary editor of the New York *Tribune*), one is struck by the author's immense knowledge and curiosity. No scholar, the Burton Rascoe of 1922 has a passion for literature that no scholar would be expected to have. He is not the man to steep himself in Herodotus until all units of distance are parasangs, or in Trollope until even a trolley car is seen in a sort of High Church glow; books for him are not a retreat from life, but an open sesame. It is hard to imagine which ten books Mr. Rascoe would select were he invited to retire to that hypothetical desert island so favored by publishers of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost"; the lists of his likes—and dislikes—contain enough volumes to stock entire libraries.

His chief pleasure, as critic, is to draw attention to little-known men who in his opinion deserve recognition. In this way he was one of the first to champion Cabell, T. S. Eliot, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, and while some of his choices (often by virtue of their later work) seem not to have merited much distinction, there is always a sound critical criterion behind the selection. Mr. Rascoe's hat is off not to literary artists, but to writers who are in touch with life, even in such diverse ways as Cabell and Anderson. (For this reason it is hard to understand why no mention is made of D. H. Lawrence.) His gods once securely established on the pedestal of public approval, the practical Mr. Rascoe bounds off in another direction to devote his energies to a new crop of overlooked geniuses. Thus, for example, he accords high praise to the late Frank Moore Colby. Anyone who has come across Mr. Colby's "Imaginary Obligations" and could not understand why so brilliant an essayist was so little known will respect Mr. Rascoe's critical powers all the more for this particular enthusiasm.

The vigor and sanity of Mr. Rascoe's criticism offsets, indeed almost justifies, the "Daybook's" sustained cocksureness. Nothing baffles the author; nothing even presents a problem. The literature of all ages is an open book to him, or else a book hardly worth opening. An enthusiastic follower of the Greek Classic, Elizabethan, French Sceptical and Romantic, Mencken-Nathan, and Gilbert Seldes Seven-Lively-Arts schools, Mr. Rascoe never permits his consciousness to become troubled by the slightest misgiving as to the infallibility of his opinions. "I have never seen a formulated theory of esthetics which I could not shoot full of holes in five minutes," he blushingly mumbles, and again: "The *Saturday Evening Post* is more authentically literary than the *Atlantic Monthly*." "A good two thirds of the *Dial* is twaddle." Some of this, as the Burton Rascoe of 1929 would probably be the first to admit, is merely playing to the intellectual gallery; none of it, as the author's very catholicity indicates, has much depth; but a disarming percentage of it is authentic and spirited observation on the part of a sincerely opinionated writer whose gusto at hitting the nail on the head is in no way diminished when the nail turns out to be Beowulf, Dr. Joseph Collins, or the London *Mercury*.

H. M. Tomlinson's novel, "Gallion's Reach," has been awarded the Femina Prize. It was won last year by Julian Green with his novel, "The Closed Garden."

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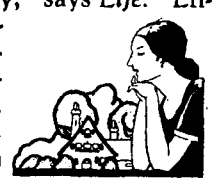

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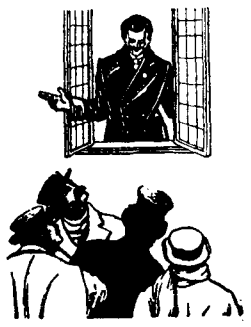

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Books of Special Interest

A Study in Carlyle

CARLYLE'S THEORY OF THE HERO. By B. H. LEHMAN. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD LOWRY

WE are trying these days to judge Thomas Carlyle, and we are finding it hard business. Voices arise both for him and against him. Inspired prophet or impassioned madman, he increases either one's spirituality or one's distemper. Natural supernaturalism encounters modern psychology; the prose poetry of his histories is denounced as a prime cause of the World War. Carlyle will not fall, for some reason, into a convenient critical formula.

The recent books upon the subject have been either trivial or partisan. Even Mr. David Wilson's enormous labor is the elaborate dressing of a prejudice. Disinterested scholarship, the kind that will read with sympathy and understanding while keeping free from crotchets, has been all too rare. And this, indeed, is Professor Lehman's distinguished gift. He is thorough and restrained, making no attempt to dispose of Carlyle in a single volume. By examining the theory of the Hero, its sources and development, its defects, and the influence it had upon its author, he proposes to light up one central and disputed problem. His aim is, not to augment our prejudice, but to increase our knowledge. Only men working in his spirit will lead us eventually toward the truth.

Source-hunting with Professor Lehman is not rigid and inflexible. X does not yield Y in that predestined way a crowned monarch begets a son. There is a "twilight country" in Carlyle's mind wherein all manner of influences brought in by the *Zeitgeist* coalesce into a new substance. We are reminded, for example, that Plato, Confucius, Plutarch, and the Messianists held varying theories of the Great Man, that these were either current or being actually revived in England at the turn of the nineteenth century. Odds and ends in Carlyle's vast and scrambled reading are not forgotten. We review in considerable detail the romantic poets and their groping for an ideal leadership. Finally we see in Fichte the chief source of the doctrine, for in German philosophy, and not in David Hume, does Professor Lehman find the moving influence. The non-technical poetical passages of Fichte are fitted into an Ideal World of Carlyle's own, set forth in the figurative language of Goethe. Thus reconstructing the mental life of a hundred years ago, we discover that Carlyle was not the originator of the Hero-cult, but its inspired popularizer. His theory is, as Emile Montegut has suggested, a kind of epic summary of "toutes les doctrines contemporaines sur les grands hommes."

From a study of the sources and a close analysis of all Carlyle's writing emerges a much-needed definition. What did he mean by a Hero? He himself was not sure of his terms. His great man is "inspired," "original," or "sincere." Whatever his word, he means eventually one thing. The Hero is the man with transcendental comprehension. In an idealistic universe he can see the reality beneath appearances. Were there no world of semblances, indeed, there would be no Hero. He is nowise the self-conscious egoist, the dashing general, or the noble eccentric. He is the "transcendent intellectual talent," living not by logic, the property of small men, but by insight, the faculty of great ones. The Hero, one might even say, is whoever has most understood and lived by the teaching of "Sartor Resartus!"

The Hero defined, Professor Lehman reviews the various critics of the theory. Among them are Mazzini, Mill, Spencer, and Professor Babbitt. Generally he defends Carlyle by pointing out precisely wherein he has been misunderstood. The true defect in the doctrine is clearly cited, however, and is twofold. As Carlyle himself saw in his sixth lecture, there must be some means of discovering a great man and giving him authority. But no solution was offered. Moreover, Carlyle did not visualize, as William James did later, a social environment with an inalienable right of rejecting a superman. The Carlylean Hero forcing himself upon a valet-world, might becoming right, is well enough, but it is fraught with peril, as when a Hohenzollern, for example, mistakes his vision to be divine.

The Hero-theory, in last result, marred a large body of Carlyle's writing. It distorted all his thought upon society and contemporary affairs, as he searched for what would serve his thesis. He saw no great men. And he belabored the world for not receiving what never existed! In like manner, his histories were defaced according to the degree he pressed his doctrine. "Frederick" suffered most. "The artist with his love of the true fact must have writhed while the theorist called lying, veracity; brutality, justice; wilful tyranny, God-inspired determination."

Yet, although he never spares Carlyle, Professor Lehman acknowledges his greatness and his considerable truth. He honors the imaginative artist rather than the political and social prophet, whom the Hero-theory had impaired. But, even so, he admits a virtue in Carlyle that cannot be appraised. "Through Ruskin he may yet influence the legislation of a day that has not dawned, and thus come at length to achieve himself the result he predicted for Goethe."

The war over Carlyle will doubtless go on. It is as much a dispute of temperament as of reason. Even books as good as this one will not settle matters. But they will bring fresh knowledge, sharpen distinctions, and curb our excesses. And, doing so, they will help civilize us and let us know at least the ground on which our passions have their play.

For the Hypochondriac

DON'T BE AFRAID. By JOSEPH LÖBEL, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by MORRIS FISHBEIN
Editor, *Hygeia*

THE doctor who contributes this volume spends six months of each year as physician at the famous watering resort, Franzenbad, the rest of his time as a writer at Berlin. Some years ago he contributed his first essay to a popular publication. That essay, called "Don't Mind Your Blood Pressure," struck an exceedingly popular note in a world which was just beginning to adopt as its motto: "Don't mind anything!" In any event, the success of that item brought the doctor into the limelight as one of those who survey the current scene from the medical point of view. In the preface to his book he credits the German Pütter, the Englishman Slosson (probably our American Slosson), and the Frenchman Varigny with suggesting the style in which he writes. With due regard to the qualities of these estimable contributors the credit for the wisecracking health column probably should go to Dr. William Brady, who aims hardest at levity in his advice to those who are ailing and who enjoy ill health.

The present contribution of Dr. Löbel includes forty essays of about one thousand words each on various aspects of psychology, health, and social medicine. The introductory essay is the usual inspiration type of call to happiness. A consideration of the glands merely indicates how little medical science really knows about this interlocking directorate of the human system. An essay on the skin is sound in its reflection of our knowledge that the skin is an important organ of the body and not just a wrapping, but it accepts as established the idea that it is possible to feed the body through the skin. The evidence of this is slight, and there are much more advantageous methods. Like many an American popular writer in the field of medical science Löbel accepts as established things that are only in preliminary, experimental stages. He accepts, therefore, Sellheim's early work on predetermination of sex of the unborn child. He cautions the layman against reading about disease and suggests limitation of discussions to health, forgetting no doubt that the greatest fear of mankind is fear of the unknown. Löbel speculates about the Steinach and Voronoff rejuvenation, but does not attempt to commit himself as to the virtue of their methods.

Throughout his essays Dr. Löbel reveals in addition to his humor, common sense beyond that possessed by the vast majority of physicians. He recognizes the inevitableness of quackery, and sees progress in the campaign against charlatanism only by enlightenment of the public, and by fixation of the public mind on the accomplishment of true science. His chapter "Doctor and Patient" represents the revolt that is already taking place in medicine against over-organization and mechanization of medical practice. He considers the compulsory health insurance schemes as "incubators of illness." In the conclusion to this chapter he answers wisely one of the pet arguments of Bernard Shaw:

> In the monstrous relationship that exists between doctor and patient, Bernard Shaw finds that the greatest monstrosity of all is the fact that every physical operation is also a financial one. He is surprised that there are still Vanderbilts running about with an appendix. If Shaw had not been quite such an enemy of doctors he would have been pleased instead of surprised; would have admired instead of wondered.

"Don't Be Afraid" is perhaps the ideal volume for the hypochondriac if that particular medical annoyance ought to do any medical reading at all. After all, anything that will keep a hypochondriac interested and out of the way of a driving world is worth while.

Greek Myths

HANDBOOK OF GREEK MYTHOLOGY. By H. J. ROSE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $4.50.

Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

THE field covered by Mr. Rose in this volume is so well stated in his preface that the reviewer can do no better than to quote it for the benefit of the reader puzzled to make his choice among the number of books dealing with the same subject.

> I have in mind (he says) three classes of readers. Firstly, the student, whether of ancient or of modern literature, who wants an outline of the subject, may content himself with reading the matter set out in large print. . . . Secondly, those who want more detail will find, in the paragraphs in smaller type, a number of obscure, late, or purely local stories, told perhaps in a single Greek city or district, or appearing for the first time in some Roman author. Thirdly, the notes at the end of the chapters will give the reader who wishes to embark on a thorough study of mythology a clue to further researches.

In the introductory chapter the author defines mythology as "the study of certain products of the imagination of a people which take the form of tales" and subdivides his subject into the myth proper, the saga which deals with historical events, and the form of tale to which he applies the German name *Märchen*. This is the tale of pure delight, treating sometimes of divine, sometimes of mortal, characters, and intended neither to explain, edify, nor commemorate, but purely to amuse—in other words an early form of fiction in which an element of the supernatural plays a leading rôle. This definition of mythology is preceded by a brief analysis and personal evaluation of the various interpretations of mythology which have been in vogue at various times, some of which have been practically discarded by contemporary scholars while others still have their champions. Among the more modern approaches to the subject psychoanalysis is mentioned, but its value in interpreting myths denied. One wishes that some notice had been taken of the work of the French scholar, L. Levy-Bruhl, on the "Mentality of Primitive Man" and of certain other books called for either by assent to or dissent from theories, such as "Primitive Man as Philosopher," by Paul Radin. The writings of Levy-Bruhl are based on a great mass of observations of the working of the minds of men still living in primitive communities. It is true that the application of his theories to Greek mythology has yet to be made. But even if his conclusions are not accepted, his observations will afford any student of the subject an excellent starting point for a better understanding of the psychology of man as he lived, thought, and imagined in the early stage of civilization in which myths first take shape.

In the successive chapters the myths are taken up in what may be called their chronological order: creation myths; the older gods, Heaven and Earth, Kronos and his consort Rhea, and all the brood of Titans and Giants. These tend in time to fade away before the majestic figure of Zeus and of his brothers, and of those older female divinities picturesquely referred to by the author as "Queens of Heaven." There follows a discussion of the myths of the younger gods, of the Saga, and the Märchen.

Mr. Rose avoids giving us merely a disjointed mass of detail by the rational grouping of his subject matter, and the brief summary of current interpretations, including his own, which he appends to the discussion of the deities and the more important myths connected with them. It is this which makes of his book not only a useful compendium of the myths themselves, but a guide-post to accepted methods of interpretation in a field which is still awaiting the inspired psychologist, equipped not only with his own special knowledge, but with that of the philosopher, anthropologist, and classical scholar as well.

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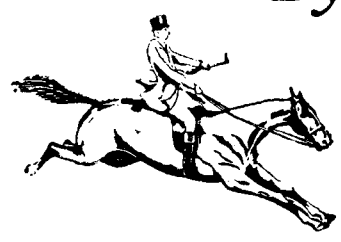

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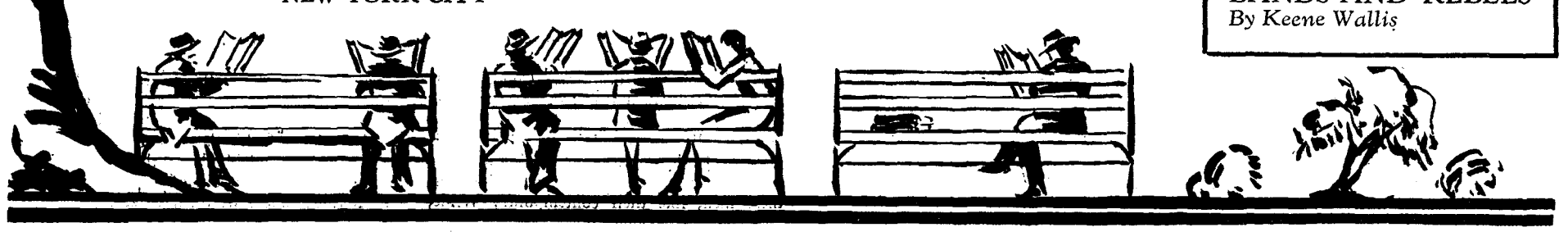

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Books of Special Interest

Diary of a Hungerstrike

DAYS OF FEAR. By FRANK GALLAGHER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROGER N. BALDWIN

FRANK GALLAGHER was one of the leaders of the young Irish Republicans who in 1920 were arrested and held without trial on charges in a Dublin prison. His whole group hungerstruck from the day of their arrest. Gallagher kept a diary of the ten days of self-imposed torture for their cause. This little book of 175 pages is the day-by-day record of suffering, of hope, of temptation to compromise, of conflict and doubt, of the approach of death, of the cold calculations of officialdom, of the mounting public indignation which forced their release—all alive but not far from death.

It is a vivid and gripping account, evidently considerably polished up after the event, but with the freshness of reality all over it. Gallagher not only tells the story of the strike; he reveals the rare spirit of himself and his fellow-actors in the heroic drama—youths of high daring and willing sacrifice for Ireland's freedom. He packs it with a record of conversation with prison doctors and guards,—not unsympathetic with the men's valiant stand. He gives you the smells, feel, sight, of cold prison life, strange to these men.

But most gripping of all is his own soul's battle with the thought of the death he felt certain, with the doubt as to whether he had a moral right to lead other men to death—men whose resolution depended on their leader's word—men whom he never expected to be face to face with death. They had calculated on three or four days at most before the government would yield—and the government held out ten, till death for some was a matter of hours. Men went to the hospital on stretchers saying farewell. Others collapsed in their cells. Gallagher himself went delirious and records his experience with rare power. He had moments of weakness and temptation to eat. He wrote:

> Why should I die? . . . I am young and I can go away and change my name. . Nobody would know, nobody. . . . There is still that bread and margarine up there in the yellow tin. . . . A little of it would keep me alive until the strike was settled some way. . . .
>
> But I would know that I had eaten. . . . Wherever I went that knowledge would be inside me . . . the thought of it . . . the feel of it . . . making me an outcast to myself . . . driving me mad. . . . Everybody would see it, written flamingly all over me, that I had betrayed those who trusted me . . . those who scorned to dodge death. . . . I would want to die then, and I could not. . . .

This little book is a unique record of a hunger-strike. I know of no one else of the hundreds who struck in Ireland,—or in the suffrage struggle in England—who kept such an intimate diary. Nor anyone whose unconscious literary power has so revealed a struggle whose drama too easily passes us by. It is a record for hearts that beat for Ireland's freedom in those stirring days. And it is a record for all who cherish the too rare exhibitions of exalted self-sacrifice in the ceaseless struggle against tyranny.

A Roman Emperor

TIBERIUS CÆSAR. By G. P. BAKER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by C. W. MENDELL
Yale University

TWO elements render a history of Tiberius a thing of perennial interest: the great connundrum of his character and the political significance of a reign that solidifies the imperial government of Rome. Mr. Baker's book faces both problems squarely and presents with brilliant directness and simplicity the author's explanation of each, explanations based on what appears to be (in spite of slight documentation) careful study of the sources pursued with shrewd insight and hard good sense.

Tacitus in his still living picture of Tiberius presented with diabolic plausibility an impossible human being. Partisanship and unique eloquence accomplished the almost incredible. But there is no reason to believe that Tacitus deliberately deceived the world as some of the apologists of Tiberius would have us believe, nor does Baker hold with such a belief. Rather he accepts the bias and seeks to find behind it not only the explanation but the facts. Possibly in his ingenious exposition of the career of Julia and the party that followed her he has given too little consideration to the honest party of misguided republicans who could not distinguish between Liberty and Senatorial Privilege. But the book is nevertheless a masterly presentation of the two-fold opposition to Tiberius which made his life not degenerate but miserable. The ability, the pride, the tenacity of the man emerges irresistibly from the narrative.

The accounts of the German campaigns and policies are particularly clear and decidedly of interest to the reader of modern history, and Mr. Baker brings out definitely the bearing of the Rhine frontier policy upon the conquest of Britain. It may be that Germanicus is treated a bit harshly. After all, he was a Claudian and probably less unlike Tiberius than the present picture would make him. If he was actually in the opposition party it would seem most probable that his somewhat Amazonian wife accounted for that.

It is dangerous to go to extremes. On the whole, Mr. Baker has avoided the pitfall. He does call Tiberius the subtlest, most discerning, and most difficult man that ever lived. And his book seems to prove this no great exaggeration.

There are a few mannerisms in the style which are irritating. The handling of the German names seems a trifle arbitrary: Irmin and Marbod have a rather strange appearance. It is tiresome to meet so many tag paragraphs winding up chapters on a too sentimental or melodramatic note. But these are minutiæ. The book has a very real appeal to the scholar who is not hopelessly prejudiced on the great Tacitean question.

Again That Pot of Paint

A POT OF PAINT. The Artists of the 1890's. By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. New York: Covici-Friede. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON

RUSKIN to the contrary, it was not a pot of paint that Whistler and his fellow artists of the eighteen-nineties flung into the face of the British public. Their painting in itself was too lacking in potency to be effective. What certain of them did with superlative cleverness was to capitalize their shortcomings and flaunt them banner-like before a bourgeois world. In the entire history of art there never, it seems, was a period wherein such a prescribed sociable outlook and the possession of such meager professional mastery was attended by so much clatter and acclaim.

Mr. John Rothenstein approaches his theme in commendable spirit. He sets the stage for a stirring conflict between the creative impulse and the crushing industrial machinization of the day. And yet, the promised battle does not quite come off. His suggestive introductory chapters are succeeded by a series of exceedingly slender papers upon such figures as Whistler, Greaves, Steer, Sickert, Conder, Beardsley, Ricketts and Shannon, Rothenstein and Max. The difficulty appears to be that Mr. Rothenstein, who knows with a fair degree of intimacy all the subjects of these sketches, is too close to his material to enjoy the advantage of perspective, also he is too diffident, or too chary, to be frankly intimate and personal.

We are none the less indebted to him for throwing into relief the decidedly self-conscious period of the eighteen-nineties, for indicating, though casually, its true physiognomy. Beyond question, the men of whom he writes comprised a "small, somewhat isolated, and reactionary fraternity." They were rebels without knowing why, or against what, they rebelled. Instead of courageously facing a world that was rapidly changing from static to dynamic, from traditionalism to virile individualism, they cast about for some congenial avenue of escape. Whistler's method, that of the true militant, was to attack. Conder's was to take refuge in a realm of remote poetic dalliance. Beardsley was by turns ribald and diabolic or steeped in sacerdotal sentiment. Despite their often notable achievement one cannot avoid the conviction that these men, like their contemporary Wilde, were stung by the bitter consciousness of personal or professional deficiency and imperfect adjustment to their surroundings, into assuming the poses and postures for which they are chiefly remembered.

There is, however, no little ironic justice in the fact that simple, modest Walter Greaves, who was for years Whistler's fag and factotum, and who is to-day an aged pensioner at Charterhouse, should have won belated recognition. This rare spirit shines out of Mr. Rothenstein's pages with mellow, kindly lustre. He at least did not have to fling his pot of paint into the face of the public.

The Imp of the Perverse

VOLTAIRE, GENIUS OF MOCKERY. By VICTOR THADDEUS. New York: Brentano's. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

INTO the rising tide of biography Victor Thaddeus has cast his "Voltaire, Genius of Mockery" and there is no reason why it should not float upon this flood. As a story it has undeniable elements of interest.

Here is an invalid, a wisp of a man, a wraith who fights his way out of the bourgeoisie into the courts of kings, an enemy of the Church who does battle with Rome and all her works and yet has himself blessed by the Holy Father, a poet who, if there is anything in tradition, should have starved in a garret, who acquires not only fame but fortune. This impractical dreamer becomes one of the most successful business men and factory managers of his time. Everywhere there is the element of surprise, the unexpected but still the intelligible.

Voltaire with the odds against him wins every heat. He is the very imp of the perverse. Then, too, there is the eternal triangle of Voltaire, the Marquise du Chatelet, and Saint-Lambert. Great lords and ladies throng the halls and all this is run off to an obligato of epigrams popping like champagne corks out of every page. The epigrams which are Voltaire's are, of course, of the best vintage, and the author might very well put to his gentle readers, if there are still any such readers, the question which Heine put to his too exacting mistress, "My little love, what more can you desire?"

If we have reached the stage where we expect only an interesting story there is not much lacking. There are here no grievous sins against well known facts though the situations are posed as in the cinema and Rousseau, for instance, enters at the dramatic moment. That historically he is seven years late need upset no one.

The recipe followed has become consecrated by recent tradition. Mr. Thaddeus gives a bibliography, a brief list with all titles even of untranslated volumes being given in translation. Several of these the modern student would no more accept as source books than he would accept the funeral oration on Voltaire by Victor Hugo here printed in full in an appendix. Nearly all valuable recent studies are omitted.

Such a volume, of course, offers the student of French letters nothing. The reader will not suspect that Voltaire in any way changed French dramatic tradition nor will he know what his relations to the Encyclopædia were. Mr. Thaddeus's discoveries do not lie in the field of literary history. With a hundred others, however, he has made a discovery of far more significance to novelists than to literary historians. It is this. If Voltaire had not existed it would behoove novelists to invent him. If, unfortunately, he did exist, why should they stay their hand? Let us invent him just the same.

The literary goose that laid the golden eggs of the forty years before the war was realism. That is what the public wants; let us give it to them. One thing was seriously wrong with the Zola theory. It is all well enough to give the actual background and conditions against which the drunkards, prostitutes, stock brokers, and struggling men of letters lived. These conditions are real. But Zola made one grievous blunder. It is only the background that is real. His characters, the Coupeaus and Nanas are purely imaginary! Let us have them real also. Let us stiffen up our heroes with facts as well. Let us outdo reality and make real novels where the good Lord in his parsimony has made only men. Writers who lack the imagination of novelists and the conscience of historians have on this theory produced excellently romanced Byrons, Napoleons, Bismarcks, and George Sands. Mr. Thaddeus's Voltaire is not a bad product of this theory. It is probably a far more readable book than any mere novel manufactured out of the whole cloth by Mr. Thaddeus would have been.

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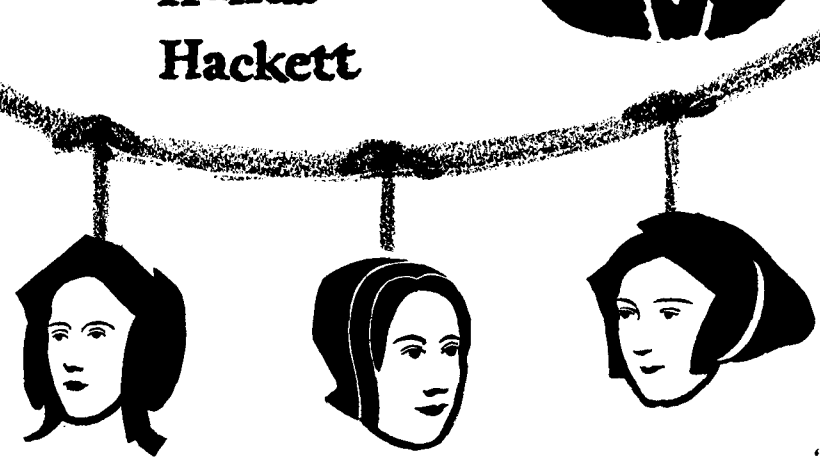

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What Makes Popularity?

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

THE effect of criticism on the American reading public is a moot question which permits any amount of generalizing and speculation, but which admits no decision. Nor is this absence of a definite conclusion due to lack of interest or of data. (Publishers, readers, and certainly reviewers would give a good deal to know whether and when popular approval will follow critical approbation, yet neither practical experience nor psychical research offers a ready answer.)

Facts there are, but so many and so perverse, that, like the clews of a police mystery, they only serve to hide the solution. It is well known, for instance, that certain commentators need only praise a book in their daily columns to send a flock of followers to the metropolitan book stalls; even an actual number of sales is mentioned in connection with some reviewers. Then there are periodicals which can start a country-wide demand for the books they commend. Prominent persons, not necessarily of literary significance, have been known to create a national vogue in reading by a recommendation or even a reference, as Wilson did in the case of the detective story, and Harding for the pseudo-scientific hysterics of Mr. Stoddard and his ilk; while Carl Van Vechten, almost single-handed, interested America in the literature of and about the negro.

On the other hand, the most popular books in the land continue to hold their readers without benefit of critical sanction, for though the Greys and Dells, Wrights and Glyns are ignored by reviewers when they are not actually condemned, yet their silly variations on accepted themes invariably make the best-seller lists. And finally, hundreds of books are raised to the skies by critical puffs only to drop with a harder thud on an unresponsive market. I recall that during my connection with Alfred A. Knopf the most vociferously and unanimously praised work of one season was Walt McDougall's "This Is the Life." Column after column of extravagant encomium was turned out by sincere reviewers, yet the number of volumes sold was insignificant. On the strength of this critical acclaim and of my own enthusiasm for the biography I plunged an advertising appropriation far in excess of anything justified by the sales into a promotion campaign. But the public remained cold to the offering. This experience, only too common to all publishers, has called forth the bitter comment from one of them that reviewers neither buy nor sell books.

How then does the public decide on its reading? When does it follow the critics, and when does it turn independent? Wherein lies the magic quality of popularity that makes one of a dozen similar books a temporary favorite? What part does salesmanship play in stimulating public demand? How much does a best seller owe to external circumstance, how much to intrinsic worth?

The editor of *The Saturday Review* and this writer agreed that a thorough study of the critical and public reaction during the past year to the most popular books of the better class would furnish interesting, if not definite, answers to some of these questions. They were of the opinion that this comparative study would disclose the common denominator of literary popularity in America and its relationship—if it has any connection at all—with literary values. Dr. Canby is in no way responsible for the conclusions I have reached; as I write I do not even know whether he will agree with the views developed as a result of this investigation which, though it has uncovered nothing altogether new, in my opinion logically substantiates the theory that best sellers are not written but made.

In matters literary America is ruled by the herd-instinct. This applies not merely to the semi-literate masses but—indeed even more so—to the better educated aristocracy and the minority of intellectuals. The groups differ, but the reaction remains the same. Ten thousand cognoscenti feel the social urge to read "Ulysses"; twenty-odd thousand of the intelligentsia are likewise impelled to "Orlando"; a quarter of a million bought "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"; and more than once the same public pressure which passes for critical judgment among the cultured has forced a million of the barely-literate to acquire the Stratton-Porter or the Harold Bell Wright that they deem the passport to the world of letters.

As we shall see, the publishers have tacitly recognized this peculiar reaction of the American public. The means they take to impress our different classes with the imperative of reading any particular book indicate, despite slight variations, that though they may be as ignorant of the nature of popularity as of electricity, they have learned how to switch on the current. A recent extreme in which the publisher imitated soap and cigarette advertising with the pronouncement that Social Sultana Soandso endorsed his brand of books discloses this most clearly. And every practising reviewer is aware that to the publisher his best critical appraisal ranks far below the single observation of a sports writer who astutely noted in his column that "'The Bridge' is the most conspicuously displayed book on the promenade deck."

The literary appeal, then, is not made to the misanthrope, to the independent mind. It is not made to Jack, the night-man at our switchboard, who frankly reads to keep awake, and, knowing that my pride of ownership in books is negligible, just as frankly reports on his reading. "It ain't so hot," said he of the first "Trader Horn." Of "The Bridge" he was sceptical but approving, whereas "Bambi" was "a lot of boloney." Yet detective serials are not his preference. "Napoleon," for instance, he deemed "great—just great," although on getting "somepun else by dis guy Ludwig," the something else being "Goethe," he queried ruefully, "D'ye tink *he* knows wot it's all about?" A rude critique, but an acute one, for it must be admitted that Herr Ludwig extricated himself from the romantic morass only to get helplessly entangled in the philosophic underbrush! No, neither Jack nor any other reader who is concerned with the receipt of a book rather than with its reception makes best sellers possible.

Popularity is much more likely to be the gift of my barber's manicurist who starves her desire for pornographic tales in order to be "up on the latest books." For her literature is sometimes "cute" and sometimes "sweet"; very infrequently she enriches the critical vocabulary by admitting the word, "funny." "I thought I'd die; it was so funny," she extended in the direction of Mr. Wodehouse—and now "Point Counterpoint" is also "a funny book." But, in the main, she uses the stencil, "They say it's good." And the omnipotent They force her to "loan this one from the lady whom I done yesterday"; to borrow that one from the "soikoolatin libery"; to get the third from a "genneman friend"; and occasionally even to buy one which was "all out at the liberry."

Naturally the reviewer who soonest lets her know which is the book she will have to be "up on" is the critic for her—even as he is for the Social Sultana Soandso. He is the man on whose sayso hundreds flock to the bookstores. He is the opening note in the tadpole chorus, "They Say It's Good." From publishers' "dope" about promotion campaigns; from foreign news and domestic reputations; from critical gossip based on advance proofs and, finally, from the work itself, he senses the place of the book on the bestseller list. And if, perchance, a couple of old bull frogs croak dignified agreement with this cumulative chorus of acceptance, he is ready to announce to a socially-minded world what its compulsory reading shall be.

As I have indicated, sometimes he guesses wrong. No mere pronouncements, no amount of high-pressure promotion can "make" a book if it is lacking in the essential appeal to the reader, the quality of being interesting. But when Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is a veritable barker for books, good, bad, and indifferent adds an extra pinch of Seidlitz sincerity in his praise of an American work, where is the traitorous reviewer who will fail to call attention to the great, native opus with commendable patriotic approval? Where is the Sunday-school teacher who will admit she cannot grasp the exquisite subtleties or the subtle exquisiteness so plain to Professor Phelps? Where are the contumacious readers who will reject a recommended volume if they can find something more interesting in the book stalls? In short, it is plain that, given the necessary minimum of this fundamental quality, the American reading public will accept the guaranteed article even when it is far less suited to the individual taste and temper than many an equally accessible volume.

Of the half dozen books here considered, Felix Salten's "Bambi" is perhaps the best example of this phenomenon. When Mr. Galsworthy, fresh from the triumph of "Trader Horn," announced his discovery of this "little masterpiece," American critics took up the cry. One youthful commentator immediately rated it "a better book than 'Green Mansions'"; another metropolitan reviewer wrote after fulsome praise the veriest quaver of a doubt: "And maybe it is a masterpiece? Who shall say?" Here and there a mildly dissenting voice refused it this highest honor and serio-comically questioned its claim to immortality; otherwise its acceptance was unanimous. Now this writer agrees that "Bambi" is a fine story, simple and wise, mildly attractive to the normal adult and probably fascinating to a child. But he is aware that, if their previous writings have any meaning at all, many of the reviewers could not have reacted favorably to this idyl; he is equally certain that any number of its hundred thousand purchasers must have seen in the first few pages that temperamentally and intellectually they could not accept it; yet publicly the reviewers approved and socially the readers accepted—both sincerely, I believe. To conclude that the operation of the herd-instinct achieved this seems to me both logical and kind, for any other explanation convicts us of senseless hypocrisy.

Similarly in the case of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" it is reasonable to doubt that a quarter million average Americans would have chosen this pellucid chronicle if left to their own researches. Appealing though its sentimental tone and its simple theme may be, they are too restrained to move the popular mind. What actually stirred the reading masses was the feeling that for once they were able to partake of the great literature which is normally caviar to the general. The delayed reviews—neither its publishers nor our reviewers sensed the place it would command—gave time to echo the opinions of weighty English and American critics who raised it to the top rung of the literary ladder. The immediate rise in price of the modest first edition also flattered successive buyers with the feeling of connoisseurship. And, most important, the element which was pointed out by a Boston reviewer when he wrote naively: "Seldom, indeed, does one find a book . . . possessed of so sure a literary quality," moved the masses. "Here," said John Doe to Jennie Roe, "is something palpably literary, yet comprehensible and even interesting to me—and therefore to you." Thus snobbery makes literati of us all.

Where snobbery will end and discrimination begin can be seen in the "Trader Horn" books. Ushered into the world by Mr. Galsworthy's felicitous phrases and stamped with the seal which the Literary Guild selection signified, the first volume captivated America. How many of its 227,708 purchasers bought it because of its reputation and how many because it is the repository of a magnificent mélange of literary nourishment and nonsense naturally cannot be determined. But there is no doubt about the tone with which it was received by the general reader. It was amusing and hence a good money's worth.

One might imagine that the incident would strengthen and solidify the influence of the ecstatic reviewers who offered the titbit to the public. But when the second volume appeared it was seen that such was not the case. Though Mr. William McFee substituted most effectively in place of Mr. Galsworthy; though the critics, on the whole, were quite as enthusiastic, Mr. Duffus of the *New York Times* hysterically announcing that the Trader "has come far nearer than Kipling to telling 'The Finest Story Ever Told'"; though the full force of the promotion campaign exploiting the romantic, unusual, and likable personality of the "Old Visiter" was only felt behind this book, less than half the number of copies were sold. The figures are interesting: the advance sale for the first volume was 654. The Literary Guild took 17,529, and the roused public soon demanded the other two hundred thousand copies. On the reputation of its predecessor the second volume achieved an advance sale of 8,000, and the increased membership of the Guild called for 50,000 more, but the public response was not even one-tenth as large. Did 173,000 purchasers of the first volume perceive an appreciable difference in the quality of these books which the reviewers failed to mention? I doubt it. It is much more likely that for them the social demand to possess the second "Trader Horn" was not imperative. After all, the omnipotent They already had one book.

The consistent craving for Messrs. Wright and Grey, and Mesdames Dell and Glyn show a combination of herd instinct and popular indulgence which is illustrated in one of the recent best sellers—herd instinct in that these authors are constantly preferred to their indistinguishable imitators, indulgence in that they are popular despite the critics. To the fact that "Bad Girl" is a sanctioned indulgence may be attributed its sale of more than 170,000 copies. If it had not been accepted by the Literary Guild with the sanctifying characterization of its chief editor that Mrs. Delmar "has produced . . . a folk-book of New York," the novel undoubtedly would have been branded as "more sex bilge" by the reviewers and cast into the Glyn class of safe—safe from Comstockery—sex stimulants. But respect for Mr. Carl Van Doren's opinion gave this empty and literally characterless book immediate importance. It was seriously considered as a study and an interpretation of that mysterious personage, the New Yorker; it was earnestly discussed for its stylistic attempts and achievements. It was pronounced by the exuberant Burton Rascoe as "one of the miracles of American life. . . . The miracle lies in the triumph of the author over the ordinary rule of fate"—which is as safe a manner of presenting a miracle to our sceptical age as any abracadabra I know of.

Now the tragic failing of American reviewers is not their appalling ignorance of literary values but their truckling dependence on the literary judgments of a few critics. Let one of five Eastern writers utter an opinion unchallenged by any of his peers and almost every literary column from Miami to Seattle and from San Jose to Bar Harbor will offer the same opinion, not simply repeating the thought but shamelessly echoing the very wording. Quick to grasp the salient phrase, they ring only those changes on it which are necessary to their inferior instruments, proudly displaying their acquiescence as sound taste.

Thus the masses were informed firmly and frequently that "Bad Girl" was a work, "beautiful," "lovable," "noble"—I am really quoting—and, at the same time, "frank," which is always interpreted as pornographic, "realistic," and "shocking to the older generation." Excepting the sound consideration of its worth as literature which appeared in *The Nation, The Saturday Review, The Knickerbocker Press*, and, significantly enough, in the student publications at Yale, Illinois, and Oklahoma, I found the comment in the hundred-odd reviews I examined concerned mainly with the relative badness of the heroine or the author. The majority voted with Mr. Van Doren on the side of realism and the astute interpretation of Manhattan folk.

If, so far, this essay has had to disclose only the worst elements in American criticism, it can at least end on an optimistic note. The treatment of one best seller, while on the whole favorable, has shown American reviewers capable of something better than imitative mob reaction. I believe that "John Brown's Body" received an intelligent and independent press because as epic poetry it was something the hack reviewer feared to tackle. He called in an academician or a practitioner to pass judgment on the work. And the criticism was both competent and interesting. Favorable or adverse, it impressed as much by its unusual character as by admonition, the importance of Mr. Benét's achievement on our reading public. Undoubtedly a majority of the 132,000 purchasers acquired the poem because they deferred to this judgment, but it seems to me there is a significant difference between buying a book as a result of a vague feeling that one ought to possess it despite its revealed shortcomings and buying one when imposed upon by a stimulated bally-ho. And the difference is of the utmost importance to America, because in the first case lies the cultivation of independent taste, whereas in the second lies the perpetuation of the herd instinct.

Since this was written, other books have come to the fore. In the main, both fiction and biography corroborate the conclusions drawn above. They are the progeny of promotion out of reputation, whether this reputation be earned by previous achievement or made by some favored critic's enthusiastic approval or dependent on irrelevant notoriety. But certain later favorites indicate an extremely significant development which permits another optimistic observation. Far from being satiated by the numerous impertinent outlines which have offered us short-cuts to knowledge, Americans are evincing a genuine desire for enlightenment — enlightenment on civilization and sex and poetry, on our mental and physical universe. The step from knowledge to culture is inevitable—and culture supplants the forces of regimentation by the powers of independent thought.

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—DENVER POST

The CRADLE of the DEEP
Tribune
Ten Best Sellers
(Compiled for the United Press by The Baker & Taylor Co., wholesale booksellers and publishers of The Retail Bookseller)
GENERAL
1. The Cradle of the Deep. By Joan Lowell. Published by Simon and Schuster.
2. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
3. Believe It or Not. By Robert L. Ripley. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.00.
4. Elizabeth and Essex. By Lytton B. Strachey. Published by Harcourt-Brace. $3.75.

"A rarin', rorin', sea farin' yarn. *Joan Lowell* certainly knows her wind-jammers. She writes a narrative that is fascinating . . . a salty book of the sea, done by a woman."

—PITTSBURGH POST GAZETTE

"*The Cradle of the Deep* is the unadorned story of one of the most amazing lives ever lived. . . There is a sense of uniqueness about the tale that makes it one of the most compelling human interest stories of the age."

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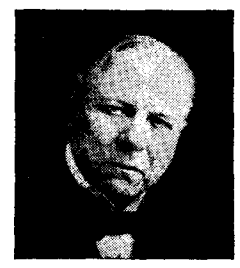

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Spring Freshets

By Amy Loveman

WHAT is one man's meat is another man's poison. Well, we hope that this list may be meat for you, for it certainly has been poison for us. It has poisoned our slumbers with the intrusive consciousness that instead of sleeping we should be writing it; it has poisoned our waking hours with the knowledge that we have been going to bed without so much as making a beginning of it; it poisoned our yesterday with the doubt that it would not be done to-morrow, and it's poisoning our to-morrow with the certainty that it wasn't done to-day. Was it really said that round books "our pastime and our happiness will grow?" Not ours, not ours. But yours, perhaps; certainly there's no lack of books to serve as pleasance for you.

From our dimming schoolyears comes back that line of Virgil's on the young Marcellus: "Bring lilies in heaping handfuls." We bring books in heaping handfuls, casting them on the grave of our own resolution to be forehanded with this presentation of their numbers. Here are volumes of biography, beginning, since we are recurring to the classics, with E. F. Benson's "Life of Alcibiades" (Appleton), and advancing through the years with records of the explorers like Agnes Repplier's "Père Marquette" (Doubleday, Doran) and "The Letters of Hernando Cortez," translated by J. Bayard Morris, which we are not sure that McBride has issued yet, but which we know constitutes an addition to their Argonaut series, until (we seem to have lost the thread somewhere between our commas, but we are advancing our biographies chronologically to the present) they reach our own day with lives such as Richard Burton Haldane's "Autobiography" (Doubleday, Doran), M. R. Werner's "Bryan" (Harcourt, Brace), "The Life of Lord Haig," by Brigadier-General John Charteris (Scribners); "And Then Came Ford," by Charles Merz (Doubleday, Doran); Ludwig Lewisohn's "Mid-Channel" (Harpers), whose title is self-explanatory; "Plain People" (Dodd, Mead), by E. W. Howe, genial sage of the Middle West; "The Pedro Gorino," by Captain Harry Dean (Houghton Mifflin), wherein are set forth the reminiscences of an African trader, and—Oh, ah, perhaps we had better not. We were about to add "The Cradle of the Deep," by Joan Lowell (Simon & Schuster), but we pause, not knowing whether to call that much debated book biography with a romantic slant or romance with a biographical background. We remember, we remember, the years ere it was born, when "the cradle of the deep" was a refrain and not a controversy. What an unrocked past!

But we trifle. And there is weighty matter to be noted. There is Otto Ruhle's forthcoming "Karl Marx" to be cited, which the Viking Press is to publish as fellow to a life of John Knox by Edwin Muir (also still in the future of the next few weeks); there are the fourth volume of David Alec Wilson's "Carlyle" (Dutton), Lewis Mumford's "Herman Melville" (Harcourt, Brace), a biography heralded for the past two years and well worth having waited for; "Bolivar, the Liberator," by Michael Vaucaire (Houghton Mifflin), Gertrude Aretz's "Queen Louise of Prussia" (Putnams), Lloyd Paul Stryker's "Andrew Johnson," announced by Macmillan, Denis Tilden Lynch's "Martin Van Buren," promised by Liveright, and Marie Cher's "Charlotte Corday" (Appleton). We haven't mentioned Francis Hackett's "Henry the Eighth"? That's our inveterate childish habit of saving titbits for a while. There's a fascinating biography for you, full of color and animation, written with Irish dash, and backed by sound study. We commend it to you. And we recommend to you, too, if you like fine, swaggering personalities, Gerald W. Johnson's "Randolph of Roanoke" (Minton, Balch), the portrait of a political fantastic who bestrode the world of his day with less nobility than presence.

Well, we've rather concentrated upon the historical figures so far, but there are plenty of biographies for those whose taste runs to the arts rather than to action. Amabel Williams-Ellis has published an illuminating and interesting study of John Ruskin in "The Exquisite Tragedy" (Doubleday, Doran), David Loth has furnished a biography of the Brownings (Brentanos), two lives of that figure of mystery, Ambrose Bierce, have appeared, the one by Adolphe de Castro (Century) and the other by C. Hartley Grattan (Doubleday, Doran). Sir Henry Fielding Dickens (how revealing of the enthusiasms of his father the son's name is) has issued "Memories of My Father" (Duffield). Christopher Hollis has published a life of Dr. Johnson (Henry Holt); Oscar Sherwin in "Mr. Gay" (Day) has projected the poet against the background of his time; Newton Arvin has edited the novelist's diaries into "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journal" (Houghton Mifflin); Francis Otto Matthiessen furnishes a life of Sarah Orne Jewett (Houghton Mifflin). There is to be a "Life of Lady Byron," by Ethel Colburn Mayne (Scribners), and Leon Gozlan has brought out "Balzac in Slippers" (McBride).

Students of recent American history will find in Rollo Walter Brown's "Lonely Americans" (Coward-McCann) an admirable portrait gallery of certain of their countrymen ranging in type from President Eliot to Emily Dickinson (the publication of hitherto undiscovered poems by whom, incidentally, is one of the important events of the present publishing season—Little, Brown issues them), and in "As God Made Them," by Gamaliel Bradford (Houghton Mifflin), a series of "psychographs" of nineteenth-century Americans. Interesting reminiscences, vivaciously presented, are those which Muriel Draper has written under the title, "Music at Midnight" (Harpers), while in "Twelve Bad Men" (Crowell) Sidney Dark offers portraits of some of the famous villains of history. A historical study of value and interest is W. T. Waugh's "James Wolfe: Man and Soldier" (Carrier).

And now we have finished with biography. What a mercy that a man has not as many lives as a cat. If every man had nine lives, and every biographer felt called upon to chronicle them all— But no, reason staggers at the spectre.

Of course it's an arbitrary division that separates biography from history. But it gives us a feeling of variety to subdivide our books in this fashion, even it it's only to shift "An Elizabethan Journal," by G. B. Harrison (Cosmopolitan), from the former category to the latter. Here is a book full of fascinating material which revivifies a past age as only the personal and trivial can. Faithful and vivid both, in its reproduction of a bygone time, is Joseph Hergesheimer's "Swords and Roses" (Knopf), which we note the publishers call fiction and which seems to us (and to our elders who recall the South of the years immediately following upon the Civil War) excellent history. With it might be read "Life and Labor in the Od South," by Ulrich B. Phillips, which Little, Brown will doubtless have published by the time this statement is printed. For the lover of foreign annals come "A Short History of the French People," by Charles Guignebert (Macmillan), who will be remembered for his "History of Christianity," and "France," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick (Little, Brown); "The Dissolution of the Hapsburg Monarchy," by Oscar Jaszi (University of Chicago), and the two-volume "Mediæval Culture," by Karl Vossler (Harcourt, Brace). Those who are interested in annals of adventure will like Stefansson's "Exploration" (Macmillan), a survey of the northward course of discovery, and "Frontiers," by Archer Butler Hulbert (Little, Brown), an account of territorial and social expansion. Then there's "Old Civilizations in the New World," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Bobbs-Merrill), which, of course, has an archæological interest, and "An Hour of American History," by Samuel Eliot Morison (Lippincott), one of the books which inaugurates the new dollar series of the Philadelphia publishing house.

And we mustn't forget, to go back to European annals, to mention George Vernadsky's "History of Russia" (Yale).

And so we pass from our category of history to that of international, which means that we are about to list those books which deal with events of importance so recent as still to be the matrix of history. No, we take back that statement. We thought we had made such a division, but glancing down our list of titles we see that our definition doesn't cover most of them at all. Certainly W. C. Forbes's "The Philippine Islands" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Aftermath," by Winston Churchill (Scribners), and "The German Diplomatic Documents, 1870-1914," edited by T. S. Dugdale (Harpers), are as much history as anything we noted before. Oh, well, let it pass. We're closer to our definition in such volumes as "The Way of Peace," by Robert Cecil (Day); "The American Experiment," by Bernard Fay (Harcourt, Brace); "America and Europe," by Alfred Zimmern (Oxford), and E. C. Martin's "The Politics of Peace (Stanford); and "Belgian Problems since the War," by Louis Pierard (Yale). A discussion of "Powers and the People," by Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England (Cosmopolitan), shortly to appear should prove of interest, and so should Jerome and Jean Tharaud's study of the Jews, entitled "The Chosen People" (Longmans, Green).

That whirling, kaleidoscopic life that is civilization today, and the manifestations of which are both practical and philosophical, is approached from various angles in these books before us. There are two outstanding volumes that deal with problems and conditions, Walter Lippmann's "Preface to Morals" (Macmillan) and Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper" (Harcourt, Brace), both of them thoughtful, stimulating works, far-reaching in their implications. Another phase of civilization is presented in Stuart Chase's "Machines and Their Human Effects" (Macmillan), soon to be issued, while reflections that might well dovetail with Mr. Chase's exposition are presented in Howard W. Dickinson's "Crying Our Wares" (Day), a study of advertising methods on which subject Mr. Chase himself has been emphatic in the past.

There is a group of books on social problems, also, of which mention should be made: "What Is Wrong with Marriage," by G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan (Boni), "Marriage in the Modern Manner," by Ira S. Wile and Mary Day Winn (Century), "Hows and Whys of Human Behavior," by George A. Dorsey (Harpers), "Experience and Human Nature," by John Dewey (Norton), not yet published but of which we have been privileged to see advance galleys, and which promises much fruitful reading, as anything by Mr. Dewey is certain to afford. A work that will interest more advanced students of psychology is Wolfgang Kohler's "Gestalt Psychology" (Liveright)—the "latest," so our parlor conversationalists assure us, in the field where Freud and Adler have been usurping amateur discussion. Then there's a new work about to appear from the spirited pen (we take it, we ought to say in these days, "the busy typewriter") of Will Durant. It's called "The Mansions of Philosophy" (Mr. Durant certainly knows how to select a title for a possible best-seller), and it's historical, and interpretative, and personal all at once. It isn't out yet, but we've seen it.

We're getting dangerously paranthetical, and parantheses confuse thought (unless they are few enough to elucidate it), and take up space (alas! there are columns of it we've assigned for ourselves to fill, so that's no matter), and hold up the printers (and goodness knows we bid fair to hold them up long enough already), and in no wise diminish the number of titles to be recorded. So we'd better foreswear them, and proceed to straight enumeration. But we're ready to wager right now that we don't succeed; parantheses are too convenient and they lend a sweet disorder to writing that one can always pretend is deliberate instead of merely the result of a regardless haste. Still, out upon them (for the moment, at least). There, already!

Well, to get back to business. Oh, but just by way of taking some amusement in the midst of serious preoccupations, let us recommend to you Robert L. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" (Simon & Schuster) wherein you will find set forth as solemn truth facts which seem the wildest of exaggerations. And now that you are in the mood for the super-normal, let us call to your attention what is a remarkably fine and exhaustive piece of research though it contains more that is striking and picturesque than many a volume whose intention is less serious—Professor George Lyman Kittredge's "Witchcraft in Old and New England" (Harvard). This is a labor of years which must long retain its place as one of the most authoritative works in its field. Those who are interested in the subject with which it deals will doubtless, too, be glad to have called to their attention Howard W. Haggard's "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors" (Harpers), Edwyn Bevan's "Sibyls and Seers" (Harvard), and Philip F. Waterman's "The Story of Superstition" (Knopf). Doubtless, too, those who find particularly fascinating the aberrations of humanity in this direction will feel interest in religious eccentricities and fads. To them the knowledge that Duncan Aikman's "Hallelujah" (Henry Holt), long announced, is shortly to be issued, will be welcome.

Now, we've carried you through part of our miscellaneous list and we almost feel that we see the shadow of fiction striking across our page. Not yet, not yet, alas! There's a long list still to be disposed of before we reach the novels. And we temporize. On to the list! No, we didn't; we really didn't mean to pun. It was only after we had written it that we thought we might have said "lists."

Well, list then, list, to the list. (This is a counsel of desperation, and we don't care if we do use a parenthesis to say so. We've got to fill those columns for the printer or otherwise the space we assigned to the spring books when we planned our dummy will be empty.)

We almost forgot to tell you that Bertrand Russell is to have a new book, "Our Knowledge of the External World" (Norton); that William Bolitho has one announced under the captivating title of "Twelve against the Gods" (Simon & Schuster); that Dr. Austin Fox Riggs, who has grateful patients scattered all over the United States, has put the results of his ripe experience into a volume for the layman, which he entitled "Intelligent Living" (Doubleday, Doran), and of which the *Saturday Review* gave a sample to its readers in a chapter which it published some time ago; that William Brown, Dean of Yale Divinity School, has issued "Science and Personality" (Yale); that Dr. Edmund Jackson, like Dr. Riggs, has prepared a volume for the layman, "Progressive Relaxation" (University of Chicago), a discussion of the "treatment" for nervousness, and that Martha Warren Beckwith, in "Black Roadways" (University of North Carolina), has made a study of Jamaican folk life.

And now we are completely at sea. We let our last page of copy go down to the printers before lunch, and we had such an enjoyable time at lunch that we've entirely forgotten what it was we were saying when we left. We hadn't, had we, told you that Walter White has prepared what is a grisly page of American history in "Rope and Faggot" (Knopf), an account of lynchings in the United States, or that Payson & Clarke is to publish a volume entitled "The City of Tomorrow" and Stanislaw Szukalski "Projects in Design" (Chicago), a study of sculpture and architecture? Or that there is a group of books of interest to the scientifically minded, among which are included "Our Face from Fish to Man," by William K. Gregory (Putnams), and "The Social World of the Ants," by Auguste Forel (Boni)? Or that there are several volumes of interest sufficiently general to appeal to widely different tastes,—A. J. Villiers's "Falmouth for Orders" (Holt), a narrative of sailing days; Carl von Hoffmann's "Jungle Gods" (Holt), the chronicle of a big game hunter; Commander Edward Ellsberg's "On the Bottom" (Dodd, Mead), an account of the raising of a submarine, which is of quite unusual interest; "Penny Wise and Book Foolish" (Covici-Friede), a work for the amateur book collector; "Sound Off!" by Edward Arthur Dolph (Cosmopolitan), a collection of soldier songs; "Undertones of War," by Edmund Blunden (Doubleday, Doran), a volume of quite exceptional literary quality, shot through with the sensitiveness of the poet; "A Fatalist at War," by Rudolph Binding (Houghton Mifflin), and a book of totally different character, "Pictures of Paris in the Eighteenth Century," by L. S. Mercier (Brentanos).

Again we've done it; again we've forgotten what it was we were saying when last we sat at the typewriter. Since then we've made up the paper and read proof; we suspect we were about to attack poetry. At any rate, we shall. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose last volume, "Tristram," was such a remarkable success, is represented this spring with a new, full-length narrative poem, "Cavender's House" (Macmillan), which, we understand from the publishers, is having a large advance sale. Siegfried Sassoon, whose first novel, "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man," won so much encomium last winter, has published a volume entitled, "The Heart's Journey" (Harpers), a slim little book which enshrines distinguished verse. "Further Poems of Emily Dickinson" (Little, Brown) we mentioned before, but pause to say again that this is a volume which no one interested in poetry can afford to miss. Nor can he "Angels and Earthly Creatures" (Knopf), by the late Elinor Wylie, some of whose finest achievement appears in this book. Mrs. Wylie's sonnet sequence here published is poetry of the highest character touched to an unintended pathos by its prescience of death. With "The Devil Is a Woman," by Alice Mary Kimball (Knopf), a new writer considerable enough to merit careful attention and to have deserved high praise enters upon the scene. A new volume of poems is to come from Samuel Hoffenstein (Liveright), a book by Arthur Davison Ficke to be called "Mountain against Mountain" (Doubleday, Doran) and another, by Humbert Wolfe, to be entitled "The Blind Rose" (Double-

(*Continued on page* 924)

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Spring Freshets

(*Continued from page 922*)

day, Doran), are also promised. Robert Nathan's "Cedar Box" (Bobbs-Merrill) deserves the attention of those who appreciate a delicate art, while Joseph Auslander's "Hell in Heaven," shortly to be issued by the Crime Club, should appeal to those who like robust incident in poetry. There are a number of anthologies either just out or about to appear,—"The Greek Anthology," edited by Shane Leslie (Appleton); "Twentieth Century Poetry," edited by John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin), and "The Winged Horse Anthology," by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday, Doran). And that, with the mention of Laura Benét's "Noah's Dove" (Doubleday, Doran) and Hildegard Flanner's "Time's Profile" (Macmillan), carries us over from poetry to *belles lettres*.

We thought we weren't going to do it,—lead off, we mean, with the title of a volume by our own Editor, and a volume at that which contains, along with other essays, some of his contributions to the *Saturday Review*. But then, if we preach the policy of protecting home industries in politics why not in office matters, too? Besides, we'd think Henry Seidel Canby's "American Estimates" (Harcourt, Brace) was good even if we didn't know its author, and didn't feel we owed his book amends for the mistakes of typography we allowed to slip through on occasions that did us little credit in the *Saturday Review*. We suppose we might be accused of assuming a proprietory interest also in the forthcoming "If I Could Preach Just Once" (Harpers), which contains two essays that first appeared in our journal, and in Chauncey B. Tinker's "The Good Estate of Poetry" (Little, Brown), since Mr. Tinker has on several occasions contributed to our paper, but, at any rate, we've never met Mr. T. S. Eliot, yet we commend his "For Lancelot Andrewes" (Doubleday, Doran) to such of you as enjoy a discussion of literary style and order that is fruitful, if not easy, reading. If you want something less requiring mastication but still informative and suggestive, there is Ford Madox Ford's "The English Novel," another of the first group of books in the Lippincott dollar library.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin, whose book of poems, "Golden Falcon," Macmillan is to bring out, has a voume of essays entitled "An Attic Room" (Doubleday, Doran) also scheduled. Odell Shepard's "The Joys of Forgetting" (Houghton Mifflin) and Herbert Ravenel Sass's "On the Wings of a Bird" (Doubleday, Doran) wear their characters in their titles, while Irwin Edman's "Adam, the Baby, and the Man from Mars" (Houghton Mifflin), yet to be published, rouses conjecture by its name. So Cassius J. Keyser's "The Pastimes of Wonder" (Columbia)) also stimulates interest.

That fiction shadow is stealing on rapidly now; in fact it is removed from us but by the distance of travel. We must hasten on; we are growing alarmed. For we have made up our pages, as we said, and if the yawning cavity we left for our list should prove too narrow there will be the printers' frank displeasure and the business manager's chivalrous forbearance to face. So on to travel.

"Travel is a part of education," said Bacon. (Bacon can be made to yield any quotation, or misquotation, as this warping of his statement from his original intention would prove.) Certainly a reading of Ford Madox Hueffer's "French France" (Appleton) should prove educative, for Mr. Hueffer is at pains to interpret the French to the Anglo-Saxons in such fashion as to detach from them some of the popularly ascribed traits which make for misunderstanding. His book is a pleasant one to read. So, too, are Stella Benson's "Worlds within Worlds" (Harpers), Sir Hugh Clifford's "Bush-Whacking" (Harpers), reminiscences of Malayan experiences; A. Rothery's "New Roads in Old Virginia" (Houghton Mifflin), Emil Ludwig's "On Mediterranean Shores" (Little, Brown), Phillips Russell's "Adventures in Yucatan and Mexico" (Brentanos), Harry Franck's "I Discover Greece" (Century), Douglas Haring's "The Lands of Gods and Earthquakes" (Columbia), and Webb Waldron's "Blue Glamor" (Day). For those who would travel further afield we list Owen Lattimore's "The Desert Road to Turkestan" (Little, Brown), André Gide's "Travels in the Congo" (Knopf), Hermann Norden's "Under Persian Skies" (Macrae Smith), Charles Bell's "The People of Tibet" (Oxford), R. Coupland's "Kirk on the Zambesi" (Oxford), and Martin Johnson's "Lions" (Putnam).

And now the shadow has darkened round us until we are swallowed up by it. All is gloom, for as we look at it our fiction list seems almost as long as all that has gone before. To dispatch it, ay,—there's the rub. Well, to make a start, we'll begin by talking about something we can't talk about,—"hush stuff," as our friends the lawyers say. Sounds mysterious, doesn't it? But we assure you, you'll be talking about it yourself some day. About it? What? Why, the book we can't call by name. Mr. Elliot Holt, who is to publish it, says that even his own "bright little publicity and advertising department is not yet permitted to announce the title." But we know what it is; what's more, we've read the book, in an English edition which Mr. Holt was good enough to lend us when his was the only copy in the country, and over which we sat up till, if there had been cocks in New York, they would have crowed. It's a notable book, serene and tender despite its vigorous incidents, which leaves on the mind something of the impression of one of the Renaissance paintings of Italy. There! We came very close to telling you then that it has Bologna as background.—What indiscretion! But we will add, regardless of consequences, that it's one of the best translations we've read in many a long day. Now at least you know that it didn't sprout in America.

Since we've begun on the subject of translated novels we might as well continue. Or, no, perhaps we'd better first, as we are on the subject of Mr. Holt also, mention before we go any further the book with which he commenced his career as an independent publisher last month, "This Delicate Creature," by Con O'Leary. It's an interesting tale, with a novel theme, and some excellent stretches of writing. But to pass on to our translations.

As a matter of fact we could have made the transition from the book which must be nameless to the one we are about to name easily for the "Rebels," by Alfred Neumann (Knopf), is also a tale of Italy. It's a fairly modern story, being a romance playing during the Carbonari uprisings of the 1830's. Still more recent in setting is the book which from all advance information promises to be one of the sensations of the season, "All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Remarque, which the European critics are acclaiming as a work of rare penetration, truth, and beauty. We've got it in page form and are about to take it way with us on a trip next week. In the meanwhile we recommend it on the word of critics much more capable than ourselves. Little, Brown, who are to publish it, have brought out another excellent work of fiction in Hans Aufricht-Ruda's "The Case for the Defendant," a psychological novel. But we must be briefer. . . . There are announcements of translations of works by authors whose names are already well known to the American public, and by others still to be introduced to it—"The Wife of Steffen Tromholt," by Hermann Sudermann (Liveright); "The Road," by André Chamson (Scribners); "The Libertines," by Henri de Reignier (Macaulay); "Black Magic," by Paul Morand (Viking); "The Years Between," by Paul Feval and M. Lassez (Volumes III and IV of this continuation of "The Three Musketeers," which Longmans, Green are publishing); "Scrapped," by Meta Schoepp and Louise Taussig (Covici-Friede), a tale of post-war Germany; "Mimi Bluette," by Guido da Verona (Dutton); "The Seven Vices," by Guglielmo Ferrero (Harcourt, Brace), a work on a large scale sure to be interesting; "The Green Parrot," by Princess Marthe Bibesco (Harcourt, Brace), a Rumanian author of delicacy and charm, some of whose work has already had English translation; "The Bandits," by Panait Istrati (Knopf), another Rumanian author favorably known to Americans; "The Rebel Generation," by Jo Van Ammers-Kuller (Dutton), an interesting portrayal of the changing status of women through several generations; "Cement," by Fiodor Gladkov (International), a portrayal of Red Russia; "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles," a fantasy by André Maurois (Appleton), and "Destinies," by François Mauriac (Covici-Friede). A novel that more properly belongs to the late winter lists than to the spring, but interesting enough in technique and content to deserve mention again, is Alexis Kivi's "Seven Brothers" (Coward-McCann).

We draw breath, but only for a moment, for here are the authors of first novels closing in upon us. Here is Frank Swinnerton with his "The Merry Heart" (Doubleday, Doran).—What, Swinnerton, author of a half dozen widely sold novels among the novices? Yes, for "The Merry Heart," the first of his novels to be published in England, is only now making its appearance in an American edition. Here are Siegfried Sassoon, whose poetry ranks him among the premier writers of England, making his début in fiction with "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man" (Coward-McCann), which has had an enormous popular success in Great Britain and a uniformly good press in America; John P. Fort, with "Stone Daugherty (Dodd, Mead), a really powerful and moving tale of pioneer Tennessee; Grace Zaring Stone with "The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena" (Bobbs-Merrill), the tale of a nun and an adventurer; Lorna Moon with "Dark Star" (Bobbs-Merrill), a moving story in which the passions of a woman are depicted with power and insight; Shirley Watkins with "This Poor Player" (Macrae-Smith), a novel Victorian in mood, in length, and in handling, rich in thought, powerful in characterization, a notable first work; Elizabeth Huntington with "The Son of Dr. Tradusac" (Duffield), a first novel which is also a last as its author was killed in an automobile accident from the wreckage of which the suitcase containing her manuscript was thrown clear; Pitts Sanborn, with his novel of the opera, "Prima Donna" (Longmans, Green); A. J. Barr with "Let Tomorrow Come" (Norton), the autobiographical record of a member of the I. W. W. who suffered imprisonment for his activities; W. R. Burnett with "Little Cæsar" (Dial), a tale of gangsters notable for its fine psychological portrayal, and L. B. Campbell with "These Are My Jewels," a first novel written with a command of its medium and a purposiveness that promise much. But our sentence has grown out of all bounds. We must start afresh.

Lornas seem to be strong in the running this season, for there's Lorna Moon, whom we mentioned a few sentences back, and here's Lorna Rea upon us with "Six Mrs. Greenes" (Harpers). It's a good novel, with a fresh and original motivation, cleverly developed situations, and astute character analysis; it let's you down a bit at the end, to be sure, but for all that it is one of the notable novels of the season. A collection of powerful short stories which attain to a unity that compasses much variety throughout their presentation of various facets of feminine experience is Nora Hoult's "Poor Women" (Harpers). Harpers, too, are responsible for one of the wittiest novels of the season in Richard Hughes's "The Innocent Voyage."

And now we are going to surprise you, for, instead of expending space on those authors to whom space is always accorded, we are going to mention them merely with the titles of their books. It's really a compliment, of course, like saying of the guest of the evening that he is too well known to need any introduction. And then it's a necessity if our article is not to overrun the columns provided for it. As it is, we see in our mind's eye that half column stretching horizontally across the bottom of the page proof onto which it won't fit perpendicularly, and the elimination of which will turn up to plague us later under the ominous designation of "authors' corrections."

So, in our prudence, we now present to you a list as economical of words as possible. Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the tale (yes, we're using the word in a precise meaning; look it up in Webster and see if it doesn't mean the mere enumeration as well as the story),—here is the tale of the books of the season by some of the best known novelists, some of the most popular, and some of those most deserving watching: "Awake and Rehearse" (Stokes), by Louis Bromfield (and, oh, we've just got to take the space to say it's a collection of short stories and not a long novel); "Dodsworth," by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace); "The Village Doctor," by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton); "Procession," by Fannie Hurst (Harpers); "Dark Hester," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Houghton Mifflin); "Hudson River Bracketed" (Appleton), by Edith Wharton, not yet published; "The Strange Adventure," by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doubleday, Doran); "Mamba's Daughters," by Du Bose Heyward (Doubleday, Doran); "Armour Wherein He Trusted," by Mary Webb, whose earlier books Dutton is reissuing together with the last one written before her death; "Young Mrs. Greeley," by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran); "When He Came," and "The Square Egg," by "Saki" (Viking); "The Promised Land," by Gilbert Parker (Stokes); "Expiation," by "Elizabeth" (Doubleday, Doran); "A Native Argosy," by Morley Callaghan (Scribners); "Round-Up," by Ring Lardner (Scribners), short stories that have already seen magazine publication; "Wolf Solent," by John Cowper Powys (Simon & Schuster), a novel in the Hardy style; "Action," by C. E. Montague (Doubleday, Doran); "Jehovah's Day," by Mary Borden (Doubleday, Doran), and "The Childermass" (Covici-Friede), Parts II and III of Wyndham Lewis's remarkable work which is novel or philosophical treatise as you will.

Whew! what a paragraph. We must start another, and since we find that we were sliding into more than mere enumeration at the end of the last, we'll continue our relapse into comment long enough to remark that Edith Olivier has a new novel entitled, "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's" (Viking) which, if not as perfect in its artistry as her first novel, "The Love Child," is nevertheless an interesting book which, if it had held its thesis a little less in prominence and had attained all through the admirable quality of its opening chapters, would have been a distinguished one, and that Silvia Townsend Warner has done a fine piece of work in "The True Heart" (Viking). And now back to brevity. We're collecting together for you in this last enumeration detective stories, love stories, and some novels of somewhat more serious nature that are the sort which it is pleasant to have at hand to meet various moods. Here they are: "To the Sun" (Cosmopolitan), by Arista Edward Fisher (immediately we go back on our resolution by stopping to remark that this is a story with Shakespeare for hero); "Sartoris," by William Faulkner (Harcourt, Brace); "A Tiny Seed of Love," by Sarah Salt (Payson & Clarke); "Liv," by Kathleen Coyle (Dutton); "Tomorrow Never Comes," by Robert L. Duffus (Houghton Mifflin); "Her Son," by Margaret Fuller (Morrow); "For Wandering Men," by John Russell (Norton); "An Eye for An Eye," by Francis Hickok (Hale, Cushman & Flint); "The Other Side of Main Street," by Wilder Buell (Longmans, Green); "Adios," by Lanier Bartlett and Virginia Stivers Bartlett (Morrow); "Murder at the Keyhole," by R. A. J. Walling (Morrow); "Lord Peter Views the Body," by Dorothy M. Sayers (Payson & Clarke); "The Mayfair Murder," by Henry Holt (Dial); "The Seven Dials Mystery," by Agatha Christie (Dodd, Mead); "The Bishop Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine (Scribners); "Kif" (and with this novel by Gordon Daviot we're veering away from detective stories to works of more serious character) (Appleton); "A Dead Man Dies," by Percy Marks (Century); "Daughter of Earth," by Agnes Smedley (Coward-McCann); "The Last September," by Elizabeth Bowen (Dial); "The Kingdom of Lu," by Maurice Magre (Cosmopolitan); "Hardware," by Edward McKenna (McBride); "Memoirs of a Gothic American," by Anne Kavanagh (Macmillan); "Seeing's Believing," by Gerard Hopkins (Dutton); "Cold Steel," by M. P. Shiel (Vanguard); Thornton Wilder's "The Cabala," a new issue of the Modern Library; "Nellie Bloom," by Margery Latimer (Sears); "African Harvest," by Nora Stevenson (Washburn), and "Peder Victorious," by O. E. Rolvaag (Harpers).

And thus endeth, gentle readers, the list of the spring fiction. We bid you adieu until the fall books appear. May the summer be protracted, and autumn late in coming. Woe is us! When it arrives there'll be another publisher in the field to add to our troubles, Jonathan Cape — Harrison Smith.

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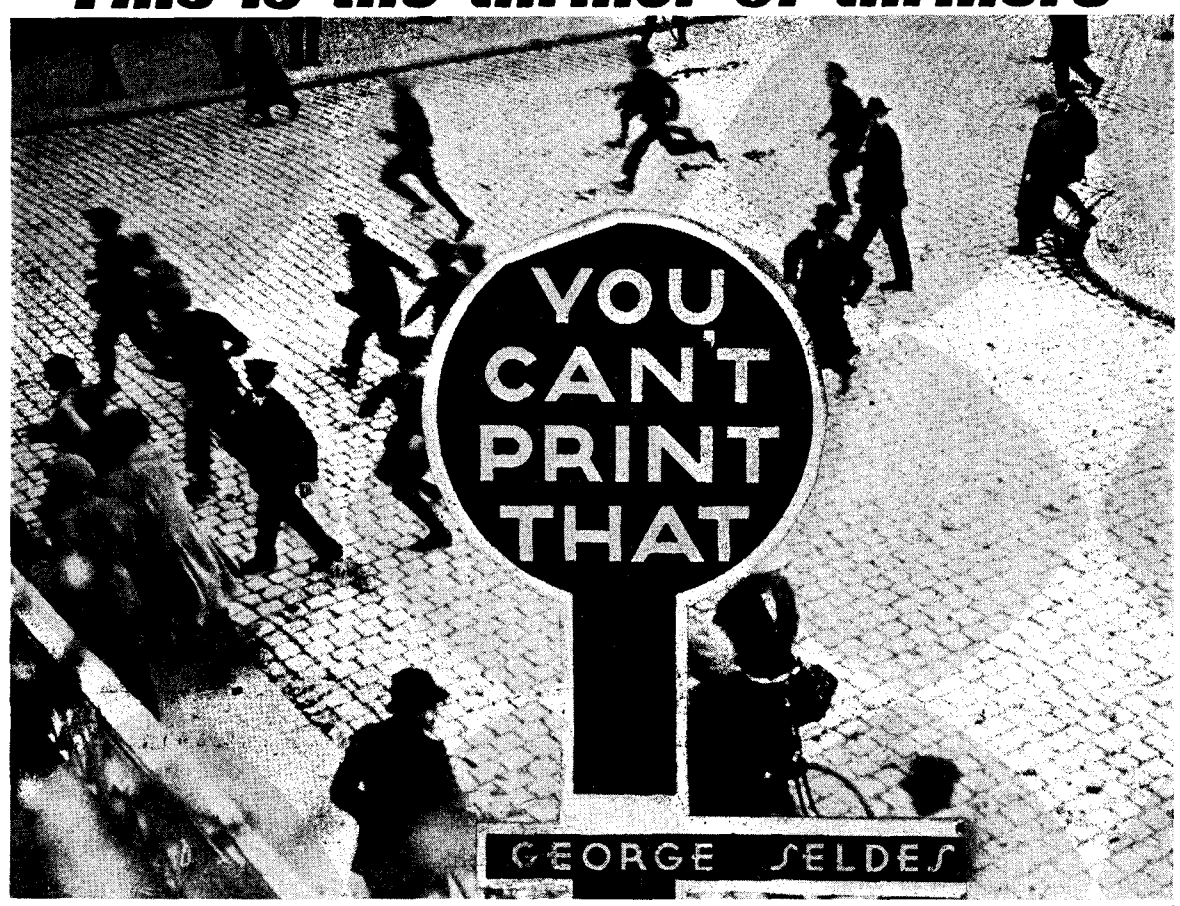

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"The captain drew his pistol..."

Two soldiers with red arm-bands approached threateningly, and I stopped, too.

"Pardon, captain," said one, "but we have had a revolution."

"Revolution to the devil," replied the captain, pulling at the red flag.

The two soldiers raised their rifles.

The captain drew his pistol. Click! Crack!

Experience pulled my habit muscles. I dropped flat.

A dozen rifles and a pair of revolvers snapped. A man fell partly on me. I turned cautiously on my left side. His face was in pain, and his hands were at his middle and blood was flowing from his stomach. He was the captain who had pulled the red flag. The soldiers had shot him. Men ran over us, around us.

THE best of this month's reading for me is George Seldes' *You Can't Print That*, a story of censorship in foreign lands. It is as thrilling as any novel, even as any melodrama; it is critical, it is so balanced that it wouldn't teeter on a knife-blade.

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A Letter from France

By Abel Chevalley

TWO or three generations back, a good shop prided itself not on its window-display, but on the quality of its stock. Nowadays our emporiums are all window and no shop. And the window-dresser's art is not confined to commerce, it has invaded literature as well.

Behind a modest frontage our grandfather's shop concealed solid mahogany counters, backed by rows of closely-packed shelves and supported by an infinite variety of drawers—tightly shut, well-fitting drawers, calculated to resist the combined onslaughts of moth and dust, but warranted to open at a touch should occasion arise. Inside and out, the modern shop is given over to display.

Prospective buyers are invited to investigate acres of plate-glass window, and thread their way through a maze of external arcades, bays, passages, all cunningly devised to give the maximum of effect, before gaining access to the interior. At every turn the shopper is brought face to face with himself, for the mirror is an essential factor in twentieth-century commerce. And finally, when he has negotiated the revolving doors that should lead him to the haven of a counter and a cane-bottomed chair, comes the greatest shock of all. There *is* no shop, only barren stretches of deep-pile carpet, through which he plods, still pursued by these disconcerting replicas of himself, as silently as a camel in the desert. No sign of a counter, and, by the time he has reached the floorwalker, his nerve is completely gone. This is what may be called the psychology of commerce. First, make the buyer lose his nerve, through an excess of display, mirrors and plate-glass, then you can sell him anything you damn well please, and, until he gets home, he'll think he has got what he came for.

Biography is now doing that trick in nearly all literary shops. The weighty tomes our fathers used for reference (the useful drawers of the old-fashioned shopkeeper), have been scrapped to make way for the plate-glass of Romanticized Lives. These "showy" productions deal *not* with an author's writings, a statesman's policy, only with their personal habits and little intrigues. We read of a Dickens minus his novels, a Chateaubriand all women and no genius, an inessential Shelley, an unimperial Disraeli.

But Biography, even romanticized, is on the wane. Great things, however, are hoped of history. The new style in window-dressing will be applied to big events, big things, not merely big men, or small. I will betray no secrets. But we shall probably witness the advent of voluminous "histories," all starched and draped according to the immediate requirements of the *étalage*. One or two series of this type are already in existence. There is a "History of France" made up of small stories, a "History of Masterpieces"—which is no masterpiece. Judging from recent displays in the shop-fronts—about *pure* or *applied* poetry, "Tortonism," and other "Treasons"—we can expect a general rearrangement of Science and Philosophy. Beware of window-dressers!

The commerce of ideas in this country has always been very brisk. But its very briskness is apt to make us and others accept as valuable mere shop-window duplicates of that genuine article which alone is worth investigation. I started this letter with the idea of devoting part of it to one of the most genuinely original thinkers of modern France, Emile Meyerson, who is now exerting an influence comparable to that of Bergson twenty years ago. But the subject is too important for discursive treatment and deserves a full article. Only remember that, twenty years ago, Bergson himself presented to the French Institute the first of Meyerson's books, "Identité et Réalité," since followed by "L'Explication dans les Sciences" and "La Déduction Relativiste." Parodi, author of "Philosophie Contemporaine," ranks Meyerson among the intellectual leaders of our generation. Einstein, in his recent articles in the London *Times*, mentions only one philosopher of science as having grasped and interpreted the full degree and speculative boldness implied in relativity, and that one is Meyerson. His ideas are already circulating in America, but often disguised and unconnected, sometimes distorted, rarely under their father's name. You shall hear of Meyerson and Meyersonism, but not in snippets.

It frequently happens that articles destined for the shop window are too good for that purpose, and remain inside. The artisan was too honest to supply a second-rate article when he had material of the best sort. Or he is too great to be content with small talk. Let us walk inside, and out of a parcel of patched-up biographies, sensational histories, or lurid criticisms, let us pick up the few that count.

"Au Service de l'Ordre," such is the title of M. Paul Bourget's last volume (Plon). The great literary veteran of our time has indeed devoted his life and talent to the service of that kind of "order" which is inseparable from truth. The unity of his teaching and example is fully exemplified in this volume, especially in the first section on Taine's centenary. You may disagree with some of the limitations he imposes on literary activity. You cannot but admire, respect, and, on the whole, admit his views on art and criticism.

The great romantics of one hundred years ago are the subject of a series published by Hachette under the direction of Emile Henriot. Each volume aims at being less a story than a portrait, where the man and his work explain each other. "Alfred de Vigny," by Robert de Traz, is a quiet and penetrating study of the least popular and most sincere French romantic. Vigny lived in solitude, and breathed stoicism. "A painful, a crucified faith lived in him . . ." says M. de Traz. He is one of the few who make us feel not only how necessary it is for a poet to believe in the eternal, but how difficult. He inserts personal effort in personal faith. A certitude without struggle is not quite a certitude, even for mystics. It misses an element of worth and dignity. Vigny was not a mystic. He remains the most dignified of French romantics.

Leo Larguier's "Lamartine" is more superficial.

Emile Henriot's "Alfred de Musset" is a welcome rehabilitation of his hero. Musset stands leagues above his present reputation. His facility, accessibility, his fluid eloquence are nowadays counted against him. He is sometimes despised because school-girls and adolescents adore his shorter poems. He was indifferent to literary skill; his poetry was the gift of himself, his finest pieces are only *cris du cœur*. He has been called a poet of genius and no talent. Flaubert dubbed him a "coiffeur sentimental." But a poet is a poet for all that, and Musset is Musset. It is no mean glory to remain for a century the interpreter of youth. As a writer, Musset hardly survived his adolescence. But his adolescence has survived him in every successive generation. "It is neither Byron nor Murger," says Henriot, "that we love in Musset, but a man who resembles nobody. Can we imagine French poetry without "Les Nuits," French drama without "Les Proverbes"?

Emile Henriot's book will remain as one of the best literary biographies of this decade. There are men who must be loved to be understood, and pitied to be admired. Such is Musset. That is Henriot's point of view. He holds that Musset was unhappy from birth, probably the victim of a nerve disease which he was too proud to own and too weak to fight. His stormy adventure with George Sand left him incurable. He did not become insane because he drank. He drank because he was liable to epileptic fits and could, for a time, keep them at bay in this manner. Emile Henriot has written for all those who love, pity, and admire Musset. I hear there are not a few among American students of French literature.

Madame Jean de Pange has just published in the series "Les Grands Evènements Littéraires" (Edgar Malfère) an important and interesting study, "La Découverte de l'Allemagne," by Mme. de Staël. It is full of ideas and facts, some new, all freshly expressed. Nowhere has the long struggle between Napoleon and Mme. de Staël with its alternatives and consequences been more intelligently explained and summed up. Our sympathies are on the side of the great woman writer against the great statesman and captain. I am not quite sure, however, that Mme. de Staël represented the true spirit of individual independence against the forces of collective spirit, political organization, social necessity. She could not live in solitude. Her admiration for England proceeded from an innate desire for order, stability, hierarchy. Her passion for Germany, not at all innate and spontaneous, proceeded from a keen taste for thoroughness, seriousness, mental discipline, and intensity. But, when in England and Germany, she was bored to death. Her sense of individual liberty began and perhaps ended in the salon atmosphere. Madame de Pange's discretion as regards her glorious relative's psycho-physiology does not prevent her from noting *l'ennui essentiel* of Mme. de Staël's nature. She explains it by "the incurable and fatal melancholy of genius that passes on this earth without meeting its peers." This is the truly romantic view of a truly romantic disease.

In the "Cahiers de la Nouvelle Journée" (Bloud et Gay), M. J. E. Fidao-Justiniani begins the publication of his several studies on the question "Qu'est-ce qu'un Classique?" The first volume, "Le Héros, ou Du Génie," makes me wonder whether Mr. Fidao is not going to renew on many points our idea of classicism and our conception of what is a classic period. He is quiet, modest, unassuming. But it is a long time since anybody has written about the seventeenth century in that spirit of discovery, liberty, boldness, and exactitude. Mr. Fidao's reading is immense, and his quotations illuminating. From under the surface, he brings up revolutionary texts and notions. The so-called second-rate authors supply him with first-rate arguments. That book deserves the full attention of whoever is concerned with the teaching and study of Latin literatures.

"France, where never a poet was born," is not the France that I know. I find in André Salmon's "Carreaux" (Nouvelle Revue Française) a contemporary expression of that elfishness and fantasy which is supposed to be the essence of poetry, and the privilege of northern literatures. I have already mentioned Jaques Dyssord as another authentic rediscoverer of the marvellous. Salmon is an art critic. To him, everything is poetry. And yet he writes: *"Peindre.—C'est plus que voir—Peindre,—C'est concevoir."* That coexistence of an intense feeling of liberty and the desire for organization is significant. You find it in Meyerson's philosophy, Bourget's literary ethics, and also in some of the crudest productions of adolescent authors. The reaction against incongruity comes from both sides.

André Breton's "Nadja" (Nouvelle Revue Française) is a short but very significant tale. If surréalism (of which Breton is the prophet) was a definable doctrine, "Nadja" could be called the masterpiece of surréalism. In vain it celebrates the convulsiveness of beauty in art. The composition of "Nadja" is not spasmodic. It is founded on two or three general ideas, all derived from one conception of psychology.

In "Inhumains," by Jacques Sahel, you will find a most instructive and dramatic picture of our financial and industrial circles. Some of Sahel's portraits are easily recognizable. "Pique-Puce," by Louis Chaffurin, one of the two rare instances of French novels founded on the real life of real artisans, deserves to be read and remembered. Henri Deberly's "Tombes sans Lauriers" is of a higher quality, and its success shows that books on the war are no longer unread and unwanted.

"Les Faux Amis" (Vuibert), by Messrs. Koessler et Derocquigny, is a useful, if somewhat arbitrary, selection of those pairs of words, French and English, similar in form, different in sense, which are the occasion of so many horrible or simply laughable malapropisms. M. Felix Boillot, reviewing "Les Faux Amis" in the *French Quarterly*, Vol. 10, No. 4 (Williams & Norgate, London), has quoted many still falser friends, and commented on their falsity with much gusto. Why is "foreigner" pejorative in English? How is it that in Latin countries the epithet oftenest and most spontaneously coupled with *étranger* is "noble," whereas in England it is "bloody"?

Why did Jean Richepin translate Alan Seeger's "To the Kid Sister"—"You were only a kid, little sister"—by *"Au petit cabri de sœur"*—*"Vous n'étiez qu'une biquette, petite sœur. . . ."*

Speaking in England last year (not in Russia), what devil inspired the respectable and spectacled lady speaker to exclaim: *"Je suis nationalisée"* instead of *"naturalisée?"* Imagine the stupor of the French mother hearing that her daughter's schoolmates wear a "pig-tail" (*une queue de cochon*, she said, indignantly), and the glee of the Archbishop reading in a French schoolboy's magazine (English translation department) about *Le Grand Singe* (Primate) of Canterbury.

These and many other expressions M. Boillot and MM. Koessler and Derocquigny explain and comment upon. But they do not incriminate the real culprits, the school dictionaries, French-English and English-French. In one of the most used in American universities, I have been shown: *eau de vaisselle* translated by "thin broth," instead of "dish-water." And there are dozens more of the same kind.

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Bud on Trash

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

"OH Gosh! Let'em have trash, Mother, all they want, and get enough of it!"

So spoke with Olympian adolescent certainty the boy with a book under his arm. He had blundered into the room where, over the tea-cups, an anxious adult discussion about books for children was being held between his mother and the conscientious librarian of the local library.

"But Bud, trash—those silly wild-west stories—they're so frightfully untrue to life," protested the librarian.

"Oh, so long as they don't know its trash, it doesn't hurt them!" said the sixteen-year-old mentor, "and as soon as they get wise to it, they drop it."

He sat down, reaching a St. Bernard paw across the sandwich plate. A metaphysical idea seemed fluttering an iridescent wing over the tea-table. The boy's mother looked at him as he sat, carelessly dropping the small lady-sandwiches into his mouth as if they were nickels and he a slot-machine, and reflected that, sure enough, the house was no longer littered with Tarzans, Four-Motor-Boat-Boys, nor Tom Swifts. And this was a change for which his family could take no credit. Family fulminations against them, and family exhortations to read at least one of the classics for children, had rattled for years about his ears. But as long as he had wanted to read the "Boy Scouts of the Amazon River," that was what he had read. Remembering this, his mother felt an unwilling admiration for his strength of purpose.

And now, moved by some inner rhythm of his own, he had turned into somebody else, sat up late reading "The Last of the Vikings," glued himself to "Red Rust," had to be torn away from a book describing Cretan excavations, had loaned the family "Henry Esmond" to his best friend, and—what was the book under his arm now? "Clayhanger!"

If only, she thought, the processes of the young were conscious enough so that you could ask them straight out how such things happened! But, of course, buried in subconscious reflexes as these mysteries were—(she was quite a modern mother).

Bud robustly set about unreeling reflexes from his interior with as careless a nonchalance as a conjuror pulling rabbits out of hats; "I bet a nickel the reason you jump on trash for kids so much is because you've forgotten what fairy-stories sound like when you believe them. Now *I* can remember, just as well, when I did believe every word of them. When the Giant got after Hop o' my Thumb, it scared my gizzard out, almost. I used to hope—oh, till I was quite a big kid going to school—that a Brownie would come and do things for me at night. I've taken the cat's saucer of milk and set it in my room for the Brownie, many's the night. Well, you know how fairy stories are—something exciting happening every minute. When it isn't a toad jumping out of somebody's mouth, it's a bird telling you how to double-cross the witch that's laying for you, or an ogre big enough to hop the ocean in one jump."

"But"—said the librarian, shocked, "what a literal, unimaginative way to take fairy stories. They're *folk-lore!*"

"How did you suppose kids took them?" inquired Bud. "I bet kids take them the way the folks that made them up meant them to be taken, too." His mother scented a repressed fear, grievance—what *is* it that is repressed? Oh, yes, a repressed complex, lurking under Bud's brawny exterior. "Why, son," she said anxiously, "did I do wrong to give you fairy-stories to read? Do you think children get false ideas of life from *them?*"

Bud swept the contents of the bonbon dish into one palm, eating as he talked. "Gosh no!" he affirmed. "Kids little enough for fairy-stories—you couldn't give them any ideas about life, true or false, because they haven't got any experience to hook it onto. What *would* you give 'em to read? They don't know enough about folks yet to have any interest in them, surely."

"But look here," said his mother in some bewilderment. "How'd we get to talking about fairy-stories, anyhow? I thought we were talking about trash."

"Well, this is the way I size it up. After a while, even a kid can see that fairy-tales aren't so. He never does see a giant, no Brownie ever comes 'round to play with him, no bird ever tells him a darned thing, and the only thing that ever drops out of his mouth is a tooth. And that's where he gets through with fairy-tales.

"But is he ready for real books yet? Guess again. He's all geared up to the kind of goings-on he's had in fairy-tales. What little Rollo does, tagging after Grandpa on the farm, sounds like pretty poor pickings after throwing down a hair from a Giant's beard and having it turn into a sea. What that kid is looking for is fairy-tales about real things. He still doesn't know much about real things, and it doesn't bother *him* any that Tom Swift always comes out on top, and that the Motor-Boat Boys do explorations with one hand that would have tied Stefansson up in knots. So he gives himself a good, long course in *trash!* But all the time this kid keeps getting more sense knocked into him, keeps seeing over and over how real folks really act and what they honest-to-goodness are likely to do. And by and by there comes a time when his new fairy stories sound foolish to him. The cowboy slings his lasso from the top of a cliff and fishes his faithful horse up to him, maybe, and the kid says, 'The man that wrote this book must take me for a sucker.'

"And then he's *through.* That kid is inoculated. He'll never catch that disease any more. You needn't worry about him. He's nobody's sucker from that day on.

"And, Golly, Mother, if you knew how a fellow *appreciates* a decent book when he's had a good long course of trash. There isn't an English prof in the country knows *how* to appreciate it, as he does."

Reviews

RUMBLING WINGS. By ARTHUR C. PARKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.

THE BOOK OF INDIAN CRAFTS AND INDIAN LORE. By JULIAN HARRIS SALOMON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $3.50.

CO-GE-WE-A. By MOURNING DOVE. Boston: Four Seas. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

IN "Rumbling Wings," Arthur C. Parker, himself an Indian, supplies precisely the literary quality which is most often missing from the American ensemble, the twinkling touch of wise whimsicality. In this group of retold Iroquois legends reappear the delightful Skunny-Wundy and the Indian village types that have been lost from so many books of Indian tales through the detestable practice, which has too long characterized American use of aboriginal material, of reshaping it to European models. These are authentic Indian tales retold by Indian elders to modern Indian children, losing none of their native flavor by native recognitions of the intrusion of white intelligence into the world of Indian thought. Although "Rumbling Wings" is primarily intended as a book for children's entertainment, I have no hesitancy in recommending it for class work in advanced literary study, for in it are to be found those distinctive American qualities which creep up into our literature from the sod, qualities which we recognize only in their gross exaggerations as Mark Twain has given them to us. In it the Americanisms are subdued to that mysterious titillating approach so loved of children, which makes of the American forest a wonderland as much more appealing to the American child as it is more familiar than the foreign background of European tales.

What is so delightfully communicated in "Rumbling Wings" is none the less competently, but practically, given in Mr. Salomon's "Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore." Prefacing his volume with an excellent culture map of Indian tribes, and copiously illustrating it with photographs and drawings, Mr. Salomon describes and develops the art of Indian craft in a way immensely stimulating to the young craftsman. Although there are many such books on the market, Mr. Salomon has contrived by original choice of articles to be made, and by the clarity of his directions and the quality of his illustrations, to make his book indispensable to boy and girl activities all over the country. Also he manages to do this without any of the syncopations and confusing of cultures which many previous attempts to popularize Indian crafts for children have been guilty of. Many of the illustrations, salvaged from early travels and out-of-print records not accessible to the general reader, are worth whole chapters of written description. The book also includes the best analysis and practical guide to Indian dance steps which has yet been offered. Probably there is no way of translating the wild beauty and the unique quality of Indian dancing into stage directions, but Mr. Salomon has at least provided a competent approach for young people.

Incidentally, he has provided the approach to an appeal which is about to be made to the Government and the people of the United States, to make use of the Indians themselves in the instruction of young people, in summer camps and outdoor schools, to preserve for our youth the charm and interest of the woods and the plains. Mr. Salomon's book is one of the best arguments yet put forward for making use of Indians as Indians in place of our fumbling attempts to convert them into dull day laborers at unfamiliar and unremunerative tasks, while at the same time we expensively train white teachers to educate our boys and girls in the making of Indian artifacts, and singing and dancing out of books.

In "Co-ge-we-a the Half-blood" we have an interesting venture of the half-Indian toward accomplishing an adjustment of the two races which shall be less bitterly unhappy for the aboriginal. The author, Mourning Dove, is an Okonogan with an American education, who has written a romantic story of the Montana cattle range, profoundly touched with the pathos, humor, and tragedy of the half-breed. There is enough of the open country and the rough life of the West to interest the young reader, and perhaps enough versimilitude to create a genuine reaction of sympathy in the reader's mind. But one cannot escape the conviction that the real tragedy of the half-breed, or of the white-educated Indian mind, is the one unconsciously revealed in this book. . . . A hybrid book.

Commendable as a *tour de force*, Co-ge-we-a is neither an Indian epic nor an American novel; the story is clouded with the burden of oppression and the plea baffled by the want of any clear conception of the quality of the desired relief. It is, taken as a whole, merely another witness to the failure of white education to "place" the Indian effectively in the "American" scheme of things. Nevertheless, the American young person of to-day should be given a chance to read it. Perhaps it is spiritual hybridization that ails the younger generation of our own people.

MIDNIGHT TREASURE. By WILLIAM ROLLINS, JR. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

WITH the publication of this book a new entertainment for the maturer boy begins, for Mr. Rollins, who went to war at eighteen and served with the French Army for the duration of the conflict, comes with gifts of a remarkable variety. The present story is treasure fourfold. First it is a mystery tale excellent in its ability to surprise. Here also is adventure peaked up into situations so tense that Jim Hawkins's best moments are remembered as rather pastoral beside them. Thirdly, the book carries a dozen or more characters, Jack Gaylor's friends and enemies, who live with very real friendliness or ferocity, and balance each other most agreeably. Pop Olsen, for example, whose body you touch still warm in death; and the villain squad, with Mick easily the Jesse James of the lot; and Mrs. Murdock who dressed "all in black on account of losing her husband in the Spanish War, he falling off the train, dead drunk, on the way there," and Mr. George, whom among all those wicked ones, you thank God for; and Pete—who but the serious humorist that Mr. Rollins is would make the action hinge on an Indian from Philadelphia? This brings us to the fourth endowment of this rich juvenile, its humor.

Jack Gaylor tells his own story, Jack being the "town bum" of New Paris, Colorado. The plot, surprisingly, deals with the old machinery of treasure, a torn map, a cave, and the ultimate chest of turquoises. This would be disappointing were it not for Jack. His hard-boiled insights delivered in slang or descriptions of unconscious poetry, give the narrative its humorous warmth and make the action irresistible. Gaylor has a tough hide but a tolerant heart. His eyes see everything, his tongue gives it a rare twist, and the chapters dealing with the commonplace are real achievement. So justly is life transcribed that one accepts the profanity, although some parents will shake heads.

Certainly here is an author to look forward to for further treasure. Jack Gaylor must reappear, preferably in the more ordinary circumstances which elicit his shrewdest humor and make him worthy of serious discussion.

JOHNNY APPLESEED AND OTHER POEMS. By VACHEL LINDSAY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPHINE PINCKNEY

THE publishers of this book list their selection of Vachel Lindsay's poems among their classics for children from ten to twelve, but it is really suitable for children of all ages. In fact, many of the poems are labelled for the very, very young, though these are not the ones that will give the book its wide appeal. These poems written for children fail somehow to charm one adult, which is a criterion to the extent that she has often noticed that the books children dog-ear usually say something to the child surviving in the grown-up. But the poems in this book that were written, presumably, for adults are perfect for children, even the infantile.

To be sure, youngsters will miss the thread and implication of "The Congo" and "The Chinese Nightingale," but this is no more important than that a child reading "Alice's Adventures" misses the satire. The adventures satisfy time. When Lindsay addresses himself to mature minds he writes of the things children love — Indians, dragons, witch-doctors, circuses—because they generally please him and then he is richly successful.

His presentation of his subjects, whether fabulous or comical, is intensely real; he gives the child pictures in three dimensions. His poems are full of the rush of buffalos stampeding, motors burning up the highway, cakewalks, riding about on dragons; they are bright with the sound and color of green festoons and red balloons, yellow grass, and orange trees that grow in sand as white as glass, ebony palaces inlaid with gold and ivory and elephant-bone. He excels in noise, in boom-boom-boom, and words that sizzle, with delicate tunes strung between. He has the courage to write of motor-horns in the grand manner and to call the vulgar the human.

Lindsay's claim to be a preacher of the gospel of beauty may be open to dispute among those who feel that preaching blackens the petal-edges of so delicate a flower, but his broad conception of beauty will be good training for the infant esthete. The book is profusely illustrated, though illustrations seem superfluous for poems that are pictures in their own right.

CRUSADERS' GOLD. By ANNE D. KYLE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.

THIS book follows the tradition of the dearly loved *St. Nicholas* girls' serial story, but Miss Kyle has not escaped the tendency of writers for girls either to lapse into sentimentality or else to bend over backwards and launch upon impossibly melodramatic adventures. In spite of vivid incidents and authentic local color the book lacks continuity.

The story concerns the daughter of an American archæologist in Palestine. Her rather prosaic experiences as a newcomer are finally linked up through her father's research, with an "Arabian Nights" hunt for lost treasure. The two elements are, however, incompletely fused. Daphne's contacts with two nice Scotch missionary children and an English boy are not made significant in the general action until so late that a sudden crowding in of confessions and discoveries is necessary to catch up with the plot. Such a figure as Mr. Manning puts the dignified pursuit of archæology in a slightly lurid light which might be misleading to children. He smacks too much of the made-to-order villain and makes one suspect Miss Kyle of careless thinking as well as careless writing. One wishes that she had either studied her plot more thoroughly or else given more historical background and foreign atmosphere with which she is evidently familiar.

For the book is not without interesting possibilities. Miss Kyle knows Palestine and manages to make her setting and some of the individual incidents both vivid and convincing. She has made interesting use of the figure of Colonel Lawrence and her bandits and fakers of antiques are evidently drawn from life. Her failure lies in welding her material into a plausible whole.

(*Continued on page* 928)

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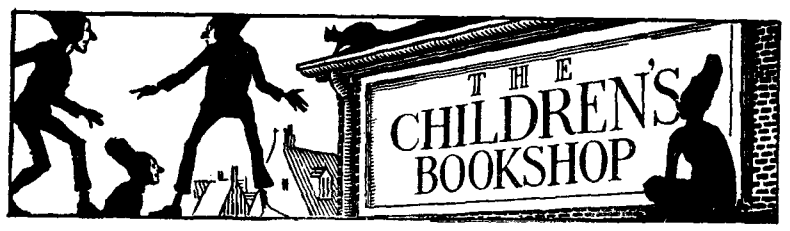

(*Continued from page 926*)

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

IT is really rather ridiculous to begin by saying that Spring is here, since anyone with any sense at all knows it already by the cherry trees, balloons, and crowded benches in the park, and by the number of flower-cart men, hurdy-gurdys, traveling merry-go-rounds, and old women with baby carriages full of pretzels one meets in other, less select, parts of town. Then, too, the circus is back, and we have been to it. Yes, we have seen Colleano, the greatest master of tight-rope dancing, and the four Wallendahs in the "most hazardous and sensational high-wire feature ever seen on earth." Of course, we could not look at them through the death-defying part. We never can. We much preferred to see Gunga, the East Indian elephant, carry Yasso, his keeper, in his mouth by the head. Gunga was so gentle and considerate we almost shouldn't have minded such a ride ourselves. Then there were "the world's most remarkable educated sea-lions," to whom we gave ourselves whole-heartedly. The youngest of these was evidently making his début to the ring, and it almost was more than he could bear to stay put on his box while the others performed. It took his trainer, three keepers, and we would hardly like to say how many raw fish, to get him to go into the cage again.

Speaking of circuses, it seems strange that while some book about them for children is published nearly every year, none has ever managed to be quite all it ought to be. Of course, there was "Toby Tyler." That was a rattling good tale (we can still remember quite vividly the part where the monkey died), and there are some others as well, but nothing one could exactly call a classic.

Perhaps there will be one to take the prize which Horace Liveright, originator and founder with Albert Boni of the Modern Library, is offering for the best manuscript to start off his latest series, the Modern Library for Boys and Girls. This prize will be $2,500, and all entries must be submitted by December 1st, 1929. The aim of this new enterprise is to publish modern books for young people, worthy of a place alongside standard juvenile classics. Those chosen will be passed upon by an advisory board of such distinguished critics and educators as Mary Austin, May Lamberton Becker, Dr. Will Durant, and others. Mary Frank, until recently superintendent of the Extension Division of the New York Public Library, will head this latest addition to the ever increasing list of established Juvenile Departments.

Another change in this particular line is Katherine Ulrich's move from the offices of Coward-McCann, where she has been in charge of the children's books for the past year, to head the new Junior Literary Guild. The town seems to be fairly teeming with young people's book-of-the-month clubs. We keep hearing of them on every side. But this one must not be confused with the Junior Book Club, sponsored by the Junior League, which we believe we are right in saying was the first to put such a plan into practice. Miss Ernestine Evans, who has been associated with Coward-McCann since that firm began operations and who before that was personally responsible for some of the most interesting children's book week numbers of the *New Republic*, will conduct the department as well as continuing her other editorial activities with the company.

A post card has just come from Louise H. Seaman, who is about to return from a wedding trip in Spain. The card is postmarked Gibraltar, but she assures us that she will be back at the Macmillan Company offices in time to see that nothing disastrous happens to the dummy of our favorite future juvenile. The title? That's telling.

Two especially pleasant things came our way last month. For one, Wilbur Macy Stone invited us to have dinner at East Orange and see all his newest treasures in the way of early juvenilia. Those who have been reading Mr. Stone's articles on old children's books lately appearing in these columns may have some idea of what such an evening can mean. Only by summoning great will power can one remember when the time comes to take the last train home. From this visit we bore back in triumph a sand-toy, one of those mechanical devices for which we have long languished. This is not an antique, though there are several such in Mr. Stone's toy collection, but the little cardboard acrobat goes through his motions according to the same formula. You shake the box and sand mysteriously flows over a little unseen wheel, rather on the principle of an hour glass. Well, we are not mechanically minded and cannot explain very well, but for ourselves at least we much prefer him to live, and rather less dependable, acrobats.

The other good thing we started to write about is Laura Benét's new book of verse, "Noah's Dove," exquisite inside and out, with its hepatica-blue covers and silver-gray backing. Just the colors for "Noah's Dove" to wear, and the poem itself is a joy. We should hate to say how many times we have read it. Here, too, are more of Miss Benét's rare and irresistible animal portraits, "Tadpoles," "Cushy Cow," "Little Fishes in Glass Dishes," and many more in different vein. Her verse is always fine-spun, as clear-cut and varied of pattern as the frost tracings on a window pane in winter. While the poems are not, taken as a whole, suitable for the very young, still there are some that should be in every child's anthology, along with De la Mare, Emily Dickinson's nature poems, Christina Rosetti, and others. We almost forgot to say that "Noah's Dove" has been brought out by Doubleday, Doran in a limited edition at five dollars.

Reviews

PILGRIMS, INDIANS, AND PATRIOTS. By RANDOLPH G. Adams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Publication. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is no inconsiderable praise for this volume to say that both the letter-press and illustrations are more interesting than in its predecessor, "The Gateway to American History." The pictures are of course the reason for the book's existence. They begin with John Smith's map of New England and an old sketch of the sperm whale from the *London Magazine;* they end with a contemporaneous drawing of the surrender at Yorktown. All the treasures of the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor, of which Mr. Adams is librarian, have been ransacked for illustrations bearing upon colonization, the wars of the French and English, and the Revolution. While a few of these are familiar, like Hogarth's picture of a debtor's prison, and several have little or no historical value, like Chappel's hackneyed and imaginative "Valley Forge," the majority are fresh enough to be of value to the specialist as well as to the general reader.

Here we may study the pictures from *Hennepin's Journal* (1704), including the earliest drawing of Niagara Falls, and the sketch of the building of the first sailing vessel on Lake Erie; some curious and enlightening pictures from the *Universal Magazine* upon colonial industry—a cotton plantation, a sugar mill, a clothweaving establishment; the cross-section of a seventeenth-century ship from Coronelli's "Atlas" (1696); the pictures of a frontier blockhouse and a colonial sawmill from *Anburey's Journal*, and rare contemporary drawings of Lexington and Bunker Hill. One is at a loss to decide whether the most amusing picture is "New England Fathers Singing Psalms," from the "New England Psalm-Singer" of 1770, or the incomparable bit of nature-faking in Moll's wood-cut of beavers at work on the Niagara River, from his "Map of North America in 1715." Since there are no calendared plates in the volume, the reproduction is often distinctly crude, but the loss on this account is less than might be supposed.

Mr. Randolph's text is addressed to juvenile readers. As it should be, it is simple, clear, and easy in style, with emphasis on the drama and color in our national record. This volume and the "Gateway" should admirably serve their purpose of interesting many youngsters of grammar-school age in American history. The author treats of the founding of New England and Pennsylvania (but not Virginia); of the explorations by the French; of the fur trade, the whale and cod fisheries, and the plantation system; of pirates, buccaneers, and smugglers; of log cabins and frontier warfare; of the navigation system, the Stamp Act, and the tea-parties, and of the military operations of the Revolution. As history it is not well proportioned, for the text has to follow the illustrations, but it never fails to be interesting. For the benefit of older readers, Mr. Adams would have done well to include a bibliography and a short critical note of appendix on his pictures.

PIONEERS OF FREEDOM. By McALISTER COLEMAN. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

THIS book runs counter to the current fashion in biography. Instead of tending to belittle the personages whom it presents, or at least to play up their defects, it frankly depicts them as heroes. It was written, says Norman Thomas in his Introduction, "to meet a definite need—the need for new heroes for the young people of America." What Mr. Thomas means, however, is a need, not simply for new heroes, but for a new kind of hero. He discloses the real purpose of the volume when he states that its author was asked by the Pioneer Youth Literature Committee "to prepare a number of short biographies of men and women who have fought for the freedom of the workers of this country after their own manner."

Mr. Coleman has interpreted his commission rather freely, for his "men and women" are nine men and one woman, Frances Wright. Among the men, moreover, is Thomas Jefferson, who can hardly be characterized as a "new hero" and whose inclusion is doubly strange in view of Mr. Thomas's caustic remark, "Our children know all about the politicians, business men, and warriors who stride through the pages of every school text-book." If there is a politician who strides through the pages of every school text-book more conspicuously than the author of the Declaration of Independence, it would be interesting to know his name.

Just as novels "with a purpose" are apt to suffer in their artistry from the intrusion of an extraneous element, so biographies "with a purpose" are almost certain to present a somewhat one-sided view of their subjects. Mr. Coleman's series of portraits may be valuable as a corrective of hostile representations, but at least half of them need a similar corrective themselves. The fairest sketches are those of Thomas Paine and Charles Steinmetz. The one of John Mitchell would deserve to be included in this category if it did not wander from biography into an account of the general struggle between the coal operators and the miners, with the result that one of the most dramatic and inspiring figures in our industrial history is submerged.

Mr. Coleman has the gift of graphic delineation, and he uses it with particular effectiveness when he begins a sketch with a scene in the life of his hero. His biographies of Wendell Phillips and Eugene V. Debs are especially interesting—whatever may be thought of their impartiality—because he carries this method steadily through them. In adition to the persons mentioned, Mr. Coleman treats of John P. Altgeld, Henry George, and Samuel Gompers.

HOW YOU BEGAN: A Child's Introduction to Biology. By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $1.50.

Reviewed by BEATRICE GESELL

THIS small primer containing some ninety-five pages written in a direct, lucid, and interesting style, is an admirable summary of the deevlopment of the human body. The child who reads it will find many of his questions in regard to birth and life answered intelligently and with a due regard for truth. He will be introduced to individual differences, and to the complexities of evolution in terms which he can understand. He will feel the inescapable necessity for growth and change inherent in all life, and realize at the same time that evolution is a process which may also include living backwards and so result in arrest and destruction.

The book contains significant departures from the usual treatment of evolution which add strength and scientific value to it. The obvious similarities in the embryonic development of animal and man are clearly stated, but are ingeniously accompanied by a discriminating regard for the more profound differences which have a genetic reference to man's superiority and promise. The survival of the fittest, so often merely a treatise on brute strength, is tempered by a recognition of the contribution of the weak who overcome their initial handicap. The long period of helplessness in the human infant which necessitates protection within the body of the mother is related to the evolution of mind and to changes in behavior values rather than to the satisfactions of mutual intimacy. Such a clear-cut story of the development of the human body might have included a more significant reference to sex. The setting for such a discussion is peculiarly appropriate. Perhaps we may look forward to this in a sequel.

The story of the differentiation of body cells and the division of labor among them, resulting in specialization and increase of power, is concretely put, but without sufficient emphasis upon the interdependence of mind and body. There is a dichotomy in the treatment of "thinking and doing" which results perhaps from the complexity of the subject rather than from any intent on the part of the author. The discussion of death is starkly pragmatic and scarcely defensible, but the book contains valuable information treated in a highly original manner.

The illustrations by Thoron MacVeagh are decorative and enliven the text.

Why not replace some of the aimless, reiterative, early readers with a book with substance like this one?

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WITH THE INDIANS IN THE ROCKIES. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

FATHER TAKES US TO NEW YORK. By GRACE HUMPHREY. Penn. $2.

CANADA'S STORY. By H. C. MARSHALL. Nelson. $1.25.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN SOUTH AMERICA. By WALTER LEFFERTS. Lippincott. $1.50.

Belgium

A BOY OF BRUGES. By EMILE and TITA CAMMAERTS. Dutton. $2.

England

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO LONDON. By A. A. METHLY. Brentano. $2.75.

ENGLAND AND WALES. By JOHN FINNEMORE. Macmillan. $1.25.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO ENGLAND AND WALES. By MARIAN M. GEORGE. Flanagan. $1.

France

THE CARTER CHILDREN IN FRANCE. By C. JOHNSON. Dodd, Mead. $2.

ONCE IN FRANCE. By MARGUERITE CLEMENT. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Germany

FRITZ IN GERMANY. By ETHEL BLAISDELL and JULIA DALRYMPLE. Describes pre-war life. MacDonald, Little, Brown. $1.25.

Holland

DUTCH DAYS (Child Life in Holland). By MARY EMERY HALL. Dodd, Mead. $2.

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THE CHILDREN'S BOOK of Celebrated Buildings, Pictures, Sculpture, Bridges, Towers. By LORINDA MUNSON BRYANT. Century. Each, $2.50.

YOUNG AMERICA TRAVELS ABROAD. By MARGERY GREENBIE and HELEN DAVIS. Stokes. $3.

ROUND THE WONDERFUL WORLD. By G. E. MITTON. Nelson. $3.

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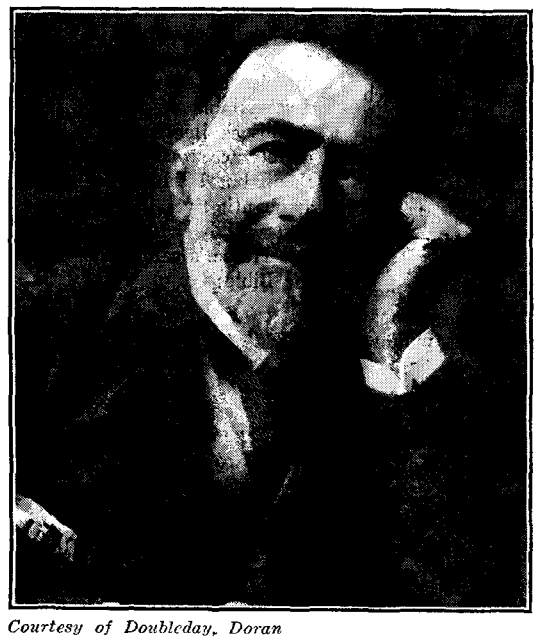

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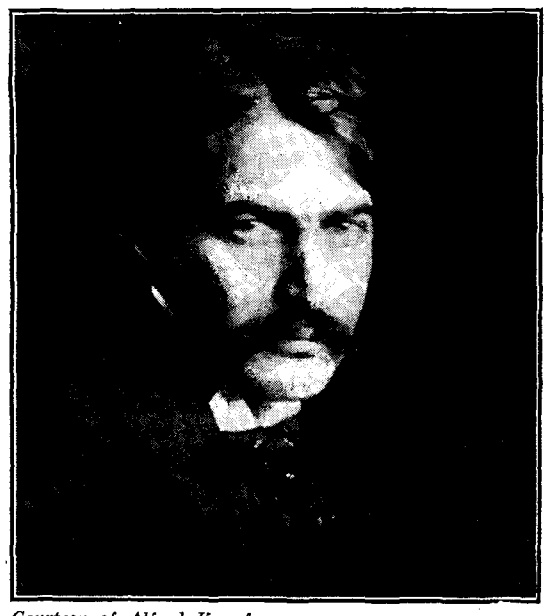
JOSEPH CONRAD



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STEPHEN CRANE

Letters of JOSEPH CONRAD *to* STEPHEN *and* CORA CRANE

THE BOOKMAN has acquired for publication a rich store of hitherto unknown STEPHEN CRANE material, both by him and about him. The first selection from this material, three new poems by Stephen Crane, are in the April issue. In May and June will appear a series of remarkable letters recording the intimacies of a famous literary friendship, the letters of Joseph Conrad to Stephen and Cora Crane.

When Stephen Crane went to live in England, he was eagerly welcomed by the foremost men of letters. But it was with Joseph Conrad that he achieved the intimacy that his restless, sensitive nature always needed. Conrad was years older, but his literary career had just begun, while Crane, in spite of his youth, was a "veteran." They spent many days of comradeship, discussing their art, planning work together. The record of this remarkable friendship has been preserved in a revealing series of letters, only recently discovered, which will be published in the May and June numbers of *The Bookman*.

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Points of View

A Forgotten Novelist

To the Editor of The *Saturday Review:*
Sir:

As a lover of the stories of William Carleton, the great Irish writer, I greatly lament the circumstance that his name and his works seem to be dying. In my opinion, Carleton ranks with Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and other great novelists. Probably no writer has excelled Carleton as a depicter of the religion, morals, manners, and traits of a race of people. Ireland and the world owe a great debt to Carleton. Samuel Lover, Charles Lover, and others have written entertainingly of Ireland and the Irish people; but none of them possessed the intimate knowledge of Ireland and of its people and language that Carleton possessed. None of them had Carleton's dramatic qualities, his strong religious sense and devotional piety, his ethical qualities, his tender pathos, his strong, deep emotions. In humor, too, he stands high. Samuel Lover's humor, though perhaps more laughter-provoking than Carleton's, is rather farcical in character, and not of the genuine, natural, high order of Carleton's humor. Carleton was also a great stylist. His descriptive writing, somewhat in Addison's style, flows on calmly, placidly, sedately, through embowered fields; but when he begins to probe the emotions, and to depict some powerful dramatic scene, his style changes, becomes simple, strong, direct, and reveals the hand of a master of the human heart. What could be more beautiful than the following short extract from "Fardarougha the Miser," the earliest of his long stories?

> She gave, as she uttered the words, a slight sob, which turned their attention once more to her, but they saw at once, by the brilliant sparkle of her eyes, that it was occasioned by the unexpected influx of delight and happiness which was accumulating around her heart.

Read the scene at the bedside of the dying Ellish between her and her grief-stricken husband, Peter, in "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." It is one of the most moving, gripping scenes of pathos in all literature. In fact, one reason why Carleton's stories seem to be falling into a state of desuetude may be the very circumstance that he stirs up the emotions too powerfully. He wrings one's very heart. However, his stories generally end happily. Virtue is rewarded, and vice is punished, in the good old style that the greatest novelists adopt.

A beautiful feature of Carleton's writings is his frequent use of the warm-hearted Gaelic, a language so full of terms of affection and endearment: "A suilish machree" (light of my heart), "Acushla agus asthore machree" (the very pulse and delight of my heart), "Acushla oge machree! manim asthee hu!" (Young pulse of my heart, my soul is within thee), "A Vahr dheelish" (sweet mother), etc. Can any language match the Irish for the expression of every tender, beautiful chord of love that sweeps the harpstrings of the heart?

CHARLES HOOPER.
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

Good Texts

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In a recent issue of the *Review* Professor E. E. Leisy called attention to the inaccuracies which mar many of the cheaper editions of English and American classics. He suggested that the cause for such carelessness lay in the meagerness of the pay received by the editors. That that is one of the causes I do not doubt, but there are others, some of which are more nearly fundamental than the one which he mentioned.

The publishing of textbooks is a commercial venture; teachers of literature should not expect publishers to take greater care to furnish perfect texts than teachers take to secure them. We shall be able to obtain better texts for our classes when we create an intelligent demand for them. I offer some suggestions:

(1) We must teach our graduate students—most of whom will soon be teaching and selecting texts—to know the characteristics of a good edition. The average college teacher in the United States is not as careful as Professor Leisy; far too many instructors choose texts for class use after a superficial examination, or trust to the publishers' traveling salesmen to make their choices for them. A study of bibliography (in both of the common uses of the word) should be required of every graduate student of literature. He should be required to acquaint himself with the best editions available in the field in which he is interested; he should be taught a method of criticism of the new editions which appear, and he should be encouraged to appeal to specialists for advice when he does not have access to a good library.

(2) We must abstain from uncritical endorsement of books which are sent to us for examination. Publishers' circulars are full of hastily written endorsements of miserably edited books. Too often they are written by people who ought to know better.

(3) We must form the habit of telling publishers of our needs. Most of them are glad to publish any books, or issue a new edition, when they are assured of a demand for it. A friend of mine has the habit of saying to me every year or so, "When are you going to give us an edition of such and such a book?" I can only answer, "When you tell some publisher how badly you need it." Publishers will be willing to pay adequately for good editing when more teachers insist upon good editions.

(4) It is the present practice of book review magazines and learned periodicals not to review textbooks. Probably the practice is, in general, sound, but I believe that an excellent edition of a classic is much more important than many new books which are given half a column. Those who wish to obtain the best available texts would welcome the periodical which would attempt to furnish brief but careful reviews of new, authentic editions of English classics.

I trust I have not sought undue space for the discussion of a minor matter. Good teaching is difficult without good editions; a sound scholarship is impossible without them.

J. HOMER CASKEY.
University of Illinois.

Addendum

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I supplement your footnote reference to Fowler's "Modern English Usage" in my communication of March 23rd by calling attention to Dr. George Philip Krapp's "Comprehensive Guide to Good English" (Rand, McNally, 1927)? It is not only a record which takes account of American usage, and therefore of value to us provincials, but it is also much nearer to being an objective picture of actual cultivated usage. Fowler is mordant in wit, but all his contact with the "New Oxford Dictionary" is unable to prevent him from being as opinionated and positive at times as Richard Grant White himself.

Since one or two readers completely missed the point, it might not be amiss to add that the Purists' Glossary was intended as a caricature of the sort of thing in the handbooks, and should not be taken any more seriously than handbooks themselves.

S. A. LEONARD.
University of Wisconsin.

Information Wanted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A request recently to a university librarian that he procure the collected works of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, brought the astonishing answer that the works of this writer could not be obtained *because their importation was prohibited by the United States.*

I say "astonishing answer" because I am at a loss to account for the sort of moral arrogance that must lie behind such prohibition, and I address you in this letter in the hope that some of your readers may know something about the matter, or if not, that perhaps a number of them might be sufficiently interested to begin an investigation of this literary volsteadism.

GEORGE CARVER.
University of Pittsburgh.

Accentual Lines

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In your issue of March 2 Mr. Montague —would that he were here to answer me!— speaks of accidental lines of verse in prose, says that it will be less easy to find an accidental Homeric hexameter than a line of English heroic verse, quotes from the English Bible:

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?
Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them

and then goes on with a challenge "to produce a third one from the Bible, or a single specimen from any other prose classic in any tongue."

Longfellow cited from the Bible:

God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet.

This was, as Longfellow's argument required it to be, an accentual hexameter. Montague evidently feels that accentual hexameters are un-Homeric and prefers the "vain thing" line, which is not so good accentually as Longfellow's selection; yet he is not pedantically formal in his classicism, for in his examples he lets "and" before a consonant be an unaccented syllable of either spondee or dactyl, and he accepts "bit" as first syllable of a foot. In trying to take up his challenge I have found one or two merely accentual lines so good that I include them, but I think part of my list will pass as quantitative. The Homeric quality of my first will be best appreciated by remembering Homer's catalogue of the ships. From the Bible:

Regem, and Jotham, and Gesham, and Pelet, and Ephah, and Shaaph.
Jered the father of Gedor, and Heber the father of Socho.
And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven.
Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast
Done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward; they cannot be reckoned.
O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother!
Perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father.
Saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar.
For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered.

From a title-page

Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.

From the book with that title:

Unconcerned, and not in the least apprehensive danger.
Quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island.
Property; so that I had an undoubted right of dominion.
But above all, the captain admired my fortification.

These are better and worse; but are there not good ones among them?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

Levy versus Smith

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Wish to say I thoroughly enjoyed the article recently printed by Lewisohn, "Levy versus Smith." How to help man? "By lifting from him the burden of his littleness, of his fear." "We need more insistence on the dignity and preciousness of personality, more respect for healthy, beautiful bodies," "The Central point and tragedy of Christianity has been its striving for a peace for the sake of death, never peace for more *abundant life,*" etc. all sounded so like the great intelligence of Nietzsche, that transvaluer of values, I was delighted to mail it *at once* to that greatest of all Moses Levys—*that I know*—Dr. Oscar Levy, Nietzsche's arch disciple.

MCALISTER ATLER.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 58. "What song the sirens sang," said Sir Thomas Browne, "is a matter not altogether beyond conjecture." A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best conjectural song or fragment of the song not exceeding twenty-four lines. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of May 6.)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ON PARADE. By *Eva Hermann.* Edited by *Erich Posselt.* Coward-McCann. $3.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE. By *Adeline Adams.* New York: National Sculpture Society.

SOUNDING STONES OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Philip N. Youtz.* Norton.

Belles Lettres

POT SHOTS AT PEGASUS. By KEITH PRESTON. Covici-Friede. 1929. $2.50.

Keith Preston was a wit, a gifted punster, a shrewd commentator, a columnist of mark and credit. Work that is so charged with current phrases and allusions must lose much of its piquancy in a few years. The verse, which Christopher Morley, in his introduction and the publisher in his "blurb" both quote, is perhaps Preston at his best. It concerns a Chinatown tragedy, and is called "Lapsus Linguæ":

We wanted Li Wing,
But we winged Willie Wong,
A sad but excusable
Slip of the Tong.

But some of the choicest bits are among the pot shots in prose.

Collectors are already collecting American humorists from Ben Franklin down through Naseby, Bill Nye, Burdett, and so on. A critic lately pointed out that Artemus Ward was perhaps the sanest commentator of his time on current political and social affairs, and the historian may come to that general opinion on collected humorists, on columnists as compared with editors. One can imagine him coming from a prolonged comparison of humorists and state documents with the conviction that the substance of reality and balance of wisdom lay in humor rather than in industrious statesmanship. The true collector does not wait for the value of antiquity. He sees and snatches value as it flies, and will do well to add Keith Preston to his shelves.

THE FALL OF HOSIEN THE HOLY. Edited by *Eustace Conway.* Rudge. $3.

THOMAS FULLER: Selections. Edited by *E. K. Broadus.* Oxford University Press. $1.25.

THE GARDENER'S BED-BOOK. By *Richardson Wright.* $2.50.

THE GOOD ESTATE OF POETRY. By *Chauncey Brewster Tinker.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

ON STRAW. By *D. B. Wyndham Lewis.* Edwin C. Mitchell-Coward-McCann.

THE VERSIFICATION OF ROBERT BROWNING. By *Harlan H. Hatcher.* Ohio State University.

COPY. 1929. Appleton. $2.

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY. By *G. R. Elliott.* Princeton University Press. $2.50.

Biography

SCOTLAND'S ROYAL LINE, The Tragic House of Stuart. By GRANT R. FRANCIS. Dutton. 1929. $7.

The author of this book rightly says: "There is little that is absolutely new that one can say, but if the historical facts and accepted anecdotes can be marshalled and narrated in a fresher manner, and the reader's interest held in the oft-told tale, my object will have been achieved." We do not know that the facts have been marshalled in a fresher way, but they have been told with some effort to be fair and not without some ability to give the narrative interest. Mr. Francis takes up every one of the Stuarts in order. When he arrives at James VI of Scotland (James I of England), he goes very fully into the question as to whether James was not the child of the Earl and Countess of Mar. Mary, Queen of Scots, left her young son in the keeping of the Countess. This son may have died, according to the theory; the Countess then, feeling that she would be held responsible, substituted a child of her own, though we do not know that she had a young child. But in 1808 there was found in the wall of Holyrood what may have been the long-concealed body of what might have been the royal child, Mary's real son.

It will be seen that there are many may-have-beens to this story, and the author is too wise to assert that James was a changeling. But he puts side by side contemporary portraits of the Earl of Mar and James VI and I, and it must be admitted that the resemblance is striking. The author also goes with considerable thoroughness into the color of hair and eyes and physiognomy of the earlier Stuarts and concludes that James was unlike any of them. Certain it is that he inherited neither the grace of person nor high-bred beauty of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mr. Francis goes on to deal with Charles I, Charles II, and James II, and says about them nothing very arresting nor very wrong. To the young Chevalier he gives several chapters that are not bad, but about that subject it is always best to go back to Andrew Lang.

The book fills no special purpose, but is honestly done, serves no cult, is animated by no great prejudices, and its many illustrations make it an excellent book to have on the table. One's guests may well be shown the portraits of Mar and James, and then the never threadbare topic of changelings and historical mysteries may be readily started.

THOMAS SHADWELL, HIS LIFE AND COMEDIES. By ALBERT S. BORGMAN. New York University Press. 1929.

Shadwell was pilloried by Dryden, as Colley Cibber by Pope, embalmed in brilliant satire, and chiefly remembered in that quite unfair situation. Neither Shadwell nor Cibber was a dunce at all, but a clever man, a successful dramatist and a noted wit. It was an incident in a dispute, and each victim had his say in reply, but the replies are little known. Cibber's replies are perhaps better known, and in fact are very good reading. Mr. Borgman's volume is an expansion of a doctoral thesis. He has made an exhaustive study of Shadwell's life, and an analysis of each of his thirteen plays. With Mr. Montague Summer's recent edition of Shadwell, the subject seems to be now pretty well covered.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. By *Francis Otto Matthiessen.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

PATRICK HENRY. By *George Morgan.* Lippincott. $3.50.

STENDHAL. By *Paul Hazard.* Coward-McCann. $3.

DAISY, PRINCESS OF PLESS. By *Herself.* Dutton. $5.

NOBEL: DYNAMITE AND PEACE. By *Ragnar Sohlman* and *Henrik Schück.* Translated by *Brian* and *Beatrix Lunn.* Cosmopolitan. $5.

BALZAC IN SLIPPERS. By *Léon Gozlan.* McBride. $3.50.

THE LINEAGE OF LINCOLN. By *William E. Barton.* Bobbs-Merrill. $7.50.

RAYS OF MEMORY. By *Marcu Beza.* Dutton. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

NEW MACMILLAN BOOKS

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"Somebody should offer a prize to the person who can find one dull paragraph in this book. It won't cost a cent."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat* $3.00

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A stimulating book which will cut a clear path for the reader through conflicting opinions and theories of education today. $2.50

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A fearless, provocative discussion of the "medicine man" in ancient cultures and modern education by one of America's foremost sociologists. $2.00

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"Quite out of the ordinary, contagious in its enthusiasm for beauty and a beguiling initiation into the secrets and joys of art." —*Boston Globe* $6.00

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The inspiring story of labor's attempts to bring peace to mankind and make the world one in interests and ideals. $3.00

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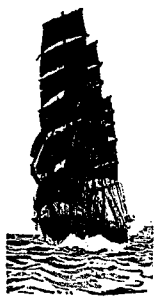

Lola Jean Simpson

TREADMILL

Schoolteaching and the American educational foundry in which America's children are molded or broken are the background of this dramatic story. $2.00

John Rathbone Oliver

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"Few others in contemporary fiction that can measure up to it." —*Edwin Bjorkman* $2.50

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By Darragh Aldrich

"A wholesome tale of the Minnesota lumber camps... Mrs. Aldrich has made her characters most interesting and succeeded in putting into the book the tangy, bracy atmosphere of the woods."—*Philadelphia Ledger* $2.00

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SPRING HIGHLIGHTS FROM CHAPEL HILL

The Tree Named John

By JOHN B. SALE

THE Tree name John was planted when Ai' Betsey first heard that her ole miss was expecting a grandchild. Every new baby had to have his own name and life tree, or dire things would happen. And since the white folks couldn't be expected to carry out the rules, Ai' Betsey had to. She watched the almanac, set out the tree in the dead of night, hid away the knife and the red flannel necessary for an important "birthing," and when the youngster arrived saw him through many a crisis. Here is not just another "Negro book." It does not know a "Harlem movement" exists. And it has humor, authenticity, and poignance.

$2.00

Black Roadways

A Study of Folk Life in Jamaica

By MARTHA W. BECKWITH

IF you like to read about remote places and strange customs, and if you like your information undiluted by imaginary details, you will enjoy this account of how the Jamaica native lives, what he eats, how he grows his food, worships, meets the stranger, buries his dead, educates his young, dances, plays, drives out the duppy—evil spirit—and hearkens to the advice of the Obeah Man. The author, of the Folk Lore Foundation at Vassar, has made several trips to Jamaica.

Illustrated. $3.00

John Henry

Tracking Down a Negro Legend

By GUY B. JOHNSON

JOHN HENRY is the Paul Bunyan of the South. He "died with his hammer in his hand," and the stories of his prowess spread far and wide. Was he man or myth? No one really knows. Did he actually win out in a competition with the first steam drill while driving rock for "Tunnel Number Nine?" Maybe. But whether he lived or was simply the Negro's fabrication of the "natural man," the legends about him make fascinating reading, and the ballads that have sprung up about him are some of the richest in our lore. Guy Johnson is already well known for his previous work with Howard Odum on the folk song of the Negro. $2.00

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The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

BRYAN. By *M. R. Werner.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

MID-CHANNEL. By *Ludwig Lewisohn.* Harpers.

TIBET'S GREAT YOGI MILAREPA. Edited by *W. Y. Evans-Wentz.* Oxford University Press. $6.50.

THE HEART OF HAWTHORNE'S JOURNALS. Edited by *Newton Arvin.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

MR. GAY. By *Oscar Sherwin.* Day. $2.50 net.

PAPERS OF ISAAC HULL. Edited by *Gardner Weed Allen.* Boston Athenæum.

Drama

THE SEARCHER. By *Velona Pilcher.* Doubleday, Doran. $3.50 net.

HE IS RISEN. By *Ethel Bain.* Avondale Press.

JEREMIAH. By *Stefan Zweig.* Viking. $2.50.

BIRD IN HAND. By *John Drinkwater.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

JOURNEY'S END. By *R. C. Sheriff.* Brentano's. $2.

Economics

LABOR AND SILK. By *Grace Hutchins.* International. $2.

LABOR AND AUTOMOBILES. By *Robert W. Dunn.* International. $2.

Education

PERSONALITY ADJUSTMENT OF SCHOOL CHILDREN. By *Caroline B. Zachery.* Scribners.

FUNDAMENTALS OF PHYSICS. By *A. L. Fitch.* Crowell. $2.50.

THE SCHOOL DRAMA IN ENGLAND. By *T. H. Vail Motter.* Longmans.

A DISH FOR THE GODS. By CYRIL HUME. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

Mr. Hume will not add to his reputation by allowing his already friendly public to read his latest novel. Much of his past work has been enjoyable, some of it impressive; we were waiting to see him do a thoroughly good job. But along comes this excessively tiresome novel which threatens to erase the memory of the good work in his four earlier volumes. What of his reputation can be saved?

There are many things the matter with "A Dish for the Gods." First of all, it is not significant. We follow the misfortunes of this Aline Naught, and we leave her at the end of the book without having learned anything more about her than that she is a soft-minded, warm-bodied little slut. Does Mr. Hume imagine for an instant that he has made Aline a real character, a character whose erotic and emotional disturbances mean anything to the reader? Secondly, the novel is sloppy. It shuttles backwards and forwards in time, to the annoyance of the reader, and it is filled with pointless information given at meticulous length. Its ending is not a conclusion, but merely the place where Mr. Hume decided to stop. Judged simply as narrative, it is ineffective. Thirdly, and finally, it is smelly. The writer of this notice is no one to shout "Dirty!" without extreme provocation; he finds "Ulysses" in good enough taste. But this novel by Mr. Hume is preoccupied with the sexual misadventures of a crowd of insignificant, furtively erotic dullards. This sexuality is oppressive, out of all sensible proportion, and, worst crime of all, apparently indulged in for its own sour sake.

Did Mr. Hume intend to show the results of an abnormal childhood? Possibly, for Aline's father had talked to her (between his drinks) of things that fathers do not usually dwell upon, and she had had a viciously stupid mother. Or is the story, perhaps, to show the emotional life of an unnaturally erotic woman? Probably not, for Aline is such a simpleton that an intelligent author could hardly expect her life to expound any doctrine. What then was the reason for this laborious novel? Heaven knows—and perhaps Mr. Hume. It is an almost perfect example of an obscurely ambitious and obviously serious-minded novel gone completely on the rocks.

SAND CASTLE. By WALTER MILLIS. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

This novel is a mixture of observation and generalization—as so many first novels are. The author sketches Greenwich Village and Savannah with the familiarity which comes from intimate acquaintance; even the most minor of his background characters more than suggest actual prototypes. And then suddenly all this authenticity is abandoned and the burden of the novel is carried by three people who are little more than names and who wear theories in lieu of personality.

Jasper Sigourney and Anne Martin are both very serious and they examine their own problems with a meticulous fervor attainable only by those who have never grasped the comic spirit. Against them is placed Cass Morgan whose attitude towards life is responsible for Mr. Millis's title and his ponderous rationalizations are hardly in the nature of a relief from the self-conscious idealism of his two friends. Anne and Jasper first met one evening in Paris after the war, but they parted without learning each other's names. Their second encounter occurs several years later in New York where Jasper is trying to escape the fact of a marriage he cannot believe has happened, and Anne is making her way alone. After a long, perplexed period of association they finally go away together. Cass Morgan follows them and continues to be the *raisonneur;* then quite suddenly he and Anne awaken to the force of their love for each other. She dismisses Jasper, but Cass is consistent and, unable to believe in the promise of joy, will not have her.

Mr. Millis's limitations as a novelist are so apparent that one must stress out of justice the clarity with which he has illumined certain very definite currents in modern thinking. We are left to question the wisdom of attempting a novel with only a bundle of slight experiences, and an impartial array of theories as materials.

HELL'S LOOSE. By ROLAND PERTWEE. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

For the most part, Mr. Pertwee has done well with this melodramatic adventure story. If the ending of the book is not so satisfying as it ought to be, the reason is the great difficulty of resolving certain practically unresolvable situations. Two threads cross and recross to make the story: a British General Strike, and a formula for a gasoline substitute. Marvelously powerful oil companies try to silence the possessor of this formula; they fail to win him, but nevertheless he finds himself fighting by their side against the strikers. There is, of course, the precious little girl who is perfection itself, and there are excitements of all sorts—chases, disappearances, and so on. Mr. Pertwee is shrewd enough to sound the proper note throughout the story; he is gay, humorous, facile, inventive. The only trouble is that he was slightly too inventive for the final good of his plot.

DEAREST IDOL. By WALTER BECKETT. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

This book belongs to that group of novels which forms the chief anxiety of reviewers. It is a fair book, even an acute and interesting one. It is the story of a young man with an overwhelming passion, self-love, which is fed by the devotion of others, his mother, maiden aunt, wife, and dearest friend. He thinks of them in terms of himself alone, and they all conform to this point of view, till suddenly, in a moment of self-revelation, Maisie, the wife, shows herself to his friend Boris as an individual apart from her husband, and they become lovers for a single night. It is the subsequent discovery of this unwonted independence of spirit that shakes Tony out of his discontented self-absorption, gives him some genuine respect for his wife, and saves his soul in part.

There are some really excellent bits of analysis, and a certain recognizable, sensuous joy in the description of Tony's youth, but the high point of the book is reached in the passionate, selfish, pitiful devotion of Tony's "old auntie," Matilda, to whom Tony is the "dearest idol" which she strives, but not too convincingly, to banish from first place in her heart.

Why isn't this a better book? Triviality of subject cannot account for it entirely. The only reason this distressed reviewer can find lies in treatment of character. One feels that Matilda is real; Tony is a nice piece of analysis, but not wholly convincing as a person; Maisie is inconsistent, and Boris is a figurehead.

SUMMER LIGHTNING. By GEORGE F. HUMMEL. Liveright. 1929. $2.50.

The accomplished Mr. Hummel here experiments with a novel of the pure adventure species—his first appearance in that field—and brings off a brilliant success. Harris, correspondent in Italy for an American press syndicate and the narrator of the story, becomes deeply involved in the mystery enveloping the murder of a Marchesa and the wounding of her husband, a prominent Fascist. Also implicated in the affair are the latter's discarded mistress, a beautiful Albanian, and a Montenegrin patriot, both of whom are secretly combating the forces of alien aggression in their native lands. The sinister designs of Italy upon the Balkans embroil the principal characters in a conflict of intrigue which leads the nations involved to the verge of war. In the racing course of the story, Mr. Hummel discloses a glowing style and graphic description more appropriate to fiction less sensational.

German Presses

By WILLY WIEGAND

(The following article is part of an address delivered by Dr. Willy Wiegand at the opening of the Grolier Club Exhibit of printing from modern German presses.)

THE books of the Grolier Club Exhibit originated in small private workshops, where the compositor and the printer, the type-designer and the publisher often are one and the same person. They are set up by hand and are printed by hand, with types which are only made for this particular workshop, and sometimes only for this particular book. They are printed for a small circle of friends and collectors, and only pass into the hands of a few people, hardly into those of the public.

It might appear as if this work stood apart from our present-day world, as if it were a work arisen only from the very delight in it and meant for those who take delight in it—a work that might be dispensed with—a useless attempt to revive a craft which in this form has ceased to exist.

In reality, however, matters are very different in regard to this work and these books. Our aims are quite clear and definite, and, as we believe, very actual and necessary. We do not wish to adorn and decorate books unnecessarily, we do not want to make them artificially rare,—they are not an object for efforts in Arts and Craft—books are unsuitable objects for any experiments of that sort. The embodiment, which the human spirit assumes in the aspect and form of the book, is of greatest modesty and simplicity, and it is the first duty of the printer to respect these laws and conditions. What we aim to do is to make the book a living force, to make it part of our life.

The motive and inducement for our efforts is to be found in the fact that we have fears for the future of the book. It may seem that such apprehension is absurd. Are not books indeed indispensable? Is there not a library in every house? Does not the production of books increase immeasurably year by year?—But on the other hand we have to ask ourselves, whether everything possible has been done for the book to preserve its vitality and force. Is the present-day book given us in such a form, that its voice reaches us in spite of the noise and restlessness in which we live, that we are able to read it with concentration and attention? Is there not a danger that the dynamic force of the book will diminish? We constantly refashion the objects of daily life by which we are surrounded. Our dwellings, our furniture, our automobiles change their forms incessantly and are all the time improved, in order to correspond with the frame and state of our mind, to suit our present needs and to remain in living touch with us. But while this strong regenerative tendency just in our day is felt everywhere and seems to have seized upon all objects, the book is still torpid. Almost up to the present time, its outward form has remained dead and uninspired for generations.

And yet the book is the most important cultural factor we possess. Every effort devoted to the book is important, if it contributes only in the slightest degree to help the book to continue in future our companion, our friend, and our adviser.

It may, however, appear doubtful whether the printer with his feeble strength can really accomplish anything in this sense. The means at his disposal are restricted and modest. Paper and ink, the shapes of the signs, the proportions of the text column and the page, and the limited possibilities of variation in arrangement and structure are the only means which are at his command. But it cannot be a matter of indifference what kind of surface our eyes are fixed upon when reading, nor can the nature and shape of the signs be indifferent, which our eyes take in as language, the signs, which have to communicate the living speech.

Since the invention of the mechanical press, that is since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the book has lost the spiritualized form which it possessed up to then. The meanest and most indifferent aspect seemed to be just good enough for it. The book, the embodiment of the spirit,

(*Continued on page* 940)

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THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T DIE. By ARTHUR STRINGER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

From Canada three men, drawn by their belief in the truth of a Norse legend surviving from the tenth century, journey overland to a little known region of Alaska. The legend tells of a Viking chief's beautiful daughter who was brought to the wilderness of northern America by her father's enemies, and there, after death was buried, preserved forever in a transparent block of ice. The almost impenetrable valley where she lies entombed is said to contain gold deposits of incalculable richness, but access to it is barred by a strong tribe of hostile, blond aborigines, supposed descendants of the ancient Norse settlers. These factors give the story its start. What happens when the three invaders gain their fabled goal is a bit too much for ready swallowing by even the most credulous and imaginative reader.

SALAD DAYS. By THEODORA BENSON. Harpers. 1929.

In this unpretentious little chronicle of "my salad days, when I was green in judgment," there is a great deal that is delicately true. Its pages diffuse a certain charming fragrance of well-bred young girls, witty and pretty. Felicity, the heroine, cherishes a hopeless passion for the handsome, kindly, debonair young Varian Blake, a passion that is peculiarly hopeless because they have been "good friends" since childhood. Hopeless it remains all through the book, and Miss Benson has the good sense to leave it hopeless at the end.

The novel is marred by superficial cleverness, especially in the conversation—the entire first chapter is so restlessly, determinedly clever that one can scarcely read it—and many passages are sentimental rather than emotional. However, the writing is very good, being clear, restrained, and graceful; and Miss Benson has a nice touch for the lighter portions.

Remarkably good is the boarding-school correspondence of Felicity. Her letters not only mirror her own personality with vividness, but also suggest the atmosphere of a girl's school, electric with a multitude of conflicting, interweaving "crushes" that the girls contract for one another. These attachments, romantic and sentimental to the last degree, are intense, painful, and yet amusing—to an outside observer. It is a pity Miss Benson did not develop further that fertile field, the possibilities of which she has indicated in this novel. Perhaps in her next book she will turn away from sophisticated London of the débutantes—which has already been chronicled *at nauseam*—and explore further the new field she has here so skilfully opened up, namely, the comedies and tragedies of a girls' boarding school.

LET IT LIE. By JOHN GOODWIN. Putnam's. 1929. $2.

The title of Mr. Goodwin's detective story refers to a certain treasure that had been lost for generations in an old English home. When Cicely Shirley finally found the hiding place, she discovered, not treasure, but something rather horrible that resulted in the arrest of her husband. Of course, we know him to be innocent, but it takes the last two hundred pages of the novel to prove that innocence. The only real fault with the narrative is that this discovery by Cicely did not come early enough, that we have to plough through too much preparatory material before we really get to the mystery. We could quibble on three points (the wedding ring, the search for chemical information, and the function of the play), but they are not so very important. Mr. Goodwin holds the suspense up well, gives us a pleasant English atmosphere for the action, and writes as if he expected us to be fairly perceptive.

THE VALLEY OF OLYMPUS. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Hollywood is the background of this soothing novel. That fact is one of the great points in its favor, for the swarming movie community has somehow not appealed to novelists as a rich vein of narrative ore. Certainly it stands to reason that in the vitality and insanity of Hollywood there is material for a full shelf of novels. Mr. Cohen recognized, in part at least, the possibilities, and this story of young love is gratifyingly vivid in its use of the Hollywood atmosphere.

The story, which is simple yet sufficient, tells of difficulties about contracts and salaries, a rising Swedish actress who finds it necessary to attain American citizenship by means of a husband, and her relations with that husband when she gets him. There is excitement and effective suspense, but at the end all comes right. Mr. Cohen never intended "The Valley of Oympus" to be profound or weighty, but he succeeded in making it appealing. We enjoyed the novel chiefly, we believe, because of its delightful hero and heroine; never too good for our comfort, they seduce us into a belief in our own possible perfection.

THE WEB OF MURDER. By AUSTIN J. SMALL. Crime Club. 1929. $2.

This story seems to be just another murder mystery. Mr. Small is either careless or unskilful, for when we begin to check up on the solution, we find that the narrative is full of inconsistencies and false starts. Of course, these bother us chiefly after we have closed the book, because while we read, Mr. Small is usually able to hold our attention. But what good is a mystery yarn if in retrospect it is illogical and silly? The plot is not unconventional: drug and jewel smuggling in London; a house in lonely suburban grounds, with a good red murder in the library; a bright young man as innocent bystander, and a girl as a half-incriminated accomplice. Probably Mr. Small hoped that if he merely went through the motions of the commonplace murder novel, he could get away with a great deal of plain foolishness. A little more perspiration would have been helpful.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS. By PHILIP WYLIE. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

The author of "Heavy Laden" lives up to the title of his first novel in this his second, one of those Manhatan cocktail things, compacted of synthetic sin and orange-juice. He actually succeeds in making vice as boring as virtue, and combines all the familiar features of the rising-young-writer story with all the dreary preachments of Sigmund Freud and Lucy Stone.

The tale deals with a rather unspecified young man named Thornton and a blonde divorcée from California named Cynthia who live "beautifully" in free love and eventually become reconciled to each other in spite of it. Around these, against a background of advertising offices, writing, studios and gin-parties, writhe a frieze of bankers, writers, artists, 'sugar daddies," and "teasers" all of them afreud of life, and all of them unutterably dreary.

On second thought it is not quite fair to "Babes and Sucklings" to dismiss it as only a dull book. One has the feeling that the author felt under tremendous urgency to get it all off his chest, at the cost of jerky construction, banal plot, and prolonged preachments. He has aimed to show that people can fall in love, even when they are not married, so long as they Face Life Honestly. Perhaps in his next book he may make concessions to the fact that life is a little bigger than the people who live it and that living it, rather than facing it, honestly or otherwise, is a human drama.

THE CONJURE WOMAN. By CHARLES W. CHESTNUTT. Houghton, Mifflin. 1928. $2.

Mr. Chestnutt's volume is a collection of stories, strung upon a slender thread, which are rich in negro folk-lore, and in which the character of the ancient Uncle Julius is fairly well done. Uncle Julius has a tale for every occasion, and always with a hidden motive; his mind works to his own advantage through every yarn he spins. Either through circumstances or natural ability the Southern negro is one of the cleverest wanglers in the world, adept at all the arts of flattery, cajolery, and entertainment that will help him to attain his own ends. This fact is admirably brought out in all the tales that go to make up "The Conjure Woman," which justifies its title by the part played in plantation affairs by a mistress of all the tricks of necromancy.

Uncle Julius's stories are told in excellent dialect, with all the natural flavor of the unspoiled speech of the negro. In the straight prose passages that provide the set-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ting for the tales, Mr. Chestnutt's prose is stiff and old-fashioned, marked by the use of words that sound curiously highfalutin to modern ears.

Whatever the faults of "The Conjure Woman," however, the book itself is well worth preserving. It is especially interesting that it should appear in the midst of a season that offers a large number of novels by and about negroes; to read it along with Jessie Redmon Fauset's recent "Plum Bun," for example, is to obtain a bird's eye view of racial changes that is full of significance.

DYNASTY. By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND. Harpers. 1929. $2.

Mr. Kelland seems here to have written a much better novel than is his custom. For fifteen years he has been turning out fiction that has lacked distinction. His facility has been unquestioned, but the reading public has not looked upon him as a serious artist. Possibly "Dynasty" will necessitate a revission of the established opinion, for it is a novel of stature, well-conceived, and strongly told. Whether its excellence is the beginning of a new chapter in Mr. Kelland's literary career remains, however, uncertain.

The protagonist of "Dynasty" is one Hyram Bond, a giant leader in the world of commerce. He cares nothing for profits to himself, and only rarely does he yield to the seductions of fame. His passions are, rather, those of the creative worker; his only desire is to build higher, wider, ever more imposing structures. There is no end to this ambitious schemings, no ugly dilemma from which he cannot advantageously extricate himself.

The character of Hyram Bond is admirably set forth. He is a real man, almost a super-man. Too radically an individual to be typical of any class, he is a glorification of the greatest strategists in the war of big business. And on this Hyram's shoulders Mr. Kelland has put the whole burden of the novel, a burden which Hyram carries easily. We see the progress of commercial method in the United States from the early eighteen-eighties to the present day; "Dynasty" is clear, persuasive economic history as well as good narrative. This double purpose in no way lessens the effectiveness of the novel; indeed, it gives it added significance. And over all, looms Hyram.

Faults in "Dynasty" are noticeable. Throughout, the style is self-consciously matter-of-fact. Furthermore, we regretfully note Mr. Kelland's tendency to point out Hyram's qualities to us as if we were incapable of unassisted appreciation. Mr. Kelland could have kept his own wonder at the magnificence of Hyram out of the novel. And lastly, we feel that the pattern of the novel is not right; there is a definite suspicion that the climaxes do not break at the proper places, that we are being let down instead of sustained. But beyond these faults, we see a real success. "Dynasty" has scope, vigor, directness. It is impressive as a chronicle of commerce come of age.

QUARTET. By JEAN RHYS. 1929. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

No one reading "Quartet" will escape a sudden sharp remembrance of that other novel of drunken dawns in Paris that Ernest Hemingway sent home to America some seasons ago. The likenesses in the two books are extraneous, however, and in no way reflect upon Miss Rhys's beautifully articulated anatomy of disintegration. Anglo-Saxons gone Dome are prevalent enough to furnish material for as many writers as may be able to find new significance in their spiritual nomadery. Jean Rhys has done this.

The four characters of "Quartet" walk the same boulevards, climb the same stairs, drink the same aperatifs as do the lost legions of "The Sun Also Rises," but they think different thoughts, sin different sins, and will die different deaths. "'Quartet" is a close-knit study of mordant personality. Its people carry their destinies within their veins. The quartet move to their fates with inevitability beating time as relentlessly as in any Greek drama, but here is no accompaniment of rushing winds and wings above, only the thin voice of a mechanical piano inspired by a nickel in its gullet.

The author has gone deep to fish this murex up, and it is bitter blue indeed. The brittle objectivity of the very modern style which Miss Rhys employs scrupulously throughout only adds by its impersonality to her indictment of emotional egotism. There are no concessions made for the characters, there are none for the reader.

VIRGINIA TO BROADWAY AND BLACK SADIE. By T. BOWYER CAMPBELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Campbell's story of a negro girl who travels from a Virginia plantation to fame on Broadway, and who at last grows weary of the strange world into which fate has thrust her, is not marked by profundity or striking orginality. But it has a swift-running, staccato style that moves its well-knit story along at a fast pace, keeping the reader steadily interested in what is going to happen next. This style is admirably adapted to a novel of the jazz era.

It is perhaps altogether too much to ask of Mr. Campbell, who is a white man, that he shall really get inside the character of Black Sadie; some day the story of such a character will be told with as much of the quality John Galsworthy has called stingo as is to be found in Claude McKay's "Home to Harlem." Mr. Campbell lets us see Sadie as in a cinema; her strange and yet entirely credible career runs smoothly and interestingly along without our knowing what is going on in her heart and mind.

Mr. Campbell's backgrounds are well executed, from the Virginia plantation where Sadie first sees the light of day, the offspring of a rapist and a young woman of loose morals, to the home in New Jersey, where Sadie is a maid, thence to the art world of New York, where Sadie becomes a sought-after model, and to Broadway, where she becomes a famous dancer. Even the sketched-in Harlem boarding house wears an air of reality.

"Black Sadie" has what is called "pace" in Broadway shows; one is not at all inclined to lay it aside when it is begun. It has vitality and freshness; the chances are all that it will be followed by a much better one.

THE CLUNY PROBLEM. By A. FIELDING. Knopf. 1929. $2.

After a ball at a villa on the outskirts of the sleepy town of Cluny, famous for its monastic ruins, two English guests, one of them a famous financier, are found, locked in one room, dead, with pistols beside them. The swarm of detectives, English and French, official and private, who descend upon the scene, are soon forced to reject the obvious conclusion of a duel; but though they unearth many strange goings-on at the Villa Porte Bonheur, and much of the secret past of the principals in the tragedy, it is not until Inspector Pointer of Scotland Yard sums up in the last chapter that the pieces in the puzzle fall together.

From the outset, the author convinces us that he has seen Cluny, and knows something of the French police at work (and incidentally that he can write very much better than one had come to expect), but it is only upon reflection, after the last page has been turned, that one perceives how cleverly he has woven his plot. The device is neat, intricate, finished; there are no major improbalities or irritating loose ends; even what looked like auctorial clumsiness turns out to be one of the most skilful and subtly offered clues. Perhaps this very smoothness in the management of complicated situations and multiplied false scents may baffle the more easily bored and puzzled attention: for the full enjoyment of that intellectual pleasure of problem solving which is the chief reward of reading a good detective story, "The Cluny Problem" demands an unusual alertness. It is easily worth the effort.

THE PERSON CALLED "Z." By JEFFERSON FARJEON. Dial. 1929. $2.

On the romantic Cornish coast, dear to the writers of thrillers, Mr. Farjeon unwinds the cinematographic action of a mildly blood-curdling tale—only the most naïve reader could consider it in any sense a mystery—adorned by a mildly sentimental and highly proper love story. The plot revolves around a missing heir, a beautiful and unsuspecting girl, whom her sinister relative, the illegal inheritor of fabulous wealth, undertakes to have murdered in a highly complicated and improbable fashion. Naturally, he is foiled. If you have an elderly, unliterary aunt this would be a good book to give her to take with her on the train to Philadelphia. It would remind her of the paper-backs of her girlhood, and it would not interfere with her nap.

STILLBORN. By LILLIAN EICHLER. Appleton. 1929. $2.

Here is a novel with a message. "Stillborn" pleads for religious tolerance by means of elaborate symbolism, clear-headed argument, and fanatic characters. It is regrettable that the second means is rather overpowered by an unrestrained use of the other two. Martha Kinney and Sandor Vallon have a short and unsuccessful marriage. At its end Sandor departs to an art colony where he can paint in peace, and Martha dedicates their child to the Catholic Church. Though her child was at first thought to be stillborn, it ived, and Martha finds in this seeming miracle an opportunity for atonement for her sin—it lay heavily on her conscience that she had given herself to Sandor before their marriage.

The boy Talmy grows up, then, with but one idea in his head—that he will become a priest. There are lulls as there are bursts in his enthusiasm, but he is kept on always by the knowledge of his mother's desire for him. When he falls in love with a young Jewess, Gloria, however, he defies his mother, but she tells him that he is illegitimate and, ashamed, he cannot bring himself to ask Gloria to marry him. He goes back to his life as a priest and after a short while dies. Martha is left with her lie unconfessed, and Sandor, who has been sent back from the art colony, insane.

The author has a deplorable taste for melodrama and an unfortunate tendency to imitate the stylisms of Fannie Hurst. Both these elements in her story render obscure her real understanding and liberal-mindedness.

A MODERN GIRL. By *W. B. Trites.* Stokes. $2.50.

IN THE LAND OF COCKAIGNE. By *Heinrich Mann.* Macaulay. $2.50.

LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR. By *Bert Green.* Stokes. $1.

SHACKLES OF THE FIRE. By *Mary Grace Ashton.* Stokes. $2.50.

THE BOROUGHMONGER. By *R. H. Mottram.* Little, Brown. $2.50.

PAVEMENT. By *Louis Second.* Stratford. $2.

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST UNDERGRADUATE. By *N. Ognyov.* Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

A TINY SEED OF LOVE. By *Sarah Salt.* Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By *John Bunyan.* Oxford University Press. $7.50.

THE KEY TO THE CASA. By *Keck Onbison.* Washburn. $2.

THE WAGON AND THE STAR. By *Lida Larrimore.* Macrae-Smith. $2.

TREADMILL. By *Iola Jean Simpson.* Macmillan. $2.

Juvenile

(*For Children's Bookshop see pages 926 and 928*)

PIONEERS ALL! By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley Co. 1929. $2.50.

As the chapter headings and the foreword indicate, this book for boys in the Bradley "Quality" series covers practically all the phases of American pioneering, from Lewis and Clark across the continent by land to Lindbergh across the ocean by air.

The explorer, then, is represented by Lewis and Clark; the pioneer, by Daniel Boone; the trapper, by Kit Carson; the mountaineer, by Frémont; the river pilot, by Mark Train; the aviator, by Lindbergh; and so on, not to omit chapters upon the Wilderness Hunter (with text accredited to "J. B. Ruxton," who, of course, should be George Frederick Ruxton), the Cowboy, the Prospector, the Lumberjack, the Sailor, the Engineer.

Mr. French has compiled his stories mainly from standard chronicles—journals, biographies, and narratives—upon the various topics; but in several cases, such as that of "The Days of '49," by Charles Pettigrew, and of the material taken from newspapers and periodicals of recent dates, the stories have the freshness of original contributions.

The chapter upon the deep-water sailor, from Felix Riesenberg's "Under Sail," is as lively a bit of writing as anyone might wish; and the story of Lindbergh is inspiring. The full-page illustrations in color,

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from oil paintings by Sidney Riesenberg, are very pleasing, although one must say that the picture of the trapper in snowshoes, with a dog train, is a rather far cry from Kit Carson in buckskins and moccasins, with a sack of beaver traps.

LITTLE BROTHER OF THE HUDSON. By JAMES A. BRADEN. Harpers. 1928. $1.75.

Mr. Braden in this tale has drawn from history a thrilling and authentic plot, and peopled it with characters generous and brave enough to win the heart of any boy, and a goodly number of villains.

The last stand of the Eric Nation, and its final destruction at the hands of the invading Iroquois, who were armed with the white man's weapons, is the basis of the exciting adventures of its hero, Alvin Fairlea. Alvin is a hardy youngster, brought up on the banks of the Hudson. Through the treachery of a Pequot Indian the boy is driven from his homeland into the unknown wilderness to the west. His journey ends at the "Cuyahoga," the trail, valley, and river which the Indians call "Little Brother of the Hudson."

Torture, burning at the stake, and scalping occur with horrible regularity; but it is all recounted with restraint. Against Indian bestiality is set Indian courage and loyalty of so high a degree as to bind the affections of young Alvin to his redskin friends for life.

It is too bad, however, that a book which claims historical accuracy, as this one does, should not at least make an interpretative gesture toward the Indians who fill its pages. Their nobility is left, like their brutality, inexplicable. There is no intimation of the naturalistic beliefs underlying Indian witchcrafts and magic all of which young Alvin blankets as superstition. The implication is, of course, that all Indian magic is as irrational as Tom Sawyer's skunk water charm for warts.

However, it is something to have left the literary plane on which all good Indians are dead Indians. Perhaps it isn't too much to hope that some author, some day, may not content himself with drawing young Indians who are wise in life and steadfast in death.

IN ENEMY COUNTRY. By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $1.75.

An Americanization course for our own native-born youngsters might add considerable to the richness of adult life of the future, by broadening the intelligence of our citizenry. It might well begin with an attempt to understand our vanishing first Americans, and should go deeper, if not further, than the date of King Philip's war, and Custer's last stand. Apparently, however, such understanding must be acquired outside of school hours, and must be listed under the heading of amusements rather than educational activities.

In view of these restrictions, James Willard Schultz offers contributions of real value. He is that rare creature, a sympathetic teller of Indian tales, who draws against an authentic background of Indian life. "In Enemy Country," his latest story, he adds one more title to his already sizable list of books for boys. They all share at least one quality in common. Each provides enough genuine entertainment to make appetizing an historic and economic basis of primitive life, and a real, even though elementary interpretation of Indian psychology.

Mr. Schultz is an adopted member of the Blackfeet tribe, and he writes about his chosen people with insight and familiarity. "In Enemy Country" is the story of a sixteen-year-old Blackfeet boy, who, with his father and mother, left their tribe and went to live with their ancient enemies the Crows. The boy's father, Many Swans, was a great medicine man, and this exile among the enemy was a penalty, self imposed, for a shameful act which he had committed.

Philosophy

WHAT IS THE MIND? By GEORGE T. W. PATRICK. Macmillan. 1929.

This lucid discussion of the concept of mind under modern interests may be cordially recommended. What Professor Patrick has clearly seen is that the old problem of the nature of mind takes on an entirely new interest under modern insight. The most conspicuous confusion is that introduced by the behaviorists of that limited school who claim both the name and the peculiar doctrine that what cannot be observed by the objective method falls out of the range of psychology. There is almost unanimous agreement that the subject of psychology is behavior, but the mind's behavior; the entire issue is centered about what we are to mean by that term. The protest against defining the realm of mind in terms of consciousness is equally general; but as that battle is over, there is slight interest in claiming the victory. The critical point that does more to determine both the working concept of the mental life and its control, lies in the fact that man is a "wisher" as well as a "doer." Today's psychology is the psychology of motive, and associated with this, the mechanisms by which motives reach expression. Otherwise put, the problem of the urges puts a different aspect on the meaning of mind.

Unquestionably there is a pronounced division among the motivationists. Whether function is to be conceived as a purpose or as a biological stress, makes quite a difference in the formulation both of one's working psychology and one's philosophy of living. There enters into this consideration the most baffling of all allied problems—how to make a place for the different levels of behavior. What is the real relation between the lower and higher mental life? Out of the need to clarify this situation has come the doctrine of emergent evolution.

The radical behaviorist ignores this problem along with many others that are difficult, by asserting that the lower is the pattern for the higher, that we are merely an aggregation of conditioned responses. This assumption is so devoid of proof and carries such slight illumination, that it can be regarded as a solution only by dismissing the issue. On the other hand, that emergent evolution is a new philosophy of conduct and one by no means thoroughly established, becomes clear in the reading of this summary of opinion. The discussion is accompanied with just enough of the historical retrospect to bring forward the contrast even more than the continuity of speculation.

TOLSTOY AND NIETZSCHE. By *Helen E. Davis*. New Republic.

GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY. By *Wolfgang Kohler*. Liveright. $4.

THE AIM OF HUMAN EXISTENCE. By *Eugenio Rignano*. Open Court. $1.

HEGEL'S SCIENCE OF LOGIC. Translated by *W. H. Johnston* and *L. G. Struthers*. Macmillan: 2 vols. $10 per set.

RENOUNCEMENT IN DANTE. By *Sister Mary Rose Gertrude*. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

THE RELIGION OF LOVE. By *H. I. H. Alexander*. Century. $2.

HEGEL. Edited by *J. Loewenberg*. Scribners. $1.

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS. By *W. E. H. Licky*. Appleton. 2 vols. $1 each.

SPINOZA. By *Leon Roth*. Little, Brown.

Poetry

THE DAY OF DOOM. By *Michael Wigglesworth*. Edited by *Kenneth B. Murdock*. New York: Spiral Press.

CHRYSALIS SONGS. By *Jessie Donaldson Corrigan*. Milwaukee: Marquette University Press.

CHILDREN OF FIRE AND SHADOW. By *Lucia Trent*. Chicago: Packard. $2.

BOWLS OF PHANTASY. By *Flora Bishop Hendricks*. Chicago: Packard. $1.50.

CAVENDAR'S HOUSE. By *Edwin Arlington Robinson*. Macmillan. $2.

TALES OF THE HOT DOG TAVERN. By *Berton Braley*. Privately published.

THE FATE OF THE JURY. By *Edgar Lee Masters*. Appleton. $2.50.

THE CITY DAY. By *Eda Lou Walton*. Ronald Press. $2.25.

Science

THE BIOLOGY OF SPIDERS. By THEODORE H. SAVORY. Macmillan Co. 1928.

This book is an admirable monograph in which is summarized the work of scores of students of spiders whose papers have been published in many journals and in many languages. It will prove of great value to students of this most interesting group of animals against which there has been from time immemorial so much prejudice on the part of the public generally. As a matter of fact, the group is exceedingly varied in habit and affords much greater opportunity for the observation of interesting activities than many other groups which have been studied and collected by enthusiastic amateurs. Special attention should be called to the habits of web spinning, which is quite unique with the spiders; to their courtships, and their varied habits in connection with the care of the young.

Except for the systematic treatment of spiders and the elaborate system of classification which that entails and the distribution of individual species, it will hardly be necessary for the student to refer to many other publications, although it is not possible for the author to have included all known studies in the preparation of the work. Naturally the author makes no claims for complete originality, but only for much

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Science

(*Continued from preceding page*)

that is contained in the chapters on the web, the geographical distribution, and the evolution of the group.

The point of view of the author does not seem to be uniform throughout the book. In places, he addresses readers who would be lacking in the most rudimentary scientific training, and in other places he presumes a rather elaborate knowledge of spiders, especially in the chapters on the anatomy of the animals. Few readers will make much progress with these chapters unless they have already a fairly accurate knowledge of invertebrate anatomy.

Mr. Savory seems to be under a misapprehension in regard to the process of sex determination in his chapter on development. The number of chromosomes in the ripe sperm and eggs of the spiders is incorrectly stated. The spiders agree with the great majority of animals in that females are produced by the fertilization of eggs by sperm containing the same number of chromosomes as the eggs, while males are produced by the fertilization of eggs by sperm which are lacking in one of the chromosomes known specifically as the sex chromosome. The author has the chromosomal relations of the two sexes reversed.

In regard to the evolution of spiders, Mr. Savory expresses views which are hardly to be expected at this time. He seems to cling tenaciously to the idea that the effects of use and disuse have an effect upon the hereditary qualities, and quotes Kammerer's experiments as fundamental in this connection. It is hardly necessary to allude to the fact that these results have been very seriously questioned and have not been substantiated.

HOW ANIMALS FIND THEIR WAY ABOUT. By ETIENE RABAUD. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.75.

The problem of how animals are able to find their way back to the nest from a distant point has been the subject of systematic experiment for only about a quarter of a century, although stories of marvelous returns home on the part of various domestic animals from great distances have been told for centuries.

The results of these experiments made on bees, wasps, ants, and pigeons especially indicate conclusively that the orientation is accomplished by means of the memory of sensory cues bringing into play the organs of the ordinary senses and not by means of any mysterious powers possessed solely by "homing" species. Among these sensory cues sight, smell, and the sense of muscular effort play the most important parts, but in varying degrees according to the species and the circumstances.

This book will appeal especially to naturalists and students of animal psychology. There is included a valuable bibliography of over seventy titles which have been found most useful in the preparation of the book.

Travel

FRENCH FRANCE. By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER. Appleton. 1929. $3.50.

Mr. Hueffer's France is an admirable supplement to Bodley's. It is a serious study, though lightly written, of French people as he has known them in a small city not far from Paris, and in a certain small, isolated village. It is anecdotal and interpretive, amusing and thoughtful. Any characteristic of a people becomes a very different thing when we understand how it comes about. As a sample of Mr. Hueffer's suggestiveness, and apropos of that French thrift which some call avarice, he remarks that it is largely geographical. Southwards from the Belgian frontier the "sou hunger" decreases until you reach the man of the Midi, who is as prodigal of cash as of temperament. Now, this northwestern France has been famous for centuries as the cockpit of Europe. Ever since anything is known of it, it has been invaded and devastated every half century on the average, or oftener. If Vermont or Devonshire had such memories behind it, if every generation and a half for two thousand years, their farmers had seen almost all they owned carried off or destroyed, would they not have a similar attitude of mind toward portable property, hard cash in a woolen stocking? It must have some effect. Mr. Hueffer likes the French, and induces one more or less to share his liking by enabling one more or less to share his understanding.

NEW ROADS IN OLD VIRGINIA. By AGNES ROTHERY. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.50.

So rich, so inviting is this brief book of travel that one longs immediately to take up Virginia as a hobby, a refuge, a place of residence. It was written, the author intimates, for transients who have forgotten their school history. But modesty understates. This is a new Virginia, enlarged, illuminated. No "schoolday chapters" presented this "gentle brightness," this very soil and air of our greatest men. Miss Rothery has not contented herself with making visible the local habitations of Jefferson, Poe, Lee; she has built roads to birthplaces of other great ones, whom it should be a disgrace not to know, Matthew Fontaine Maury, McCormick, and Jack Jouett, who out-Revered the famous Paul.

She tells the extraordinary story of a name, the Old Dominion. She explains the real reasons for Patrick Henry's power. One reads with surprise of the five national highways converging on Lexington. The prose is as smooth-running as the cars it hopes to serve, and while informing, it manages to convey the integral spirit of these people. Enthusiasm clothes the fact with charm. The book is a tour of understanding, and the remaining forty-seven States might well take it, whether motoring or at home, to discover the true graces of their aristocratic sister.

THE PEOPLE OF THIBET. By SIR CHARLES BELL. Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.

It is many years since Shway Yoe wrote his admirable book, "The Burman, His Life and Customs." Sir Charles Bell has now done the same service for the people of Tibet, who in many ways resemble the Burmese. In spite of the great difference of climate and of economic conditions, both peoples are of Mongolian stock, partially civilized by Buddhism, which they have blent with the superstitions of an older animistic religion. Both are cheerful and hardy, working hard when they need to work, fond of shows and of laughter; and the women and children of both are treated well, and are, on the whole, happy.

Like Lord Ronaldshay, under whom he served for a time, Sir Charles is planning a trilogy of which this is the second volume, and, like that eminent official, he is a man of sympathy and insight who likes the people of whom he writes, and is respected by them. Eighteen years spent in Tibet and Sikkim and a knowledge of the Tibetan language enable him to speak with authority. His "Tibet, Past and Present" published in 1924 and his new volume are, in fact, the most authoritative works on Tibet. Others have visited it on some hurried military expedition, or, like Dr. McGovern and Savage Landor, in disguise, and have brought back little that was new. Nevertheless, our author gives full credit in his bibliography to pioneers in his field, especially the Japanese monk Kawaguchi and the Bengali S. C. Das. None of these had his opportunities or the same official backing, and he made good use of his opportunities.

Though he is gifted with a sense of humor, Sir Charles Bell seems lacking in artistic appreciation. The only Tibetan picture which he reproduces in color is a poor specimen of Tibetan art, and there is an amazing wealth from which to choose. "For drawing and painting, for designing and engraving on metal or wood," he writes, "many Tibetans appear to have a natural instinct, which can be guided to a high standard under capable tuition." It was just in this spirit that the worthy Bernier patronized the great Mogul artists, and that the art schools of India did their devastating work during the nineteenth century, until the soul of India, prodded by Havill and Okakya, rose in protest. For the rest, the book is well illustrated with numerous photographs, and gives a vivid picture of the daily life of the nobles as well as the peasantry.

TWELVE DAYS. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $3.

PERSIAN DAYS. By COPLEY AMORY. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $4.50.

Again the Honorable Mrs. Harold Nicolson beckons us to journey with her into Persia; but not over the trail from Gertrude Bell's garden in Bagdad to Reza Shah's coronation, as in "Passenger to Teheran." This time it is from the capital of Shah Abbas, greatest of Safavean monarchs, that we set out, bound for the wild domain of Bakhtiari tribesmen, whose is the proud boast, "We alone of all the races of Iran were unconquered by Alexander."

The actual journey begins as one and all we should like to begin our own journey: in April, month of burgeoning, and from a garden of Isfahan, though the spiritual beginning was in a chillier month, in the northern capital, and from a palace of Bakhtiari lords. Vividly and humorously, Mrs. Nicolson communicates her reactions to the toil of striving up to high-pitched passes and the moil of scrambling down into deep-cloven ravines; to the shifting lights and colors laid upon hill, plain, and peak; to stars and campfires, unleashed winds and lightnings. Likewise, we are given her answer to the impacts of nature and civilization, primitive and modern peoples, and the weight of over-much history.

And how many deft word-pictures! Up and down, up and down, rode and paced Mrs. Nicolson and her companions, mules and muleteers. It would have been an almost deserted trail they rode and paced, save that they breasted the tide of the spring migration of tribesmen and flocks. Then, suddenly, the oil country of crumpled brown and green hills, belching smoke, loud-voiced machinery, a pipe-line writhing its way to the tankers at Abadan; and at the last, ruins of a dim past which archæologists might well delve into and make less dim.

Mr. Amory and Christopher go by automobile from Teheran, running down to Isfahan, with a loop-around to take in the three important cities of Shiraz, Kerman, and Yezd, sundry towns and hamlets, and several places dedicated to historical pilgrimage. All of which may be followed with satisfaction, not only in large through the 226 pages of text, but in little, by means of an alluring map inside the front cover.

Let us not forget to give thanks to the Inspirer of Travel Books, that the authors of these agreeable and useful volumes have respectively spent in Persia much more than the twelve and thirty-four days to which their pages are largely devoted. They write with a degree of understanding, out of both bookly and personal knowledge. The photographic reproductions they have assembled are clear, varied, and truly characteristic.

THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS. By S. G. C. KNIBBS. Lippincott. 1929. $5.

This is a tale marred in the telling. There is a great deal of interesting material in the Solomon Islands, long the home of head-hunters and only recently reduced to a state of semi-civilization, and some of this cannot but leak into Mr. Knibbs's volume. His chapter heads promise very well: "Fishing and Hunting," "Liliboi, Fighting Chief of Choiseul," "Crabs and Crocodiles," etc., but he is obviously no hand at writing down what he has seen and experienced. Except in the roughest way, his material is unorganized, and his manner of writing leaves the reader with only a sense of confusion. What he needs is a "ghost writer," who would delete a few gross of exclamation points and give some coherence to the chapters. As it is, the book is an undigested mass of anecdotes, descriptions of trips to various islands, and accounts of native customs; none of it is very weighty—except to read.

A CRUISING VOYAGE: THE WORLS. By CAPTAIN WOODES ROGERS. Edited by G. E. Mannering. Longmans, Green. 1929. $4.

This issue in the "Seafarer's Library" is a reprint of Captain Woodes Rogers's famous, but long since rare volume relating his privateering circumnavigation of the globe in 1708-1711. His crew was a motley array of rogues, "Tinkers, Taylors, Haymakers, Peddlers, Fiddlers," and the ship's mascot was a fine specimen of an English bulldog. The crew was indeed Gilbertian in the extreme, there being "not twenty sailors" in the lot, but their spirit was truly Elizabethan, and the conduct of the cruise and its retinue added lustre to the English tradition of skill in the arts alike of navigation and of fighting.

The voyage was not uneventful. From his first prize, a Swedish vessel, Rogers got only "two hams and some ruff-dryed beef." However, the Spanish galleon for which he lay in wait off Cape San Lucas, *Baja California*, and fought to a finish, the spoils discreetly removed from the ladies of Guiaquil, the ransom money of Spanish-American ports, and other loot, were stated in a contemporary petition to have amounted to £800,000. Some of it still adorns the Bristol Cathedral, whence came his associated Merchant Adventurers.

Captain William Dampier of the "Voyages" was his pilot through the Southern Seas, and it was his Expedition which rescued Alexander Selkirk from Juan Fernandez, clothed in goat skins, but failing in speech "for lack of use." So we owe to Captain Rogers the basis of Defoe's romance of "Robinson Crusoe."

The editor of the Seafarer's Library has supplemented the literally reproduced, picturesque narrative with a descriptive introduction and an account of the later life of the leader of this Expedition. Especially timely in these rum-running days is the story of Rogers's futile efforts to stamp out piracy in the Bahamas, where he was twice sent as governor. The body of this sailor and empire builder lies in an unmarked grave in the "Queen of the Coral Isles," but his career is built into the traditions of a great seafaring nation.

THE ARCTIC RESCUE. By *Einar Lundborg*. Viking. $3.

THE RIM OF MYSTERY. By *John B. Burnham*. Putnam.

PICTURESQUE OLD FRANCE. By *Herbert B. Turner*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

THE ARCTIC RESCUE. By *Einar Lundborg*. Viking. $3.

INDIA. By *Pierre Loti*. Stokes. $2.50.

A TALE OF BRITTANY. By *Pierre Loti*. Stokes. $2.50.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

Z. B., Morgan Hill, California, says: "A friend requested me to find out for her about 'Paul and Virginia'; whether it is a narrative, a poem, a play, or what not. She has always wanted to read it. My total information about it is in the line, from Stephen Vincent Benét's 'John Brown's Body,' in the description of Gettysburg, 'The ice-cream parlor was papered with scenes from 'Paul and Virginia.'"

"PAUL and Virginia" is one of the books everyone knows and nobody reads. That is, they know the title, and have a general idea that it is an idyl of young lovers growing up on an island somewhere. If they themselves grew up within the sphere of influence of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, they know that the lovers did not have to worry about clothes, for the old painting of two life-sized young people running before the wind, officially catalogued as "The Storm," is popularly known as "Paul and Virginia." This, by the way, was one of the works of art by which an earlier generation exercised itself in broad-mindedness, like the elderly lady on her first visit to Washington, whom I came upon in the Corcoran Gallery at the foot of Powers's "Greek Slave," unaccountably murmuring, "How pure!"

The names of Paul and Virginia have floated away from the novel; they have even managed to keep afloat the name of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who knew "Robinson Crusoe" by heart as a boy, as a youth colonized on the island of Mauritius, and as a man took to heart the "return to nature" ideas of Rousseau. Like that "supreme simplifier," he believed in the simple life—at least on Mauritius—and by putting it into a novel made life even more complicated for Louis XVI. Is there not even now something faintly disturbing in a happiness that, like that of Paul and Virginia, is based on the fact that *"jamais des sciences inutiles n'avaient fait culer leurs larmes; jamais les leçons d'une triste morale ne les avaient replis d'ennuis. . . ."*?

If you would read the *chef d'œuvre* of the Loti of 1787, Altemus publishes it in English for a dollar, illustrated by Leloir, the only artist by whose pictures, stationary or moving, "The Three Musketeers" are really represented (Appleton). It also appears in Houghton Mifflin's Riverside Classics, and in the International Library published by McKay. And if you want to know why I quote "supreme simplifier," it is because Jacques Bainville applies the words to Rousseau in his "History of France" (Appleton), and it is too good a phrase to list without credit.

H. A. M., Smith College, Department of Geology, has in one of his groups in physiography a German student who finds she can best absorb the features of physical geography if they serve as the background of a well-written novel. Such works as Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth" have proved especially successful. Will this department supply a list of so-called regional novels in which the physical environment is a conscious element in the action and lives of the characters? At present novels dealing with settings in the main physical divisions of the United States are most needed, and Canadian titles will be welcome.

AS I have never seen the Southwest with my own eyes. I begin with this testimonial to the truthfulness of the novels of Willa Cather, received at almost the same time as the above request, from C. E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa., in a letter thanking me for a reply suggesting, to another inquirer, the pamphlet published by Knopf about the work of Miss Cather. He hates travel as a general thing, but has been visiting his brother in California and making with him a long, leisurely trip through southern California and northern New Mexico, where he has friends scattered over the map and knows the land well. "Mary Austin and the rest of them are right," he cries, "it is a marvelous country, and if I don't get back there before I die I'm afraid I'll pick at the upholstery of my casket from time to time.

"I never really read 'Death Comes for the Archbishop' until I reread it after I came home. And I reread Tom Outland's story in 'The Professor's House,' although I have a distinct aversion to the book as a whole on account of its queer, broken-backed construction. (At this point the transcribing Reader's Guide tears her hair with impatience to tell him where he is all wrong.) But in Tom Outland's story Miss Cather does get the feel of Mesa Verde onto paper. And what a place that is! My first glimpse of Cliff Palace gave me a slight inkling of what Einstein is driving at.

"While at Mesa Verde we were at the Nusbaum's one evening and I met Deric, but he was only a shadowy figure serving cakes and tea for his mother. (Boys in the family need not be reminded of 'Deric at Mesa Verde' and 'Deric with the Indians' [Putnam].) What they all say about the Southwest I found was really true; an uncanny fascination with a faint terror clutching at you now and again. And this from one who always thought no place was right unless there was water to play about in."

As I say, I have never seen the Southwest, but I do know the mountains of Vermont, and I can certify that they appear, atmosphere and all, in the works of Zephine Humphries, "Mountain Verities," "Winterwise," and a beautiful new one, "Chrysalis," all published by Dutton. The new novel is strongly recommended by this department to anyone thinking of moving from a large house into a smaller one. By atmosphere I mean as much the mind of the gazer as what he sees, for these Vermont hills cannot really be seen at all save by the eye of affection. Fortunately they seem to inspire this feeling on sight in most visitors. The wife of the Poet Laureate of England led me to one of the windows of their beautiful home just outside Oxford, to show me what he calls his "Vermont view." It seems that when Dr. Robert Bridges and his wife, on a lecture tour through the States, crossed on the admirable Canadian Pacific route (and a mighty good route this is if you wish to cut short the number of days in the open sea), they came down to New York by the Central Vermont, and were so charmed by what they saw from its windows that they chose the most tender and ingratiating distant view from their own windows to bear its name.

The bleak side of the Berkshires is in Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" (Scribner), and I would be glad of suggestions of books with as faithful a representation of the sunny side. Physical setting is the chief charm of Hamlin Garland's Middle Border books: the weather gets into the bones of all the people, including the reader's—notice the blizzard in the Dakota shack, and the coming of spring on the prairie, to name but two moments that come to mind among many. The brooding spirit of the White Mountains is in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "The Ambitious Guest"—by the way, I have for that reason included it in a volume of short stories called "Golden Tales of Our America" that I have edited (Dodd, Mead) and that I suppose must now be about ready to appear. Several of these stories would be useful in such a physto-graphical library as this, for they preserve records of scenery now so completely changed by progress as to be lost even to the memory of man—for instance, the blossoming prairie springing from the pages of Judge Hall's "The Emigrants."

This title, long dormant, has been brought to life again by Johan Bojer, whose "The Emigrants" (Century), besides being the best novel I know for describing the growth and assimilation of a foreign community in the United States, makes it clear what part the change of climate and physical conditions had in its hardships. Emerson Hough's "North of '36" (Appleton) is as good as "The Covered Wagon" for its own line of country — the trackless wilderness then stretching from central Texas to Abilene. I have never seen the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, but reading Honoré Willsie Morrow's "The Enchanted Canyon" (Morrow) gave me the illusion of having done so. I am assured that the nature parts of the novels of Gene Stratton Porter are of exceptional fidelity, especially "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost" (Doubleday, Doran), but I never read anything of hers; I am not trying to be superior, I just somehow never got around to it. Years ago I read Constance Fenimore Woolson's "Anne" (Harper)—it was an old copy when I was a young person—and it is still on the active list of its publishers. It belongs on this list for the fashion in which it reconstructs life in the winter at Mackinac, though the scenes of its excellent murder-and-detective story are in New York. "Giants in the Earth" has a continuation, "Peder Victorious" (Harper), but everyone seems to have found that out, Mr. Rolvaag being again on the best-seller list all over the country. Scandinavians transplanted bring with them an extraordinary power of feeling and expressing American physical conditions and atmosphere of place; witness their novels named in this list and the poems of Carl Sandburg —of which not only the "Collected Poems" (Harcourt, Brace) with an introduction by Rebecca West could well be included in this library, but also the new volume, "Good Morning, America," lately published by Harcourt, Brace.

The list is open for other suggestions. I hope there will be as many as there were for works of fantasy, for which the response was so strong that it swamped the column, and must wait until I can give the greater part of an instalment to the books warmly recommended by fantasy-lovers.

THE Cleveland Public Library has asked the Boston *Transcript* and the New York *Times*, and everyone else it could reach, in an effort to spare the feelings of this department, notoriously averse to looking up quotations, where to find a poem, author unknown, describing the famous demon or gargoyle looking down on Paris from one of the towers of Notre Dame. The poem is thought to be of some two pages length, and if the readers of this department do not recognize it, gone it is for good.

TWO more entries have been received for the list of novels about negroes. "The Conjure Woman," by Charles W. Chesnutt (Houghton Mifflin), distinguished not only for its humor and vitality, but because it was the first important work of fiction written by an American negro, has just been re-issued on its twenty-fifth birthday by the same firm, with a foreword by J. E. Spingarn. Paul Morand's "Magie Noire," which made a Continental sensation last summer, is to be issued in English as "Black Magic" (Viking). The stories are placed as far apart as the Riviera and Harlem, but are intended to show the same working of racial magic in the blood, even attenuated. The ethnologist may or may not agree with M. Morand, but he certainly knows how to write. Walter White helps Hamish Miles with the translation, and the pictures are by the negro genius Aaron Douglas. I took his illustrations to "God's Trombones" abroad with me last year, and the book was so borrowed by artists I could not get it to bring back.

W. K., Yoe, Pa., is interested in the talismans and fetiches of literary men, such, he says, as Pater's porcelain bears, Dunsany's quill pen, or any appurtenances of an author's desk to which he has ascribed esoteric powers.

HERE I must call in the collectively omniscient readers of this department. The only fetiches I bring at once to mind are the tiny statuettes, of animals, as I remember the story, that Ibsen kept on his desk and moved about in mysterious arrangement as the action of his play progressed on paper. Naomi Royde-Smith uses the veritable inkstand of Charles Dickens, for she called me in to her study, one evening when a party was in progress at her rooms, then in the Temple, and let me hold in my own hands the magic bottle from which the towering genie of the novels had issued. But I never heard that she attributed especial and communicable powers to it, and judging from the price of twenty-five slender dollars, just paid for Dickens's desk at auction in England, such powers are not popularly supposed to cling to his possessions. I thought that the continual and exclusive use of green paper for manuscripts by George Bernard Shaw might have, if not an occult, at least a patriotic meaning, but it seems, like many another apparent freak of G.B.S., to be just plain commonsense, green being a good color by which a writer may avoid eye-strain. "S. S. Van Dine" prefers to deal only with murders in six letters: the "Benson" case, the "Canary," the "Greene," and now the "Bishop," at present curdling the blood from Scribner's. Oh well, why not let the readers work at this? And emphatically why not let them work for *E. S. Harvey, Lebanon, Indiana*, who saw several years ago in an article in some magazine, he thinks on the subject of kindness to dumb animals, something by George Washington quoted as beginning "My friend Archibald Harvey said . . ." He let it go at the time, but has recently found that it may refer to his great-grandfather who, at the close of the Revolutionary War settled in York Co., Pa., as the article went on to relate that Archibald Harvey was a young Scotchman who had been a prisoner of war and was afterward attached to or employed about Washington's headquarters. It would be of high interest to him to recover this information, and I hope some of us will help him.

Tomorrow's Best-seller Quickly Replaces To-day's

THE books that sold by the hundred thousands in the eighteen nineties are no longer selling by the hundred thousands. Or even by the hundreds. Very few people so much as know what they were. The best-sellers of the nineteen hundreds replaced them; these in turn gave way to the pre-war best-sellers, which obligingly vanished to make room for the best sellers of our decade.

MEANWHILE . . . an English parson spent eight years writing his only novel. He finished it in 1884. It was not published until 1903, a year after the author's death. It never was listed among the current best-sellers, but millions have read it. That novel is "The Way of All Flesh." . . . Another author, an American, wrote his greatest novel in 1851. It was not a commercial success. About 1920, the existence of this novel was discovered. Since then, hundreds of thousands have read "Moby Dick." . . . The instances could be multiplied.

ARE your book-shelves filled with out-of-date best-sellers? Or do they contain a cross section of the permanent literature of our time—the important thoughts, the subtle observations, the poetic imaginings that never lose their value—the books of our day that can never be replaced?

FIVE years ago we published our first three books—PSYCHOLOGY by Everett Dean Martin, BEHAVIORISM by John B. Watson, and INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR by H. A. Overstreet. These three books were among the first to introduce psychology to a wide reading public. They were soon followed by other books in the same field—books popularizing psychology—books on the psychology of everything from sex to salesmanship—some of which, during their time, were best-sellers. Watson's BEHAVIORISM, Martin's PSYCHOLOGY, and Overstreet's INFLUENCING HUMAN BEHAVIOR are *still* selling. They are more widely read today than they were when first issued. They cannot be replaced, for those readers who want their facts at first hand.

DURING five years, we have gradually added to our list, with one principle in mind—namely, to publish only those books which make contributions to literature or to knowledge so valuable as to be irreplaceable. Here is a partial list.

PAUL BEKKER
The Story of Music $3.50
FRANZ BOAS
Anthropology and Modern Life $3
JOHN DEWEY
Experience and Nature $3
EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
Psychology $3
The Meaning of a Liberal Education $3
H. A. OVERSTREET
Influencing Human Behavior $3
About Ourselves $3
BERTRAND RUSSELL
Our Knowledge of the External World $3
Sceptical Essays $3
Philosophy $3
JOHN B. WATSON
Behaviorism $3
Psychological Care of Infant and Child $2

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Books That Live

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German Presses

(*Continued from page* 934)

this receptacle of the thoughts of all humanity, was apparently *inferior to and at* the mercy of the machine.

We owe indeed an infinite amount of gratitude to the genius and intuition of William Morris for the deliverance of the printed book from this state of neglect and danger. He, and after him Cobden-Sanderson pointed out the new tasks, the new possibilities, and, at the same time, the course that should be followed. They showed that the work which is to give to the book its living and vigorous form could not be accomplished in large type-foundries and *printing-offices, but rather in small work*shops, where the individual can devote himself to the task in all singleness of purpose, with all his heart and soul—workshops, where head and hand closely coöperate in order to overcome the mechanization and dulness of the book-making of today.

On the pattern of the Kelmscott and the Doves-Press the German Presses were founded about twenty years ago. They are, like their English originals and models, real laboratories of the art of printing. Like the chemist making his investigations, we set ourselves our tasks, make our experiments, and often find ourselves on a wrong and unpromising road. We examine the manuscripts and the early printed books of *the fifteenth century to find the secret of* their dignity, of that nobility which awakens in us the feeling of reverence for their spiritual contents and makes us value the possession of the book, so that we are pleased to take it up and read in it.

We try to learn from these early printings the typographical laws, the beauty of the right proportion, the harmony of form, the perfection and reposefulness of the printed page. But we are also aware that we cannot merely copy these great old models, that the books of our time have to fulfil the tasks of our time and to satisfy its needs. Consequently we try to find out the psychological laws that govern the relation of the reader to the book, the conditions that facilitate reading, we attempt to ascertain what the nature of the type should be if it is to attract and fascinate the reader, to catch, hold, and anchor his attention, and thus transmit to him the spiritual contents in the most impressive and forcible manner. We *examine* the aspect of the printed column to find out by what means it retains our concentration, what it is that is able to imprison us in this small space as in a room that shuts us out from the outer world. We try to penetrate into the relations between type and language, we recognize that each language requires its particular alphabet, its specially shaped type, responding to the structure of the language, its characteristic and unusual form, while which blends with the language, so that perfect correspondence and harmony between type and language is created.

We recognize, finally, that the type of a book has a different and nearly opposite function from an advertising type. The advertising type should attract attention by its character, its laws, its rhythm, a type the book type should be subordinated to the contents. The advertising type best fulfils its purpose if it so impresses the eye that we remember its shape; the book type, however, should so completely melt into the language and the contents that in reading we forget its shape entirely.

The fonts which result from these endeavors and studies are meant to begin with, only for our own workshops. Yet we intend and hope to serve through them the production of books in general and to improve the standard of workmanship. In our time much is said about the ennobling and refining of work, about quality work. We venture to assert that there is no object more worthy of ennoblement than the book, and at the same time none to which quality work can be more easily applied, also with regard to the cost. As soon as one single perfect and beautiful font is formed, this enables numberless printing offices to print numberless books in this very type, and thereby to *give them* a worthy and handsome aspect. Whether the compositor uses fine or bad type makes no difference to his effort or to the outlay, and the form of the type does not make any difference to the cost of the font.

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DUE to the initiative of the Grolier Club, we now have for the first time a group exhibition of the books printed by private presses in Germany. The word "modern" is used deliberately, because the books have all been printed since the "revival of typography" and represent the work of living printers. One thinks of "modern" German art in terms of queer architectural contraptions and bizarre decoration; here there is nothing of the bizarre or the "modernistic," and visitors to the exhibition will be disappointed if they seek for the meritricious novelty which is exploited under that name.

Dr. Wiegand, in his address at the opening of the exhibition, printed next to us in this issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has admirably stressed the reason for regarding the printing of books as a serious undertaking, in which experimentation *should be constant, but he does not regard* the book as an advertisement to be played with and, if possible, debauched. Hence whatever of novelty there is in these books is not of the "modernistic" variety, but the legitimate devices of thoroughly competent and intelligent printers.

The books in the exhibition (there is unfortunately no catalogue) number one hundred and thirty-three items. Exhibitors who show the greater number of volumes or trials include the Bremer Press of Munich, the Rupprecht Press of Munich, the Ernst Ludwig Press of Darmstadt, the Kleukens Press of Darmstadt, the Officinis Serpentis of Berlin, and the Press of Otto x. Holten of Berlin. The initial impression as one goes about from case to case is a great clarity and sanity, and of an effort to make type and type almost alone speak the message of the printer. Indeed, Dr. Wiegand has views on the relation between type forms and the language which they are to be used to print which are as definitely modern as they are different from the work of Morris as a printer and designer.

These books are interesting from any angle, but particularly so from that which regards the development of styles in printed books. The revolutionary work done by Morris and Cobden-Sanderson in England had a slight (though positive effect) in America, but soon passed on to that mechanical exhibitionism which ruins artistic production and stupifies its producers. In England there has been the usual compromise—with its usual uncertain results. In Europe generally the Kelmscott Press flare-up had tonic effects, but no very lasting results. In Germany, however, it can be said that the English revival has gone steadily forward (save for the interruption of the war) to the present. This does not mean that Dr. Wiegand and his colleagues have done what Ricketts did with the Vale Press —attempt to do another Kelmscott in a slightly different way; in fact, it means quite something else. They have taken certain fundamentals of the Morris creed, namely, hand printing, hand-made paper, and the small-scale production which those fundamentals compel, and have adhered carefully to them. But in what after all is the vital point to the reader, the actual letter silhouettes from which his mind's images are made, they have experimented, called in psychology (what *would* Morris have done with a psychoanalyst investigator at the Kelmscott Press?), dissected the ultimate purpose of the book.

There is *something fascinating* about the attitude and capacities of these Germans in regard to type. Dr. Wiegand designs his own type (many times such type among the German printers is for one book only, almost always for the particular press exclusively), but he does not lay out the letter on paper many times as big as the moon, and depend upon photography or the pantagraph to adjust his design to the smallness of a type letter. This German type designer has his original design cut on the steel punch (the traditional, and, in spite of all that I can learn, the preferable way), the punch-cutter showing Dr. Wiegand his results from time to time on each letter. Such a method fulfils the requirement of that principle of handicraft which demands that when the workman and the designer are not united in the same person, they must work side by side, to share knowledge and impart skill. Not only is this the method pursued in making the punches. The German printers of this group seem able to afford a variety of *faces which would appal an American* printer. Our methods of manufacture are colossal, but they aren't efficient for the production of simple and charming things; they hamper and almost destroy the creative craftsmanship which is all over these German books, due, I suspect, partly to the flexibility of mind of these so-often-belittled Germans!

Or, take again the hand press. There is more downright nonsense and worship of sacred cows in the American attitude to machines than any writer of the year 2000 will be able to understand. Simple machines for simple purposes is unthinkable in America; one would not expect to find such an idea received in Germany. But the fact is that *for many purposes the hand press is actually* cheaper and certainly handier than a two-revolution cylindrical machine. For the production of fine printing in limited editions there is little to be said for the elaborate machine, and these books prove the futility of excessive equipment.

Dr. Wiegand is too modest about all these examples. He protests that the private presses in Germany are merely experimenting, groping, trying out. That is why they are doing good work. They have, however, while experimenting, succeeded in producing some of the finest of modern printed books. The results may be tentative: they are not amateurish nor, save once or twice, freakish. It is inevitable that in a move*ment which derives so directly from the* positiveness of Morris and Cobden-Sanderson, there should be some obvious copying, even a little posturing. In such a vast experimental burst of energy in type design, there are bound to be "duds." But the best of the work shown is incomparable, and the whole effect is of very superior work. The type of the Klingspor foundry, the beautiful pages of Dr. Wiegand's press, the specimen pages of the Officina Serpentis' "Divine Comedy,"—here is work which charms the senses, beguiles the eye, rouses the enthusiasm of the visitor. Look at the fifteen tryouts for the type of the Bremer Press Bible, each one lovely and graceful; all more or less traditional in form, but distinctive and workmanlike. See how much dependence has been placed on type, and how little the adventitious aid of illustration has been called for. Look at page proportions, margins, color, impression, paper, all the minutiæ of book-making. In this collection you will see not only the finest examples of German book-making, but work which is in the very front rank of printing of all time. Do not fail to go to the Grolier Club at 47 East 60th Street, and feast your eyes on superb craftsmanship in printing.

R.

SEVEN PILLARS OF MYSTERY

BEWARE of the modest man: he is likely to be the best advertiser of them all. Look at one T. Shaw, sometime known as Colonel T. E. Lawrence "of Arabia." He lost himself in Arabia and found fame in England and America: he enlisted in the tank corps, and the fact was noised around the world; he came to England disguised as a coal heaver or something, and found his picture in the newspapers before he could get off the train at Waterloo Station! But his finest piece of work in negativing oblivion was done with his two books. About "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and "Revolt in the Desert" Messrs. Foyle, the London book-sellers, have issued a bibliographical note written by T. German-Reed.

It was Colonel Lawrence's ambition to issue the "Pillars" in such a way that it would be *de luxe* in the fullest sense of the term. If this means typographic charm, he certainly did not succeed—the result was at

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least bizarre. If he meant to make the book rare, scarce, baffling to collector and bibliographer, he succeeded most completely. The total number of copies issued is not known, even; but one copy brought £570 at Hodgson's on November 24, 1927, and all remember the enormous price asked or suggested for the American (incomplete) printing done to save copyright in the work. No amount of ballyhoo could produce more astonishing results than the modest genius of T. Shaw. Yet I know that Lawrence's interest in printing, and fine printing, is genuine, that in the dust and sweat of tank-corps work in India he can dream of great work to be done by him and a great printer.

There are 350 copies of the "Bibliographical Notes" for sale.

R.

TYPEFOUNDERS' SPECIMENS

WHEN one considers the ephemeral character of specimen books issued by typefounders, it is perhaps extraordinary that any have survived. They are of very great importance, however, in the study of typography, and several great collections have been brought together. The best known in this country is the great collection of the American Type Founders Company at Jersey City; others at the Newbery Library in Chicago and at the Merrymount Press in Boston are well known, while the Grolier Club has a considerable number. Messrs. Birrell and Garnett, London, have issued a sales catalogue of such books, including in the catalogue also books printed in historic fonts of type and books on printing, type-founding, and bibliography.

The catalogue itself is a handsome piece of printing in Baskerville type, including a dozen facsimile pages. It is carefully annotated, which makes it an important book to be placed in any printer's library. Chronological tables of the specimen books and of the types, and diagrams of the source of materials of the Enschedé and Van Amstel foundries, add to the interest of the catalogue.

A detailed resumé of the items in the catalogue would take too much space. Among the type specimens are found the catalogues of the Vatican printing office, Caslon, Fournier, Bodoni, Gillé, Jannon, Enschedé, Fry, and many other well-known founders, including several unique items.

Among the books listed for the importance of the types in which they are printed, there are books printed in italics, in foreign language types, and books interesting for one reason or another because of their fonts.

The works on printing, type-founding, etc., include some of the well-known items, the outstanding one being perhaps the "Catalogue Chronologique des Libraires et des Libraires-Imprimeurs de Paris," 1789.

Somewhat over 250 items are listed.

R.

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As sponsors for *The Cradle of the Deep*, we must repeat again that we accepted it and published it in good faith and only after exercising more than reasonable care to authenticate the substantial truth of Joan's amazing recital. Her literary agent, her parents and her husband all presented facts and letters which indicated that the story was fundamentally sound.

Not satisfied, however, with these indications, we conducted independent surveys, sending the manuscript to two noted men of the sea, who were asked to check its nautical phases. As experts they not only gave the book a clean bill of health, but as men of letters they went out of their way to praise it in the most sanguine terms. First-hand inquiries among marine authorities in California brought forth further documentary data that seemed to substantiate the narrative.

At the outset we recognized that Joan, like many persons who have had stirring experiences at sea, had a normal tendency to color the strict pattern of precise fact with occasional dramatic trimming, which in some cases was accentuated by her highly emotional temperament and the breathless quality of her recital. Much of her story, it must be recalled, was compounded of hearsay and memory, as well as observation and experience. A literal, letter-perfect autobiography was never intended by the author, nor was it featured as such by the publishers.

We now discover that there is a considerably larger element of romanticized fact interwoven with the underlying sequence of truthful narrative than we had at first realized, but after the most careful scrutiny we are still satisfied that the essential honesty of Joan's yarn remains unassailable.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

BEFORE us are the proofs of a special edition of a new poem by *Hervey Allen*, proofs from The Georgian Press. The poet's preface is signed as written at Tor View Cottage, Postbridge, Dartmoor, England, August 1928. The poem is a long one, entitled "Sarah Simon, Character Atlantean." Doubleday, Doran brought it out on March 15th. There were only 311 signed copies with a frontispiece by *Frank Pears*. The typography is the work of *Richard W. Ellis* of the Georgian Press. All this, and yet all we ever got was this set of proofs. . . .

Old John Mistletoe, when recently asked why he lived in his logarithm cabin on the shores of Lake Peapack, replied sagely that it was because it fostered illusions of squalor. . . .

The Limited Editions Club, just organized, will issue to its members a group of fine books, illustrated by the foremost artists and book printers in America. It seems that recently two publishers assembled mailing lists indicating that more than twenty-five thousand persons were interested in the collection of finely printed books, at comparatively high prices, in limited editions. Editions of three thousand have been known to be oversubscribed before publication day. In England at this time flourish the Kelmscott, Doves, Golden Cockerel, Fanfrolico, and Nonesuch Presses. Over here we have the Book Club of California, the Carteret Club, the Grolier Club, the Bibliophiles Society, the Club of Odd Volumes, the Book Club of Texas, and so on. Among fine printers we possess *John Henry Nash*, *Bruce Rogers* (now living in England), *William Edwin Rudge*, *Carl Purington Rollins*, *T. M. Cleland*, *D. B. Updike*, and, till recently, *Walter Gilliss*. But, to return to The Limited Editions Club, their books will be sold by subscription only. The membership will be restricted to fifteen hundred. Further memberships will sell at a premium like seats on the Stock Exchange. Once a month a perfectly printed book will be issued to members. Each book will cost ten dollars on delivery. The first year's book will be exclusively American. The first twelve announced are:

"Robinson Crusoe," by *Daniel Defoe*. Illustrated by *Edward A. Wilson* and printed at The Grabhorn Press.

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"The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen." Illustrated by *John Held, Jr.*, and printed by *W. A. Kittredge* at The Lakeside Press.

"Rip Van Winkle," by *Washington Irving*. Designed with a new type face by *Frederic W. Goudy* and printed by Mr. and *Mrs. Goudy* at The Village Press.

"The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," by *Edgar Allan Poe*. Illustrated by *Rene Clarke*, and designed and printed by *John Henry Nash*.

"The Decameron" of *Giovanni Boccaccio*, in a new translation into modern English. Designed and printed by *T. M. Cleland*.

"Tartarin of Tarascon," by *Alphonse Daudet*. Illustrated by *W. A. Dwiggins* and printed at The Georgian Press.

"Leaves of Grass," by *Walt Whitman*, a reprint of the scarce first edition. Designed by *Frederic Warde* and printed by *William Edwin Rudge*.

"A Lodging for the Night," by *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Illustrated by *C. B. Falls*, designed by *Hal Marchbanks* and printed at The Marchbanks Press.

"Snowbound," by *John Greenleaf Whittier*. Designed and printed by *Carl Purington Rollins*.

"Undine," by *LaMotte-Fouquet*. Illustrated by *Allen Lewis* and printed at The Harbor Press.

"Gulliver's Travels," by *Jonathan Swift*. Illustrated by *Alexander King* and printed by The Plandome Press.

The offices of The Limited Editions Club are in the French Building at 551 Fifth Avenue. It has been incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The President of the new corporation, who will also be its general manager, is *George Macy*, formerly President of Macy-Masius. . . .

College Humor and Doubleday, Doran have coöperated in offering $3,000 as a prize for a campus novel prize contest, open to all college boys and girls enrolled in American colleges as undergraduates and graduates of not more than a year. The story may or may not be an autobiography, but it must deal with college life and college people. The sum of $3,000 is for the right to serialize the story in *College Humor* and to publish it in book form, and will be in addition to all royalties accruing from book publication. Motion picture and dramatic rights will remain with the author. The contest will close on midnight, October 15, 1929. Send manuscripts with return postage to the Campus Prize Novel Contest, either care *College Humor*, 1050 North Lasalle Street, Chicago, Illinois, or care Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, New York. . . .

Our own *May Lamberton Becker* has collected a book of stories of American background and tradition under the title of "Golden Tales of America." Dodd, Mead and Company bring it out. It begins with the story of "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," written by *William Austin* in *The New England Galaxy* back in 1824. There are stories by *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, *Mary E. Wilkins Freeman*, *Sarah Orne Jewett*, *Joel Chandler Harris*, *Edward Eggleston*, *Bret Harte*, and, from our own day, such samples as tales by *Dorothy Canfield*, *Lucy Furman*, *Grace King*, and *Mary Austin*. Of course there are also other stories by other hands. All of the narratives convey accurately the atmosphere and definite phases of American life, and are characteristically native. . . .

"The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena," by *Grace Zaring Stone*, published by Bobbs-Merrill seems to us to be presented by the publishers in a fashion that quite frankly desires to trade upon the enormous popularity of *Thornton Wilder*. Nevertheless we are glad to receive the book and, at a glance, it looks as though we were going to have a good time reading it. . . .

Burton Rascoe has called "Nellie Bloom," recently published by J. H. Sears and Company, "one of the very finest stories in the English language. He means the title story of this book of short stories by *Margery Latimer*, who wrote "We are Incredible," for which *Zona Gale* wrote an appreciation. We ourself have now read the title-story. Burton is right. It is profoundly memorable. Of course it will not get to nearly as many readers as it should because of the foolish superstition on the part of the trade that books of short stories do not sell. We ourself believe that this is a stultifying myth. Believing in the myth, of course the booksellers cannot sell such books. They walk in their sleep concerning them. They abase themselves to Mumbo Jumbo. We have heard that parrot-cry for a long time now, "Books of short stories don't sell!" One really widespread effort on the part of the trade to extricate itself from the superstition and books of short stories would sell like other books. You can sell at least ten copies of any book you believe in. Moreover, books of short stories are susceptible of treatment by campaign. We could marshal many a good argument for them. We ourselves greatly enjoy them. In the present day when all are running as they read, to speak metaphorically, the book of really good short stories should be a boon. Many contain as much pith as a long novel. And we notice that novels today are getting decidedly shorter. It is a capsule age. The art of the short story is an even more difficult art, to our way of thinking, than the art of the novel. And so on. We intend to say more about this from time to time. . . .

Kay Boyle's short stories, most of which probably appeared in *transition*, have been printed in a volume by the Black Sun Press in their Éditions Narcisse, Rue Cardinale, Paris. . . .

Recently we quoted an anecdote which we gleaned from the *Sun* of Portsmouth, Ohio. It referred to our own Compleat Collector's notice of the Kern Sale. *The Bookseller and Print Dealers' Weekly*, edited by *W. Nicholls*, and quite near to us, informs us that the remark originated in that publication and that it seems to have been lifted by the *Sun* without attribution. We were entirely innocent in the matter, but it gave the *Bookseller* office a chance for a very snappy paragraph at our expense, so at least we furnish them copy. . . .

Now we're gwine ovah to Hoboken. Farethee well!

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1929.

County of New York ss:
State of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Saturday Review Co., Inc.*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresse of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given If owned by a fim, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Company, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Stockholders are as follows: William R. Benét 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1929. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 275, New York Register's No. 9121. (My commission expires March 30, 1929).

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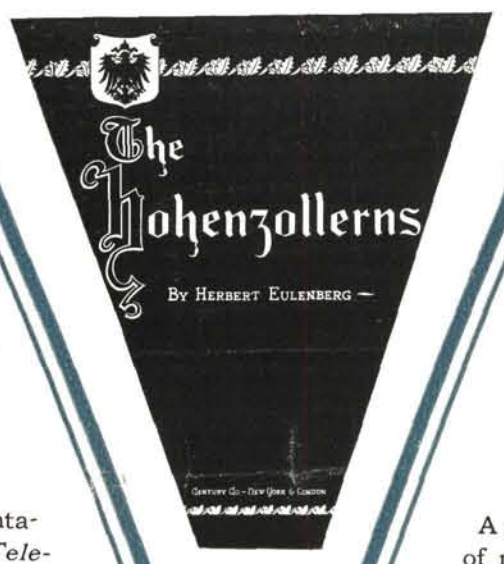

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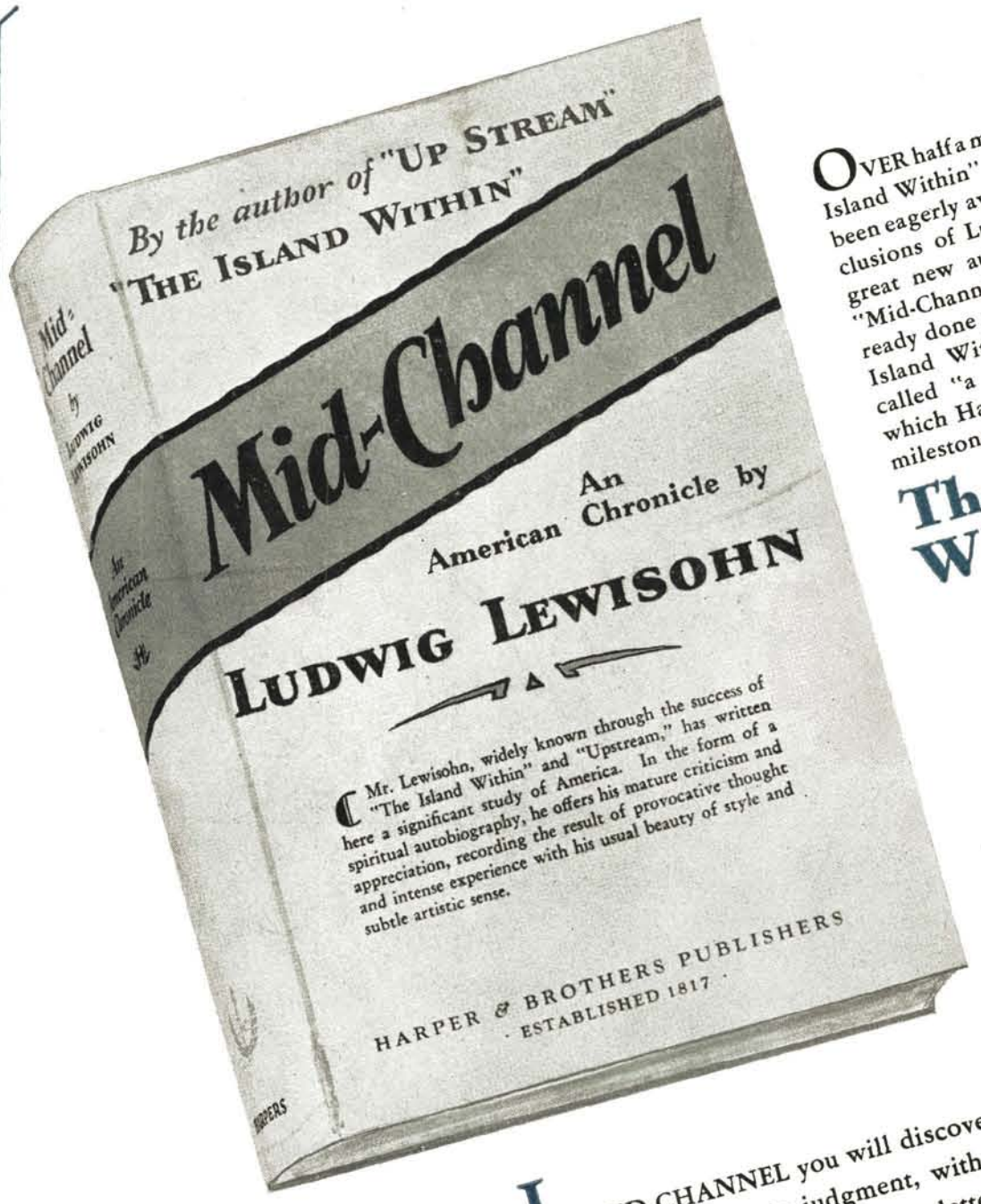
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